



Olin

PQ

9199

A2

B97

1884a

v. 5-b



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20535

[illegible]

PRINTED IN U.S.A.



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

<http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924102142985>

In compliance with current
Copyright law, Cornell University
Library produced this
replacement volume on paper
that meets the ANSI Standard
Z39.48-1992 to replace the
irreparably deteriorated original.

2005

PG
44
L2D
—

FRAGILE DO NOT
CIRCULATE

Cornell University Library

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME
FROM THE

SAGE ENDOWMENT FUND

THE GIFT OF

Henry W. Sage

1891

A-134667

16/3/1900

BY THE SAME AUTHOR,
THE LUSIADS, 2 Vols. Fcap. 8vo.
CAMOENS, LIFE AND LUSIADS, Ditto.

LONDON :
BERNARD QUARITCH, 15 PICCADILLY, W.

CAMOENS.

THE LYRICS.

PART I.

(SONNETS, CANZONS, ODES, AND SEXTINES)

ENGLISHED BY

See RICHARD F. BURTON,

And imprinted for the Translator at London in October, 1884.

LONDON :
BERNARD QUARITCH,
15 PICCADILLY.
1884.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

R

E M.

A. 134667

WYMAN AND SONS, PRINTERS,
GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS,
LONDON, W.C.

10654 - offer 05
Row-no- 7/8/05 pb

“Wherefore I bisekke you mekely that ye praye for me that
God foryeve me my giltes, and nameliche of my translaciouns.”

Parsones Tale (by *Le grand translateur*).

“The things given to the public as poems of Camoens are
no more to be found in the original Portuguese than they are in
the Song of Solomon.”

BYRON.

De pocos ha de ser mi voz oida ;
Passen los años, y será estimada.

LOPE DE VEGA.

فقل للشامتين بنا رويدا
امامكم المصايب والخطرات

Intendami chi può, che m' intendo io.

Ital. Prov.

TO
THE PRINCE OF THE LYRIC POETS OF HIS DAY,
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

MY DEAR SWINBURNE,

Accept the unequal exchange, my brass for your gold. Your "Poems and Ballads" began to teach the Philister what might there is in the music of language, and what the marvel of lyric inspiration, far subtler and more æthereal than mere poetry, means to the mind of man.

Without more ado, allow me to excuse this "transaction" by a something which comes from the East :—

"A poor man, passing by one day when his King travelled, brought him a little water with both hands, saying :—'Drink, my lord, for the heat is great.' He accepted it gladly from him, not looking to the small quality of that service, but only to the good-will with which it was offered."

Believe me ever,

Your old friend and fellow-traveller,

RICHARD F. BURTON.

DESTERRO, TRIESTE,

Sept. 25, 1884.

THE TRANSLATOR'S FOREWORD.

I now submit to the Public a second section of my Master's works, the first Part of his far-famed Lyrics. This volume is the fifth of a Camonian series; and two or three more, which are in MS., will complete my Labour of Love.

It is hard to repress a smile at the thought of these pages being turned over by Young England of the nineteenth century;—these Sonnets which date from days when “courting” was a study; these Odes that deal with old Endymion and Achilles, whose second death was after the date of Gray; these Canzons so full of shadowy half-expression, of shorthand allusiveness, that every Commentator explains them for himself. To the inevitable *cui bono*? I can only plead a “call”: my translation should be printed even though it had ne'er a reader save the writer. It is innocuous so far that it can injure no publisher: it is brought out *sumptu meo*; and my friend Mr. Quaritch is strong enough to lend his name without fearing to lose caste. And yet, though my work must be its own reward, I am not wholly without hope that the

healthy, manly, hearty old song will find its little meed of appreciation if not of praise.

In this volume I follow the lines laid down for myself in "The Lusiads"; especially the use of archaicisms and of eclectic style. Both still appear to me necessary when translating a poet older than Shakespeare. Over-polish has been especially avoided: the *labor limæ* of the classics, and the "filing and finishing" of our older writers, was everywhere applied by my Poet to his Epos, not always to his minor pieces. This copy is naught, if not perfectly faithful to its original; showing Camoens to the English reader in English dress. At the same time, I have borne in mind Rosetti's dictum—"the life-blood of rhythmical translation is, that a good poem should not be turned into a bad one."

Again: despite Denham's denunciation of literalism,—

That servile path thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing word by word and line by line;

despite Johnson, who quotes with approval,—

These are the labour'd birth of slavish brain,
Not the effect of poetry but pain;

and despite the superficial popular paradox, "A literal translation is no translation at all," I have done my best to translate *verbatim et literatim*; not thought by thought, but word by word. Goethe finally laid down the law thus:—"There are two maxims of Translation. The one requires that the author of a foreign

nation be brought to us in such manner that we regard him as our own; the other, on the contrary, demands that we transport ourselves to him, and adopt his situation, his mode of speaking, his peculiarities." For authority may be quoted the great example of my Master, who, in his *Triumphos*, translated from Petrarch's *Trionfi*, sinks his individuality and attempts the replica. Here once more I have aimed at "Englishing" the style, the idioms, the *ipsissima verba* of Camoens; I have attempted not only fidelity, but literality, by making the most conscientious possible portrait. Perfection may be unattainable in this matter; but the more we strive for the *beau idéal* of translation the less we waste our time and our trouble.

A few words concerning the contents of this volume. By way of general preface I have prefixed the original Prologo of Camoens' Lyrics which ushered in the Editio Princeps of the Rhythmas. The Poems follow in the order adopted by their earliest Portuguese editors, Faria y Sousa; Joseph Lopes Ferreira; Visconde de Juromenha, and the Bibliotheca da Actualidade (Theophilo Braga). For facility of reference the initial lines of the texts have been prefixed to the translations. In Appendix I. I have offered a few observations upon the Lyrics of the "Portuguese Apollo." To avoid troubling my readers and cumbering my pages with notes I have inserted the few absolutely required into the Index of First Lines (Appendix II.), after the fashion of certain Portuguese

editions. Most of the subjects treated in the Rhythmas have already been noticed in "Camoens, his Life and his Lusiads"; and to these two volumes the student is referred.

It may conciliate some enmities and captivate, perhaps, some good-will when I abjure all pretensions to rank as a Poet. No one more fully appreciates the difference between "making" and translating; between the Poétés (the Creator) and the copier who aspires only to second prizes, to "increase the returns or revenues of knowledge, but not the stock or inheritance." My ambition is limited to the humbler boast,—

Pus dieus m' a dat saber
E entendemen ver
De trobar, etc.

Also let me request English readers, who would form a critical estimate of the Camonian Sonnet, to renew their acquaintance with those of Shakespeare and Spenser. Finally they might oblige me by remembering the weighty words of Milton:—"Books are not dead things, but do contain, as in a phial, the potent efficacy of the spirit that bred them." They will not find a nobler spirit than Camoens.

In preparing this volume I have been aided by a host of "with-workers." Amongst them I must mention with cordial expressions of gratitude the names of my correspondents, M. J. J. Aubertin and Dr. Wilhelm Storck, Professor der deutschen Sprache und Literatur, at Münster. This learned German,

the first translator of all Camoens' Obras, has not only published in five volumes the Redondilhas and Letters (1); the Sonnets (2); the Elegies, Sextines, Odes and Octaves (3); the Canzons and Idylls, or Eclogues (4); The Lusiads (5); and the Theatre (6); he has, moreover, illustrated his versions with critical notes and text-emendations which are most valuable to the student of Camoens.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

PROLOGO
OF
FERNANDO RODRIGUES LOBO SURRUPITA

(*Editor's Preface to his Readers.*)



WHEREAS this Book must come into the hands of the many ; and whereas it were impossible that all should be equal in the knowledge of things required for its intendiment, meseemeth not a little profitable to advert briefly upon some of the subjects ; such, for instance, as the title and the distribution of the work, and also the author thereof. And, beginning with the title, the term *Rhythmas* (which the Italians and the French pronounce without the aspirates) descendeth from 'Ρυθμός, a Greek vocable signifying *Number* or *Harmony*. Thus declare *Diomedes Grammaticus* and *Nicoláo Perotto*,¹ in the "Cornucopia," the Commentary on the fourth Epigram. In either signification it applieth especially to the verse of Italian measure ; because this consisteth not only of a certain number of syllables, but also containeth the Harmony produced by the Accents and the Consonants (rhymes) ; as proveth *Benedetto Varchi*² in

his *Dialogo Tusciano* (Enquiry IX.). Nor doth this admit of doubt, for the Corpus of every manner of Poem is composed of *Number* and *Harmony*, whence the definition of *Posidonius*, the *Stoick*,—"Numbered Diction," consisting of a certain measure or metre, as *Laertius* hath it in his Life of *Zeno*. So true it is that *Socrates*, having been counselled by an Oracle that, if he would attain to happiness, he must apply his mind to Musick, understood thereby that he would satisfy the intent of such counsel by employing himself wholly in making Verses, the Numbers or Harmony of which are part of the same Musick, even as relateth *Celio Calcagnino*,³ in the Oration which he made in Praise of the Arts. Hence also proceeded the Etymology of this term "Poet," which, conformably with the opinion of *Eustathius*, followed by *Rhodiginus*⁴ in his fourth Book, is derived from *ποιεῖν* in the sense of *ἐμμέτρως αἰδεῖν*, meaning *cantare*, to sing. This wise also affirmeth the same *Nicoláo Perotto* (on the fifth Epigram); and, therefore, *Dante* called Poetry⁵ a "rhetorical Fiction set to Musick."

That the Title of *Rhythmas* besitteth this work also appeareth clearly from a Discourse made by Cardinal Pietro Bembo,⁶ in the second Book of his *Prosas*, wherein he saith that *Rhythmas* (or "*Rimas*," as he writeth the word) be of three modes; for they are either *regulate* or they are *free*, or they are partly *free* and partly *regulate*.

Regulate we term those *Rhythmas* which are ever

subject to one and the same Rule; such be the "Tercets," or triple rhymes, of which *Dante* is supposed to have been the inventor, for that, before him, they were made by none.⁷ Regulate also are the "Octaves" (*Ottava rima*) devised by the *Sicilians*, who assigned to each of them only two Consonants or Rhymes: the same were afterwards reduced to a better form by the *Tuscans*, a third Consonant in the last Couplet being introduced by them. Of this sort, further, were the "Sextines," an invention of the *Provençaux*, especially of *Arnaldo Daniel*.⁸

Free Rhythmas are those which do not keep any Rule, either in the Number of the Verses or in the Correspondence of the Consonants. Such is the "Madrigal,"⁹ derived from *Mandra*, a Tuscan vocable, this being a Composition of *Villeins*, or country-folk, and corresponding with our Portingall *Villancetes*.

Rhythmas partly *free* and partly *regulate* be those which in some things go subject to Rule, and which in others are exempted from it. Of such sort are the "Sonnet" and the "Canzon"; for Sonnets, although obliged to follow the same Rule in the Number and in the Disposition of their Verses, withal, in the Correspondence of Consonants, they have no certain obligeance. This was shown by *Rengifo*¹⁰ in his *Ars Poetica* (Cap. XLIII.), wherein, however, he followeth the Observations made with abundant Judgment and Genius by *Torquato Tasso* in his *Dialogo della Poesia Toscana*. The "Canzons"¹¹ partake of the same Nature, as is pointed out by the same

Rengifo (Cap. LIX. *et seq.*). Saying thus much we have justified the Title.

Followeth the *Distribution* of the work, which is divided into five parts, because the Number quinary especially appertaineth to works of Poesy and of Eloquence. This is clearly seen for-that conformably with the doctrine of the *Platonists*, it was dedicated to *Mercurius* and to other gods, who, according to their gentilick rite, were the *Patrons* of the *Arts*, as Rhodiginus writeth (Lib. xii. Cap. 10), and they held *Mercurius* to be the *Deity* of *Eloquence*; and therefore, as relateth *Vincencio Cartario*,¹² in his Book on the "Images of the Gods," they consecrated to him the *Tongues* (of victims). This being the case with *Eloquence*, the same became that of *Poetry*, by virtue of the alliance subsisting between the twain; agreeably to the definition of *Dante* and *Posidonius*. And therefore the fifth letter of the *Greek* alphabet was dedicated to *Apollo*, as writeth *Guillelmus Oniciacus*,¹³ in his "Book of Places" (*Numeralium Locorum Decas*, Cap. V.). Also of the *Muses*, albeit they number *nine*, only *five* had the Government of Poesy; because to *Clio* was attributed the *Subject* of Verse, she presiding over History; to *Polymnia* the adornment of Language; the Epos Heroical to *Calliope*; to *Melpomene* the Tragick; and to *Thalia* the Comick, conformably with the vulgar *Epigram* which goeth amongst those of Virgilius.

Following, then, such *Distribution*, we have assigned the First Place to the *Sonnets*, these being Compo-

sitions of the highest *Merit* by reason of their Difficulty; for not only do they refuse admittance either to an idle *word* or to a word of little *weight*, they must also include the whole of their Subject-matter within the term of fourteen Lines; and they must be closed by the last *Tercet* in such sort that the understanding feel no desire to pass onwards, a matter wherein many *Poets* who fly upon the wings of *Fame* have not proved themselves happy.¹⁴

The second place was given to the *Odes* which correspond with *Verses Lyrical*, as sheweth Fernando de Herrera¹⁵ in his most erudite "Commentary" on the first *Canzon* of *Garcilasso*. The third to the *Elegies* and to the *Octaves*, forms which we cannot find that Petrarch used,¹⁶ whilst both were cultivated with great felicity by *Ariosto*; and, peradventure, he knew better to imitate, in the perfection of Elegiack Verse, *Tibullus* and *Propertius* (who be the Princes of this Genus) than *Virgilius* in the Majesty of the Heroick. Fourthly come the *Eclogues* because 'tis a species of composition which requireth less competency; and in this form, leaving aside *Theocritus* and *Virgilius*, especial excellence was attained by *Sannazaro*, as also by *Bernardino Rota* in his *Piscatory Eclogues*.¹⁷ The fifth and final place was assigned to the *Grosas*, the *Voltas* and other compositions in short (octosyllabic) verse, which are peculiar to our Spain.¹⁸ In these *Gregorio Sylvestre*¹⁹ showed notable superiority amongst all the *Spaniards*; of a truth he would have held the first place had it not been

taken from him by LUIS DE CAMOENS for the acuteness of his conceits and the propriety of his Diction, as well as for the ability of submitting to impossible Rules, an ability which he displayed much more in his other *Rhythmas*, as we shall presently say.

And pursuing with the *Poet* (which be the third part of this Prologue), it were evident *Rashness* to attempt his Eulogy. For albeit many others won *Fame* in some individual *Perfection*; natheless not a few of them wanted the natural Disposition which would have made easy to them the contexture of *Verse*; hence they elaborated it with such Asperity and Difficulty that they would seem to deflower their words and to beget upon them Conceits par force,²⁰ and thus they fail of this *Suavity* wherein *Poesy* herself consists, agreeably to the Doctrine of *Fracastorius* in his "Dialogue" entitled *Naugerio* and taken from *Horatius* and *Quintilianus*. Others again, who drew nearer to Nature, fell short either because they were unhappy in choice of *Terms*; or because they lacked the *Wealth*, of *Words* wherewith to attire and to adorn Speech, together with the *Beauties* of Language, such as the Tropes and Figures, without which *Cicero* and *Virgilius* never spake; or, finally, because they employ expressions so homely and commonplace, as if the very constitution of *Poesy* were not Elevation above vulgar usage, conformably with the opinion of *Plutarchus* in his Tractate, "De Poesiis" and of Rhodiginus (Lib. iv. Cap. 4). Others, who have better Gifts of *Language* possess

no *Learning* wherewith to illustrate their works; it being a Truth (as saith Rhodiginus in Cap. 2 of the same Book), that they only may be lawfully entitled *Poets* who displayed a knowledge of various Sciences, as did *Orpheus*, *Homer*, *Virgilius* and *Pindarus*.

Now, LUIS DE CAMOENS, on the other hand, is so far removed from all such Defects that we see in him conjointly the promptest natural *Disposition* to express his Thoughts, accompanied with an innate *Facility* which fills his Verse with Sweetness; and, withal, a Diction so pure, so ornate with all the Splendours of *Eloquence*, and so rich in the *Conceits* and *Jewels* of every *Science*, that it would seem as if in him alone Art and Nature had conjoined every requisite for rising to the height of Poesy.

And besides being excellent in all modes of Rhythmas, especially in shorter Verse, as we have already said, he is most happy in the Canzon,²¹ keeping every Law of that Composition in such manner that he hath no cause to envy *Petrarch*, *Bembo*, and *Garcilasso*, who are the most lauded in this department. And he holdeth the same Place in the greater part of his Sonnets; and he would have held it all had not some, which do here figure as his, been thrown off with scanty care at the importunity of *Friends*. Hence it happens that oft-times they came to aid those who asked aid, with more of haste than of the obligatory *filing* and *finishing*; and, finally, they are printed as his without the will of the Author.

This is not the Place to treat of the Style heroical;

the task may be left to him who shall comment upon The *Lusiada*.²² But what may here be said is that our Poet carried out so literally and so completely the Obligations of the *Epos*, that if it did not seem *Arrogance* we might assign to him a Seat hard by that occupied by *Virgilius*; for in the Grandeur, the Gravity, and the Harmony of the *Words*; in the Tracing and the Discursus of the *Work*, and in the Sublimity of the *Subject*, he everywhere followed *Virgilius* his footsteps. And in all his *Fictions* and *Allegories*, without which there can be no Heroick Poem (agreeably to the opinion of Aristotle as quoted by Rhodiginus in the same Lib. iv. Cap. 4; and to the writings of *Plutarchus*, who in the place above referred to reprehends *Empedocles*, *Parmenides*, *Nican-dros* and *Theognides* for usurping the name of *Poet*, because they wrote verses rich only in Learning but unaccompanied by Imagination), in this matter, I say, he showed a genius so admirable as well nigh to rival *Homeros*. Would that he had been able to abase his Grandeur in some of his Eclogues by conforming them more with the style *Bucolick*.²³

And although our Poet lack not *Detractors* to calumniate his *Works*, yet doth Detraction by no means obscure their *Desarts*. For both *Virgilius* and *Homeros* underwent this trial, which naturally awaits all rare and seld-seen Genius. So true it is that the *Grammarian Carvilius*²⁴ writ a whole book upon the Errors of *Virgilius*: also *Caligula*, the *Cesar*, dared affirm that the Poet had neither Ability nor Erudi-

tion; and resolved upon sending an Order to burn all his *Works* and *Portraits* stored in sundry Bibliothecæ. So relate *Suetonius Tranquillus* and *Pedro Crinito* in "De Poetis Latinis," libri iii.²⁵

And now remaineth only to remind the *Reader* that the *Errors* met with in this Impression were neither neglected nor unobserved by him who assisted in copying the Book.²⁶ But it was deemed a lesser inconvenience to let them appear as they were found (collating them, however, with certain *Hand-books* wherein the *Works* were quoted fragmentarily), than to violate the *Compositions* of another, without an evident Certainty that the *Emendations* would be true and correct. For all good understandings will reserve the Right of Judgment that these be not *Errors* of the *Author*, but the Cankers of *Time* and the careless Inadvertency of *Copyists*. And here we follow what approved itself to *Augustus Cæsar* who, in the Commission entrusted by him to *Varius* and to *Tucca*, expressly forbade them to change anything of *Virgilius* or to add aught of their own. For this would be, in fine, to confound the *Substance* of the Verses and the *Author's Conceits* with the *Emendator's Words* and *Inventions* without consequent assurance, withal, of the readings being either original or emended. Here, therefore, no action has been taken save only in whatsoever clearly shows itself to be a *Fault* of the *Pen*: the remainder goes forth even as it was found written, and very different from what it would have been had *LUIS DE CAMOENS* printed it

during his Life-term. But even thus, and despite the Injuries of Time and Ignorance, the *Light* of our Poet's *Merits* shines with splendour sufficient to prevent our envying in this *Form* of *Poesy* any stranger *People*.

(Signed) FERNÃO RODRIGUES LOPO SURREPITA,
*Licentiate and Advocate in this Court.*¹¹

NOTES.

THE following remarks upon the "Prologo" are borrowed from various sources. And here I take with pleasure the opportunity of acknowledging the able and friendly assistance of my learned friend, the Petrarchist, Dr. Attilio Hortis, chief librarian to the *Museo Civico*, Trieste.

¹ Diomedes Grammaticus (before 6th century) wrote: "De Oratione et Partibus Orationis, et vario Genere Metrorum Libri III." ad Athanasium (Hephæstion edit. Gaisford, pp. 431-42). Nicoláo Perotto (Nicolaus Perottus), born in 1436 at Sassoferrato; professed Poetry and Rhetoric at Bologna 1452; was raised by Pius II. to the Archbishopric and Governorship of Umbria, Spoleto, and Perugia, and died in 1480. Amongst many works famous in his day, he left one "De Metris, sive de Genere Metrorum;" Venet. 1497. For further details see Part III., Sect. I., p. 695, "Lehrbuch einer Literaturgeschichte," by Dr. Johann G. Th. Grasse; Dresden and Leipzig, 1837.

² The well-known Benedetto Varchi, of Florence (born on March 19, 1503; died about æt. 62), of the Betti and Franchi families, lived and laboured in troublous times, and proved himself a firm friend of the Medici. His epitaph in the Church Degli Angeli, Florence, assures us that his life was spent *sine ullâ avaritiâ aut ambitione*. The text refers to the Dialogue called after Count Cesare Ercolano. Varchi's principal work was the "Storia Fiorentina" (16 books 1523-37): he was an indefatigable sonneteer, his productions numbering 958; and his collected "Opere" fill two volumes large 8vo; Trieste, Lloyd Austriaco, 1858.

³ Celio Calcagnino, of Ferrara (died in 1541), wrote chiefly upon antiquities and classical subjects: his works are now more quoted than read.

⁴ Rhodiginus (*i.e.*, of Rovigo) : Ludovicus Celius Ricchieri, born circ. 1450. He was protected by François I. during the Italian troubles, and he is supposed to have died broken-hearted after the Battle of Pavia. He left "Antiquarum Lectionum Libri xvi." (Venice, 1516; Paris, 1517); his life was written by Camillo Silvestri (Raccolta Calogera, IV. p. 157), and he is mentioned in the "Storia" of Tiraboschi (Vol. VIII. Part II. p. 225).

⁵ Dante so defines poetry in his famous philosophico-metrical Treatise "De Vulgari Eloquentia." It has been introduced to the English public by the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, painter and poet.

"Rhythmus," says Aristoxenus of Tarentum, a high authority quoted by Dr. Francis Hueffer ("The Troubadours," etc.; London, Chatto and Windus, 1878), "is the division of time into equally recurring parts longer and shorter (*i.e.* quantity), made perceptible to certain metrical movements (*τὸ ῥυθμιζόμενον*"). In music it is the notes of a melody (*μέλος*); in dancing, bodily gesture (*σωματικὴ κίνησις*); and in poetry, diction (*λέξις*). The weaker part of the metre was originally called *ἄρσις* when the voice or the foot was raised (*arsis est elevatio*); and the stronger was *θέσις*, when the tone fell as the dancer trod the ground (*thesis est depositio vocis ac remissio*). The terms have frequently changed meaning, and in Latin they were applied not to quantity, but to that rhetorical accent,—as in

Dies iræ, dies illa—

which by slow degrees overcame its rival, and led to the development of "Rhyme" or "Rime" proper. The latter was known to Homer and Horace, but the rhythmical principle prevented its development. *

⁶ Little need be said concerning Bembo, the Platonist and Petrarchist (born in 1470), who was made a Cardinal *malgré*

* Nil satis est pulchra esse poemata : dulcia sunt
Et quocumque volent animum auditoris agunto.

II Epist., III. 99, 100.

So I Odes, I. 2, 3. Meum + Olympicum : I Odes, VIII. 4, 5, Solis + militaris and many others.

lui, and who consoled himself with Poetry—partly amorous. His portraits show a marked Hebrew face, much resembling the late Sir Charles Napier (of Sind). His works fill 12 vols. 8vo (Milano, Soc. Tipograf. de' Classici Italiani, 1808); and his "Rime" (Venice, 1530) are still read.

⁷ The assertion is over-hasty. Fr. Bernardo de Brito's "Chronica de Cister" (Lib. VI. Cap. 1, m. fol. 372) quoted Hendecasyllabics by Gonçalo Hermigues (circa 1090) before Count Henrique had entered Portugal. A hundred and seventy years afterwards D. Diniz (King Dennis, or Dionysius), who was born three or four years before Dante (A.D. 1265), wrote many Hendecasyllabics, and presumably Tercets. In the Dedicatory of his "Chronica Geral de Hispanha" (printed at Valencia, 1546), Pedro Antam Beuter states that a certain Mossen Jordi, who flourished about 1250, composed sonnets, Sextines and *Tercerolos*, which are Tercets; moreover, that he borrowed this form from older rhymers, such as the Hohenstaufen Emperor Friedrich II. and his son Enzo (11th century). Beuter quotes the following verses by Jo —

E no he pace, e no tinch quim guarreig :
Vol sobrel Cel, e non movi di terra ;
E no estrench res, etot la man abrás :
Hoy he de mi, e vull altri gran bè,
Si no amor, dons aço que sem ?
 (There be be no Peace, yet have I none to war ;
 O'er Heaven I fly and never fare from Earth ;
 And nought hold I, yet all the world embrace :
 I hate myself and love another well,
 If that n'is Love then what bin it I feel ?)

The idea is thus borrowed by Petrarch :—

Pace non trovo, e non ho da far guerra, etc.
 (Peace find I not, and may I not make war.)

1 Sonnet, Part I. 90.

From Petrarch it was imitated, or rather translated, by Camoens, whose Sonnet IX. begins :—

Tanto de meu estado me acho incerto, etc.

And, after all, the germ may be found in the "Amo et odi" of Catullus.

⁸ Arnaut Daniel (Arnaldo Daniello), of Ribeyrac, the famous poet and musician, Troubadour and Joglar (*jocularius*) of the 12th century, from whom Dante borrowed the structure of sundry stanzas, and whom Petrarch ("Triumphs of Love," Cap. IV.) entitles "Gran maestro d'amor." He died after a very accidented life in A.D. 1189.

⁹ Mandriale (Madriale, Madrigale, Madrigal) derives from the Greek, Ital. and Span. *Mandra* or *Mandria*, a flock or fold, Antonio da Tempo (p. 139, edit. Guion) adds, "A Mandra pecudum et pastorum, quia primò modum illum rithimandi et cantandi habuimus ab ovium pastoribus." Menage quotes the French Mandre (sheepfold), and deduces it from *ἀντρον*, a cave; I prefer to consider it a congener of the Arab. Mandarah (Manzar), a look-out place, adopted by the Sicilian Greeks from their "Semitic" (Arabian) neighbours. The oldest Madrigals were of two kinds, "Mandriales Communes" and "Mandriales cum retornellis," *i.e.* caudati, cowee'd with single lines, or with couplets. Carducci (Studi Litterari) notes that the Madrigal should conserve its old simplicity:—"Un eco di beliti ci si aveva sempre a sentire, ma per benino, in guisa che assomigliasse a un sospiro dell' anima." The Portuguese "Villancete" is the Spanish *Villancico*, a song of "Villeins," or peasants.

¹⁰ Rengifo (Juan Diaz), Professor of Grammar and Rhetoric, whose "Arte Poética Española" (Salamanca, 1592, 4to), treats of the technique of the older Castilian composition and of the Italian innovations due to Boscan and Garcilasso. For ample details see Bouterwek (Eng. Trans. p. 103 seq.), and Vol. III. p. 265, etc., "History of Spanish Literature," by George Ticknor; London, Trübner, 1863.

¹¹ The Canzon was affected by Guido Guinicelli, the Bolognese, who flourished in the early 13th century, before Dante's day. Longfellow (Dante, II. 304, Tauchnitz edit.) quotes Rossetti's translation of his most famous production, a Canzon on the Nature of Love, which won high praise from the Author of the *Commedia* (Purg., XXVI. 90-100). Of his

life little is known. In Appendix I. the reader will find further notices of the Canzon.

¹² Vincentio Cartario or Cartari (Vincentius Cartarius), a now forgotten archæologue of the 16th century. It may here be noted that certain mediæval writers looked upon Mercury, with his wings and his functions, as the "Angel" of Jupiter; the same was the case with Iris.

¹³ Onciacus, or Onciatus, Guillaume d'Oncieu, a French writer of repute on Jurisprudence. Besides the "Decas" (1 vol. 8vo, 1584) he wrote eight works duly enumerated in that portable publication, "Grosses Universal Lexicon," von J. H. Zedler, Leipzig und Halle, 1740, in 64 vols. folio.

¹⁴ Surrupita alludes generally to a common defect in sonnet-writing where the subject is left incomplete and the reader remains in expectancy, as it were, of what the writer is about to say. He may refer especially to a sonnet of his contemporary, Antonio Ferreira, beginning:—

O' olhos, donde Amor suas frechas tira, etc.

(Eyne! from whose depths Love shoots his shafty showers.)

This first of the quatorzaine, addressed to a pair of eyes, is followed by the contents of the Sonnet forming a mere string of exclamations and adding nought to its object. The second Tercet should have predicated the subject, as Camoens shows in two "continued Sonnets" (Nos. XXXV. and CXXXVIII.). Surrupita was a distinguished sonneteer, and, as will appear, may have a right to claim some of the 360 (*e.g.*, Nos. CXVI. and CCIX.) which bear the name of Camoens. His works "Poesias e Prosas ineditas de F. R. L. Soropita," with Preface and Notes, were published by Snr. Camillo Castello Branco at Oporto, in 1868. In Camoens' day, however, the "little sound" was a general favourite, and almost all educated Portuguese seem to have written Sonnets.

¹⁵ Under "Odes" the Prologist would here include Canzons and Sextines. Fernando de Herrera (1500-1578, which Ticknor makes 1597) was an ecclesiastic of Seville, in whose honour Cervantes wrote a Sonnet. His learned and voluminous Commentary on Garcilasso appeared in 1580. Amongst his

many works were a poem on the Battle of Lepanto, Don John of Austria being one of his favourite heroes; and an Ode on the defeat and death of Dom Sebastian. His unpublished Eclogues are lost; his other writings were brought out (1619) by his friend Francisco Pacheco, the painter, with a preface by Rioja. He was a lover of the (Petrarchian) "sonetto," which he declared to be "the most beautiful form of composition in Spanish and Italian poetry, and the one which demands the most art in its construction and the greatest grace" (Ticknor).

¹⁶ Petrarch wrote nothing which he entitled "Elegies," or funeral odes; but his *Trionfi*, composed in terza rima, are purely elegiac. In some editions of his works (e.g., that of Naples, 1609, 16mo) a short poem in Tercets entitled *Capitulo*, possibly by the printers, is also an elegy, beginning:—

Nel cor pien di amarissima dolcezza, etc.

(Within a heart which brims with bitterest sweet.)

¹⁷ To Sannazaro and Rota the Prologist might have added Lodovico Paterno in Italy, and the unrivalled Garcilasso in Spain. Rota (born in 1409 and died in 1575) was a Neapolitan of knightly family, who wrote much Latin verse and a Canzoniere (Song-book) of some celebrity. His fame rests upon his "Egloghe Piscatorie," which number fourteen (1 vol. 12mo, 104 pp.): their nobility of style, harmonious proportions and graceful execution have entitled their author the "Sannazaro of Haliæutics." The favourite metre is the hendecasyllabic with half-lines, as in the Canzon. Camoens seems to have read Rota, judging from such passages as:—

O Cimodoce, o Dcto, o Panopea.

¹⁸ "Hispanha" here including Portugal. The "Grosa," now written "Glosa," means primarily a gloss proper, secondarily a short poetical composition after the manner of impromptus. The "Volta," etymologically signifying a turn, a Ritornelle, a song with a "bob" or burden, will be noticed at full length in a future page. The author is hardly justified in saying that the Glosa is peculiar to the Iberian Peninsula: Italy knows nothing older than the popular Stornello. And he is certainly incorrect when he makes the "Verso pequenho," or

octosyllabic line, proper to Spain." Not to mention the Iambic Dimeter of the Greeks and Romans, the Celtic Bards carefully cultivated this measure, which they adorned with rhyme, and, in this matter, they set the example to Southern Europe.

¹⁹ Gregorio Sylvestre deserves this praise as a writer of octosyllabic "Glosas." A Portuguese, born in Lisbon and brought up in Spain where his life was spent, he treated many other subjects in "short verse," and he shared popularity with Garci Sanchez de Badajoz; Bartholomeu de Torres Naharro; D. Juan Fernandez de Heredia, and Christoval de Castillejo. His works were printed in Lisbon by Manuel de Lyra (12mo; 1592), and at Granada by Sebastian de Mena (1 vol. 8vo).

²⁰ This again is supposed to allude to Antonio Ferreira, a rhymist charged with using redundant words; with ignoring the *ειφωρία*, which Quintilian calls "Vocalitas"; and with not satisfying the conditions of Aristotle ("De A. P.," Cap. i.) concerning imitation, harmony and number. The same critique might apply to Diogo Bernardes, the "sweet singer of the Lima" (Almeida Garrett), and to his contemporary, Pedro Andrade Caminha.

²¹ As will be seen, opinions differ upon this subject (Appendix I. § 2).

²² The sentence was thus printed by the Prologist in his first edition. In the second, however, the friends of Manoel Correa, who wrote a meagre study of Camoens and his Epos (see "Camoens, his Life and his Lusiads," Vol. I. p. 109), had the words changed to "Tratar do estylo Heroico nam he deste lugar; porque o Licenciado Manoel Correa, que está començando suas Lusiadas, terá esse cuidado." Note the change of "Lusiada" to "Lusiadas."

²³ Camoens, in his Eclogues as in his Epic, imitated Virgil rather than the greater master of Pastoral Poetry—Theocritus. Hence his Bucolics, Agreutics and Halieutics are held to be pitched in too high a key, and the reproach is especially levelled at Numbers 1, 2 and 6.

²⁴ Carvilius Pictor, alias the Grammarian, wrote the celebrated *Æneidomastix* according to the Pseudo-Donatus, "Vita Virgil.," p. 62.

²⁵ Petrus Crinitus: "De Poetis Latinis," etc., Libri I I. (Florence, 1505). He composed Carmina and many other works duly catalogued by Grässe, Part III. pp. 754-878.

²⁶ Manoel de Faria y Sousa, the Arch-Commentator, who will often be mentioned (Appendix I.), was scandalised by the evident faultiness of the Editio Princeps. With incredible diligence and immense labour he collated the various copies of Camoens' Works ("Camoens: his Life and his Lusiads," I. 107). Throughout his four folios he constantly alludes to his Commentary on the Redondilhas (roundels), Glosas and Voltas. The manuscript must have been well known in the early part of this century; the Didot edition (Paris, 1815) mentions it as "existing in the Library of the R. Convent, Na. Sa. da Graça of Lisbon," and indeed the Editor, by favour of the Librarian, had leave to copy from it (Vol. IV., Prolog. p. vi.) Report says that when Monastic Orders were abolished, the MSS. in three vols. found their way to the Central Depot, Sam Francisco da Cidade. At my request a friend, D. Eduardo Vanzeller, made inquiries for these papers which I am anxious to have published: unfortunately the search failed, and we find reason to fear a final disappearance. I cannot but blame the Committee of Management for the Camoens Centenary (1880): a vast mass of matter, mostly rubbish, was printed, whilst nothing was done to rescue from oblivion the valuable legacy left by the Arch-Commentator. *

²⁷ The "Court" is Lisbon in Portugal, Madrid in Spain.

* F. y S. died in the house of the Marquess de Montebello, Madrid, and the autopsy showed liver-disease. The learned Viscount Juromenha writes that the library of the Duke de Villa Hermosa (Madrid) may contain, and in fact he has heard that it does contain, certain MSS. of the Arch-Commentator. He justly observes "quem quer vai"; but the venerable Editor has not yet found an opportunity.

LYRICKS OF CAMOENS.



8

SONNETS.

LYRICKS OF CAMOENS.



I.

Em quanto quis Fortuna que tivesse

(General Proposition or Proëmium of Rhythmas, Petrarch, I. 1).

While Fortune willèd that for me be dight
Some grateful Esperance of some glad Content,
The gust of loving Thought a longing lent
To pen its pleasures and its pains to write :
But Love, in terror lest my Writ indite
Lere for the judgment he hath never shent,
So with his darkling pains my Genius blent
That mote I never tell his tale of sleight.

O ye, whom Love's obligeance may subjèct
To Wills so divers ! when you read thereof . .
Bound in one Booklet cases so diverse ;
(Which all be truthful, facts without defect)
Learn that according as you have the Love,
So shall you have the Lore, of this my verse.

II.

En cantarey de Amor taõ docemente,

(Particular Proëm of the Love-songs, Petrarch, I. 87).

My song of Love I will so sweetly sing,
 In such fair concord of concerted phrase,
 That twice a thousand chances Love displays
 Shall breasts unmovèd with emotion wring.
 I'll so do Love new Life to all shall bring,
 Limning nice secrets in a thousand ways,
 Soft angers, sighs that yearn for bygone days,
 Foolhardy Daring, Absence and her sting.

Yet, Ladye ! of that honest open scorn
 Shown by your eye-glance, blandly rigorous,
 I must content me saying minor part :
 To sing the graces which your geste adorn,
 Your lofty composition marvellous,
 Here lack me Genius, Lere, and Poet-art.

III.

Com grandes esperanças ja cantey,

(Petrarch, I. 144-145 ; also Pietro Bembo).

Whilere I sang my song with hope so high
 Might win the godheads in Olympus-wone ;
 Then for my singing 'gan I weep and moan,
 And now for weeping yet again weep I.
 When viewed my Past with meditative eye
 Costs me the memory such high price, I own
 That grief of seeing griefs so woebegone
 Is greatest grievance of my griefs gone by.

Then, if 'tis clear that whatso Ills torment me
Must gar increased other Ills torment,
Now can I never hope that aught content me.
But is this only Fancy's False that shent?
O feckless Vision, idle Thought that blent me!
What! I, e'en I, can hope to see Content?

IV.

Despoys que quis Amor que eu sô passasse
(The pains and inquietude of love. Cf. Canz. X.).

When Love so willed on me alone be vented
What Ills for many had reparted He,
He made me Fortune's thrall, for He could see
No more that mote in me be represented:
She, that her gain from Love should be augmented,
In pains he only doomèd me to dree,
What for none other wight consented she,
Gave her consentment be for me invented.

Lo! here with various song fare I complaining,
Copious and exemplaire for one and all,
Subject to serve this Tyrant tway's behest,
My various madness in my verse constraining,
Sad whoso straighteneth in such guise his Rest,
And rests contented with a boon so small!

V.

Em prisoens baxas fuy hum tempo atado ;

(He laments the loss of his loved ancilla).

I lay in Durance vile long while detainèd,
 The shameful quittance of my faults to pay :
 E'en now my fetters drag I on my way,
 The chains by Death, to my despight, unchainèd :
 I sacrificèd life to cares unfeignèd,
 For Love ne'er loveth steer or lamb to slay :
 Exiles I saw, saw misery, saw dismay ;—
 Meseems this hapless Life was so ordainèd.

I waxt contented with small mercies, knowing
 That such Contentment were but shame to hend,
 Sole for the sighting what were life's delight.
 But now my star (how well I see its showing !),
 And blinding Death, and Chance of dubious end,
 Made me all pleasures view with naught but
 fright.

VI.

Ilustre, e digno Ramo dos Meneses,

(To D. Fernando, en route for Red Sea?).

Illustrious Scion of the tree Meneses !
 To whom large-handed, all-providing Heaven
 (Which kens not erring) heritage hath given,
 To crush the harness which the Moor encases :
 Despising Fortune, spurning her mismazes,
 Go whither Fate shall guide you foewards driven :
 On Erythrèan deeps light fiery leven,
 And be new splendour to the Portugueses.

Lay with firm Will, with forceful Breast abate
 The insolent Pyrat, till Gedròsia dread
 And quake the classic Taprobanian shore.
 Cause of new tincture lend the Arabian Strait
 So may the Red Sea front henceforth be red,
 Reddened with glowing of the Turk-man's gore.

VII.

No tempo que de Amor viver soia,
 (The inconstancies of his youth. Cf. Canz. II. 6 ; VIII. 2).

When love, love only, was my daily diet,
 I fared not always iron'd to oar and chain ;
 (Nay) tied at times and then untied again,
 In various flames with varied Passions' riot.
 Willed not that single flame my heart disquiet
 The Heavens, so mote I hard experience gain
 No change of cause in lover-care is fain
 To work a changing of my Fortune's fiat.

And if awhile I farèd fancy-free,
 'Twas like the wight who rests for breathing sake
 Till with more vigour to his tasks turn he.
 Laud to the Love-god in my misery !
 Since for his pastime he was pleasèd take
 This my so weary long-drawn agony.

. VIII.

Amor, que o gesto humano na Alma escreve,
 (The sight of his lover's tears).

Amor, who human geste on Soul doth write,
 One day showed sparkles twain of lively Sheen,
 Whence purest Chrystal poured in currents twin,
 'Mid living Rose and Snow-plot virgin-white.
 Mine eyes, that dared not trust them to such sight,
 For certifying what could there be seen,
 Were to a fount convert, which made my teen
 Of easy sufferance and my load more light.

Love swears that softening Will and gentling Gree
 Gender the first effect, but then the Thought
 Maddens the man who deems it verity.
 Look ye how Love hath in one moment brought
 Fro' tears, which honest Pity setteth free,
 Tears with immortal satisfaction fraught.

IX.

Tanto de meu estado me acho incerto,
 (Petrarch, l. 90).

I find so many doubts my State enfold,
 I thrill in living lowe with trembling chill :
 Sans cause I laugh and tears conjointly spill ;
 I grasp at all the World and naught I hold :
 Whatso I feel is of disordered mould :
 My soul outpoureth fire, my eyes a rill :
 Now gladly hope I, then despairs my Will :
 Now Reason wanders, then grows calm and cold.

Being in Earth-Life unto Heaven I fly :
 Find in one hour one thousand years, natheless
 In thousand years I find no hour to claim.
 If any ask me wherefore so fare I ;
 My answer is I know not, yet I guess
 'Tis but because I saw your sight, Madàme !

X.

Transforma se o amador na cousa amada,
 (He corrects a carnal thought. Cf. Sonnet 31, Canz. I. 3).

Becomes the Lover to the Loved transmewèd,
 By thoughts and reveries the Fancy fire :
 Then have I nothing left me to desire,
 For the Desirèd is in me enduèd.
 If my transmewèd soul in her be viewèd,
 What can my formal body look for higher ?
 Only in self for Rest it can retire,
 Since that same Spirit hath my form imbruèd.

But this half-goddess with fair purity fraught,
 As Subject dwells in Accident inlaid,
 So to this Soul of mine shows self conform ;
 E'en as Idea fares she in my Thought ;
 While the pure lively Love whereof I'm made,
 Like unto simple Matter seeks its Form.

XI.

Passo por meus trabalhos tam isento

(He wants more pain—ad majorem Amoris gloriam).

I through my travails pass so fancy-free
 Fro' Sentiment, or high or low its vein,
 That for the Love-will wherewithal I pain,
 Love more of torture oweth to my fee.
 But Love so slowly fareth slaying me,
 With Theriack tempering still his draught venene,
 His ordered pains ordained I disordain,
 For-that my sufferings nill consent agree.

Yet, an such fineness lurk in Love's intent,
 Mine Ills with other Ills to pay pretending,
 This joyaunce melts me as Sol melts the Snow.
 But an he view me so with Ills content,
 The Niggard grudgeth me his pains, intending
 The more he pays me, still the more he owe.

XII.

Em flor vos arrancou, de entaõ crecida,

(Of Dom A. de Noronha slain at Ceuta).

In flower uprooted you, Bloom yet unblown,
 (Ah, Dom Antonio !), Fortune's dire decree,
 Where your brave arm display'd such bravery
 That hath o'er past Renown oblivion thrown.
 One single reason to my thought is known,
 Wherewith so care-full teen shall comfort see
 That if an honoured Death i' the world there be,
 No larger life-tide could your Spirit own.

An hold my humble verse a verve so strong
That to my heart-felt Hope respond my Art,
You shall supply me theme of special Glory ;
And sung in long-drawn and in saddest song,
If you were slain by hand of cruel Mart,
You shall immortal live in mortal story.

XIII.

Num jardim adornado de verdura,
(To Violante, the Violet, fair and pure).

Into a garden verdure-deckt and dight,
Where varied flowers amelled floors of green,
One day came pacing Love's own goddess-queen
With the Hunt-goddess whom the groves delight.
Diana straightway pluckt a Rose pure-white,
Venus a Lily of the reddest sheen ;
But far exceeding a' the lave were seen
The Violets clad in loveliness and light.

Both ask of Cupid, who stood nigh in stead,
Which of those flowrets three he faintest take
For suavest, purest, which the loveliest shows.
Then the Boy, sily smiling, this wise said,
"They all be beauties, nathless I make
Viola anteceding Lily, much more Rose !"

XIV.

Todo animal da calma repousava,

(Cry of Jealousy).

All animals rested in the Noontide still
 Liso alone felt naught of midday-glow ;
 For-that his respite from his lover-low
 Lay in the Nymph he sought to allay his Ill :
 Made every mountain-height to shake and thrill :
 The triste complainings of his throe-full woe
 But ne'er that hardened bosom ruth would show,
 The willing Captive of another Will.

Now worn by wander 'neath the bosky shade,
 For Memory sake, deep in a beechen bole,
 He graved these words that told his misery :—
 "None lay such flattering unction to his Soul
 As trust in Woman's breast, which Nature made
 To nothing constant save Inconstancy."

XV.

Busque Amor novas artes, novo engenho,

(A Plaint of Love).

Devise Love novel arts, a new design
 And novel-coy Disdains my life to slay ;
 My lovely hopes he may not bear away,
 He may not bear away what ne'er was mine.
 Look on what pauper Hope I feed and pine !
 See what security unsure of stay !
 I fear no Warfare, Change hath no dismay
 For ship-wreckt waif that swims the yeasty brine.

But albe Disappointment dwell no more
 Where Esperance faileth, there Love hides a care,
 An Ill that slayeth me withouten show.
 Days were he pleasèd in my soul to store
 A what I know not, born I know not where,
 Comes why I know not, pains I know not how.

XVI.

Quem ve, Senhora, claro, e manifesto,
 (Ut vidi, ut perii ! Written for a friend ?).

Who seeth, Ladye ! clear and manifest,
 The lovely being of your eyen-light,
 Nor loseth seeing-faculty, seen their sight,
 He nills pay duties owèd to your geste.
 This seemed me honest price for such acquet ;
 But I, the better to deserve the right
 To love those eyne, paid more, my Life, my Sprite,
 Hence naught remaineth in my hand for "rest."

Thus now my Soul, my Life, mine Esperance
 I gave you, everything that made me man :
 But all the interest I alone can show.
 For 'tis such blessèd, such belovèd chance
 To give you all I have and all I can,
 The more I pay you, still the more I owe.

XVII.

Quando da bella vista, e dolce riso ;

(He sings her perfections—dulce ridentem).

While of your laughter sweet and lovely eyes
 My sight enjoyeth rarest nutriment,
 I feel so elevate my thought's Intent
 That makes me see on Earth the Paradise.
 I bin so parted from what Humans prize
 All other blessings deem I winds that went :
 Thus to this term arrivèd (such my sent),
 He fares not far fro' where his Reason flies.

I pride me not, Madame ! on praise of you ;
 For of your graces whoso takes full range
 Must feel that man such knowledge never learns.
 You are such strangeness for this world to view,
 Excellent Dame ! it may not seem us strange
 Who made you, made the Skies and made the
 Sternes.

XVIII.

Doces lembranças da passada gloria,

(The Displeasures of Memory).

Delicious Memories of a Past so glorious,
 Réft by that robber Fortune's rage-full spleen ;
 Let me repose one hour in peace serene,
 You gain fro' me small gains howe'er victorious.
 Stamp't on my Soul hold I the tale notorious
 Of this past welfare ; had it never been,
 Or being had never past ! but now my teen
 In me leaves nothing save its trace memorious.

I live on memory-fare, and diè forgot
By her whose memory should have held me fast,
Had she remembered state of such Content.
O that return to birth had been my lot !
Well had I learnt to enjoy my happy Past,
If known what ills the Present can present.

XIX.

Alma minha gentil, que te partiste
(On the death of his lover : the chef d'œuvre).

My gentle Spirit ! thou who didst depart
This life of Miscontent so sudden tane ;
Rest there eternal in the heavenly Reign,
Live I pent here to play sad mortal part.
If in that happy Home, where throned thou art,
Consent to memories of the Past they deign,
Forget not thou my love, whose ardent strain
Thou sawst in purest glance that spake my heart.

And if such love gain aught of grace fro' thee,
If aught avail this woe wherewith I pine,
This pining woe that knows no remedy ;
Pray Him who shorted those few years of thine,
So soon He bear me hence thy sight to see
As soon He bore thee fro' my sorrowing eyne.

XX.

Num bosque, que das Ninfas se habitava,

(Sibella, or Belisa, and Cupid : a scherzo).

Deep in a woody, Nymph-inhabited dell
 Sybil, the fairest Nymph, fared forth one day ;
 And clomb a tree embrowning solar ray,
 To pluck the golden bloom of asphodel.
 Cupid who wont (and thus him aye befell)
 Noon in its sombre coolth to while away,
 His bow and bolts suspended to a spray,
 Before he suffered Sleep his eyne compel.

The Nymph, observing such occasion suit
 For so great derring-do, no time delayeth ;
 But, tane the coy Lad's weapons, fares a-flying.
 She bears his love-shafts in her eyes to shoot :
 Shun her, ye Shepherds ! fly, for all she slayeth,
 Save only me, who only live by dying.

XXI.

Os Reinos, e os Imperios poderosos

(To D. Teodosio, Duke of Braganza. Cf. Sonn. 227).

Royaumes and Empires highest in might and main
 Which grew to prowtest pride of worldly place,
 Or bloomed and blossomèd by Valour's grace,
 Or by their Barons strong in lettered vein :
 Greece bare her famed Themistoclean strain ;
 Rome gat her greatness by the Scipian race ;
 Twelve Peers the glory-path for France did trace ;
 Cids with the warlike Laras 'nobled Spain :

Unto our Portugal, that now meseems
A breed unlikest olden breed to bear,
Freedom and Fame gave they fro' whom you're
sprung.
In you we sight (great Scion and latest Heir
O' the State Braganzan !) thousand-fold extremes
Peers to your blood, sans peers in years so
young.

XXII.

De vós me aparto (O vida !) e em tal mudança

(First of eighteen parting-sonnets).

I leave you (dear my life !) and as I leave
The very sense of Death-in-Life I feel ;
I weet not why we seek contenting Weal,
If more must lose who doth the more receive.
But this firm 'surance unto you I give,
Albeit my tormentry this body kill,
Thro' the dark waters of the Lethe-rill
Secure in Memory the dead Past shall live.

Better sans you mine eyes with woe be wet
Than with another Light they shine content :
Better forget them you than they forget.
Better with this remembrance be they spent,
Than by forgetting undeserve to get
The glories won by pains they underwent.

XXIII.

Chara minha Enemiga, em cuja mão

(First Sonnet to Dynamènè the drowned).

My fondest-hateful Foe ! within whose hand
 Placed all my joys and joyaunce Aventùre ;
 Failed for thee on Earth a sepulture,
 That fail me Comfort fro' my bosom bann'd :
 Ocean for ever ever stole from land
 And won and joyed thy peregrine Formosure :
 But long as Being shall for me endure
 Live in my spirit shall thy Form be scann'd.

And if my rustick verse such verve may vaunt
 That it may vow thee long historick tale,
 Of by-gone love so pure, so true to thee ;
 Thou shalt be ever celebrate in my chaunt :
 For long as mortal memory shall prevail
 My Script shall serve thee for Epitaphy.

XXIV.

Aquella triste, e léda madrugada,

(Written when en route for Africa?).

That dawn of dewy Day, so black, so bright,
 O'ercharged with yearning pyne and pitiful woe
 Long as the world an after-grief shall know
 I will that Day-dawn aye with Fame be dignified.
 Only she saw when brake her dappled light
 In air, illuming earth with clearest glow
 This Will the presence of that Will forego
 Which ne'er had power such parting-tide to sight.

Only she saw the tears in beads distil
 From these and other Eyne, conjoint exprest,
 And roll uniting in large-streamèd rill.
 Only she heard the words of yearning quest
 Whose magick influence the fire could chill
 And to the damnèd Souls deal balmy rest.

XXV.

Se quando vos perdi, minha esperança,
 (Love forbids him to forget).

If, when I lost you, you mine Esperance !
 I had conjointly lost all memory-pow'r,
 Of the sweet Goods that fade and Ills that flow'r,
 Scant had I grievèd for such change of chance.
 But Love I cherisht in full confidence
 Would to me represent, with nicest lore,
 How oft he saw me 'joy the joyous hour
 That such Remembrance work my Life offence.

By things that hardly left at most a sign
 For-that I gave them to forgetfulness,
 I see my thought with memories overcast.
 Ah, my hard Planet ! ah the dire distress !
 What can be greater Ill in evils mine
 Than the remembrance of such happy Past ?

XXVI.

Em formosa Letea se confia,

(Some hidden application. Ovid, Met. X. 68-71).

So did Lethæa for-that fair confide,
 Where mortal vanity doth show the way,
 From proud to confident she went astray,
 And with the Gods of Heaven in beauty vied.
 Better to hinder such career of pride,
 (For born are many errors of delay)
 The Gods resolved a penalty she pay,
 For her foolhårdise all their force defied.

But Olenus lost for Lethæa's sake,
 Whose love forbade him bear wi' patient heart
 On so much beauty chastisement so dread,
 Willèd of alien sin the pains to take ;
 Yet Love unwilling Death the twain depart,
 To a hard stone the Pair transfigurèd.

XXVII.

Males, que contra mim vos conjurastes ;

(Written during last days in India? Cf. No. 33).

Ills ! that against my faring well conspire ;
 How long shall 'dure you in your dure intent ;
 If it endure that 'dure my chastisement,
 Suffice to you the torments dealt your Ire.
 But an ye persevere, for ye aspire
 To see the high-toned Thoughts of me forspent ;
 Stronger the Cause that strength to bear them lent,
 Than you that Being from such cause acquire.

And, as your purpose 'tis, when I'm a-mort,
To end what Evils from these loves I dree,
Bid of so long-drawn pains an end I view.
Thus (both contented) each shall hug his sort :
You shall win victory by winning me,
And I be winner being won by you.

XXVIII.

Estàse a Primavera trasladando

(Her charms are those of Spring. Written for a friend ?).

Prime all her beauties loveth to transmew
In your delicious glance of modest hest ;
Your lovely brow and lips and cheeks she drest
Wi' Lily, Pink, and Rose's mingled hue :
In sort, by shift of variegated view
Nature in you her might shows manifest ;
That Mount and Meadow, Stream and Wood attest
The love, my Ladye, they have vowed to you.

If now you nill that who hath lover-claim
The fragrant fruitage of this flowerage cull,
Soon shall those buds of grace abide forlorn :
Because it little booteth, fairest Dame !
That Love with Lovelings sow your garden full
If your condition breed but briar and thorn.

XXIX.

Sete annos de Pastor Jacob servia

(Jacob, Rachel, and Leah : then a favourite theme).

Seven years a Shepherd, Jacob did obey
 Laban, the lovely sheep-maid Rachel's sire,
 Him served he not, he servèd her for hire
 With one and only wish to win the May.
 The days in esperance of a single day
 He passed, contented only her to admire,
 But Laban, cautious of a youth's desire,
 In lieu of Rachel gave him Leah for pay.

When the sad Shepherd saw the snare and sleight
 That stole the Shepherd-maiden from his lot
 As though deserved nought his long Desert ;
 To other seven-years' service self he dight,
 Saying :—" More had I served and slaved were not
 For so long loving Life-tide all too curt."

XXX.

Está o lascivo, e doce passarinho

(He compares himself with the murdered bird).

Sits the sweet Birdie, ever gladsome-gay,
 His ruffled plumy robe wi' beaklet preening ;
 And his soft lay sans measure, full of meaning,
 Thrilleth in joyaunce from the rustick spray.
 The cruel Birder, bent upon his prey,
 With stealthy footsteps comes fere purposescreening ;
 And with sure aim the grided arrow gleening,
 Speeds him on Stygian Lake to nest for aye.

This wise a heart, in freedom wönt to wend
(Albe for many a day predestinate)
Was smit with Death-stroke where it saw no
sign :
For the Blind Archer waited that at end
He might advantage of my careless state,
Deep ambushèd within your clearest eyne.

XXXI.

Pede o desejo, Dama, que vos veja :

(After asking a mis-favour. Cf. Sonn. 10 and 129: Canz. I. 3).

Desire, my Ladye ! all to see requireth :
'Tis fooled and kens not whither 'twould aspire :
This love so fine-drawn runs to thinnest wire,
Who sense it never know what it desireth :
There is in Nature naught but what suspireth
For a condition permanent-entire ;
To win desirèd things unwills Desire,
Lest naught remain whereto his will aspireth.

But this my pure Affection suffereth loss :
For as the heavy Stone hath aye for art,
In Nature's central gravity self to grave :
This wise my Thoughts and Fancies fro' the part
Which in my human flesh fares earthy-gross,
Made me, my Ladye ! such a fall to crave.

XXXII.

Porque quereys, Senhora, que offereça

(Written before the Indian voyage?).

Why, Ladye ! would you see my life resign'd
To bear so weighty Evils you design ?
If you be wrath for that I be indign
He's to be born whom digne of you you'll find.
Intend, however much for you I've pin'd,
I might be digne of prize that made me pine,
But Love consents not such low price assign
To thoughts by lofty Lealty refine'd.

This wise no equal payment shall atone
For all I suffer'd ; yet you owe it me
Who to bear such despight the power have shown.
And if the value all your wooers own
Must equal yours, perforce this doom you'll dree,
To wone a-loving Self and Self alone.

XXXIII.

Se tanta pena tenho merecida

(Continuing No. 32).

If I have merited such pain-full plight
In pay of suffering so hard penalties ;
Approve, Madame ! on me your cruelties,
Here hold you offered a self-doomèd sprite ;
Whereon experiment (an you deem it right)
Disprize, disfavours and asperities ;
For fiercer sufferings, in the firmest guise,
I'd bear right bravely in this life-long fight.

But what avails me against your eyes' pretence ?
To them all Foemen, will or nill, surrender ;
Yet I my heart will plant as shield to sense :
For in such asperous Fray with force so slender
'Tis well that sithence I am sans defence
I be mid couchèd spears my sole defender.

XXXIV.

Quando o Sol encuberto vay mostrando

(Written at Ceuta ? Petrarch, I. 90).

As Sol with veiled brow his beams abasing
Shows to the world Eve's gleaming gloaming light,
Along a shore-land that delights the sight
I pace, my dearest foe in fancy tracing :
Here I beheld her plaited locks enlacing ;
There hand supporting cheek so beauteous-bright ;
Here gladly speaking, there all care-bedight ;
Now steadfast standing, now a-forwards pacing :

Here she was sitting, there she glanced at me
Raising those ever fancy-freest eyne ;
Here something startled, there again secure :
Here sat she saddened, there smiled she
And in these weary, wearing Thoughts, in fine,
I lose vain Life-time which doth still endure.

XXXV.

Hum mover de olhos, brando e piadoso,

(Her portrait. Cf. Sonn. 78 and Ode VI. 1-6).

A soft and pity-full glancing of those eyes
 With naught to pity ; a sweet Smile shame-represt
 As though enforced, a douce and gentle gest,
 Doubting all worldly joys and vanities :
 A quiet Energy hid in bashful guise.
 A modest favour and a gravest rest ;
 A purest Goodness, e'er the manifest
 Index where pure and gracious Spirit lies :

A veiled Daring ; a retiring air ;
 A fear withouten fault ; a cheere serene ;
 A long-drawn suffering with obedience fraught :
 Such were the Beauties as the Heavens fair
 Of Circe mine, whose magick all venene
 Had power to metamorphose all my Thought.

XXXVI.

Tomou-me vossa vista soberana

(He boasts of being captured though fully armed).

Conquered and captured me your sovran Sight
 Where I had weapons handiest to my hand,
 That all who seek defence may understand
 With those fair eyne foolhardise 'twere to fight.
 That mote her Victory rise to prower height,
 She first let Reason arm me with her brand :
 I thought to save me, but 'twas vainly plann'd,
 For against Heaven avails not earthly Might.

If to your lot, withal, have promised
 Your lofty Destinies such victory,
 Small gift they give you when all's done and said.
 Then 'spite my standing on well-guarded stead,
 Yours be the Boast and Brave of conquering me,
 And mine a greater by you conquerèd.

XXXVII.

Não passes, Caminhante. Quem me chama?

(To the Memory of D. Joam de Castro?).

Pass me not, Passer-by !—"Who names my name?"
 A novel Memory never heard before
 Of one who changèd life, a finite store,
 For infinite, divine and clearest Fame.
 "Who is 't so gentle praises doth acclaim?"
 One who ne'er doubted all his blood to outpour,
 Following the noble flag he ever bore,
 Captain of CHRIST he loved with single aim.

Most blessed sacrifice, most blessed ending,
 To God and Man in offering resign'd !
 I will aloud proclaim a Sort so high.
 Thou canst tell larger tale to all mankind,
 Clear sign he ever gave through life a-wending
 He would deserve such holy Death to die.

XXXVIII.

Fermosos olhos, que na idade nossa

(Written for a friend ?).

Beautiful Eyën, to our days displaying
Of high and heavenly Lore the surest sign,
An ye would learn the power wherewith you shine,
Look on this creature of your own arraying !
You'll see how comes, the life o' me waylaying,
That Smile which dealeth me this life of mine :
You'll see for no more gifts o' Love I pine
The more fleet Time flits by, our hearts dismaying.

And if, in fine, you'd see you in this sprite
As in glass brightly-shining, there you'll see
Likewise your Soul angelical-serene.
But sore I doubt me 'tis to unsee my sight
You will not, Ladye ! see yourself in me.
So lively pleasures giveth you my teen !

XXXIX.

O fogo que na branda cera ardia,

(To a lady whose face was singed by a taper).

The Fire, who burning made soft wax a prey,
Sighting the gentle face in Soul I sight,
With other firing of Desire was dight
To reach the Lights that conquer lustrous Day.
And, as he flamed with a twofold ray,
His hot impatience put all shame to flight ;
And with exceeding fervency of light
He flew to kiss you where his image lay.

Happy that Fire who so much boldness shows
To quench his brenning and his torments dern,
By sight of one to whom Sol terror owes.
With love, my Ladye ! all the Elements yearn
For you, and even Fire inflames the snows
Which burn our bosoms and our fancies burn.

XL.

Alegres campos, verdes arvoredos,

(Written on return to Cintra from India? Petrarch, I. Canz. 27).

Glad smiling Pastures, gay and greeny Glade,
Clear, fresh-cool Waters, with your chrystalline flow
(The view repeating in the waves below)
Which from the rocky heights the meads invade :
Cliffs, stark and barefaced, Mounts o' forest shade
That such a disconcerted Concert show ;
Know you withouten sanction of my woe
No more by you mine eyes may glad be made.

And sith no more you see me as you saw,
No more your growth of greenth delicious cheers,
Nor waves that come fast flowing joyous flood.
In you I'll sow remembrances that gnaw,
I'll water you with lamentable tears,
And after-grief shall spring fro' by-gone Good.

XLI.

Quantas vezes do fuso se esquecia

(Daliana, loving Silvio, is loved by Laurenio).

Oft as forgot her spindle woe-forlore
 Daliana (bathed in tears her beauteous breast)
 So oft by asperous terror was opprest
 Laurenio, losing hues of health he wore.
 She, who loved Silvio than herself far more,
 E'er sought to see him yet e'er failed her quest,
 How, then, shall heal another heart's Unrest
 Who can so illy Rest to self restore?

He, clearly trowing the so bitter truth,
 With sobs exclaimed, (while the treën shade
 Inclined to hear his pyne and yearn for ruth)
 How can be Nature so disorderèd
 That with such different Will the twain indue'th
 Whom Will of Fortune so conforming made?

XLII.

Lindo, e sutil trançado, que ficaste

(To a lady who gave him a fillet in lieu of hair-lock).

Fair-woven Fillet! in whose pledge I find
 Promise of remedy I desire to gain,
 If sole the seeing thee so mad my brain,
 What would the tresses erst by thee confine'd?
 Those golden-huèd locks thou hast entwine'd,
 That hold the solar splendours in disdain,
 I weet not was't to make my prayer in vain,
 Or if to find me them thou didst unbind.

Thee, fair-wove Fillet ! I in hand see hent
 And for the solace to my sorrows owed,
 Lacking that other I must take this dole :
 And, if my longings may not win Content,
 I have to assure her 'tis in Love's own code
 A part must take who cannot take the whole.

XLIII.

O Cisne quando sente ser chegada

(He sings the Swan-song ; for Natercia married ?).

The Swan, who feeleth that enfated hour
 Nigh draw and show him term of life draw nigh,
 A voice more touching, of more harmonie
 Raiseth awaking lone deserted shore.
 Fain he'd enjoy of life-tide something more,
 And mourneth weeping an unwilling good-bye :
 In yearning sorrow, for that dight to die,
 His notes the Journey's mournful close deplore.

Thus I, my Ladye ! when to me was shown
 The tristful dying of my Love-in-grief,
 Already thinnèd to the thinmost thread ;
 With suaver accent, more harmonious tone,
 Of your disfavours I to sing was lief,—
 “ *Your faith perjurious and my Love done dead.*”

XLIV.

Por os raros extremos que mostrou,
(In praise of four maids of honour).

For rare extremes displayed in days of yore,
Pallas for learnèd, Venus for-that fair,
Dian for chaste, Juno for queenly air,
Africk, Europa, Asia did adore.
He who conjoinèd by Almighty Pow'r
Spirit and Flesh in generous league to pair,
This World-machinery, lustrous 'yond Compare,
Fabrick'd with simple Elementals four.

But Nature willèd greater marvel see
In you, my Dames ! when joined in every one
What she had portionèd amid her fours.
To you their splendours yielded Sol and Lune :
You with live light, and grace and purest blee,
Air, Earth, Fire, Water served as servitours.

XLV.

Tomava Daliana por vingança
(Continues No. 41).

Willèd Daliana wed, to avenge the slight
Of the hard Shepherd loved in love so true,
With neatherd Giles ; and self-avenging rue
That alien error, false and coy despight :
The sure discretion and confiding light
Which on her cheeks the rosy tincture drew,
Wan Melancholy changed in every hue ;
For asperous Change oft changeth bright for blight.

Graciously Floret laid in land 'so lean ;
Sweet fruitage harvested by horny hand !
Memories of other love and perjured fay
Have turned to horrid hill the grassy green ;
While cogging interest, feigning Love's command,
Made even Beauty wend on hapless way.

XLVI.

Grao tempo ha já que soube da Ventura

(A Plaint written in India?).

Long Syne now 'tis sin' taught me Aventure
The life my fatal fiat hath forecast ;
For such prolonged experience of my Past
Gave of my Future indice clear and sure :
Love fere and cruel ! Fortune aye obscure !
Well have you tried me, bound me hard and fast :
Lay waste, destroy, allow no weal to last ;
Do vengeance on my days that still endure.

Love wot from Fortune none to me befell
And, that I feel the more what failurès are,
He made my maintenance Dreams impossible.
But you, my Ladye ! since (you see) my Star
None other wills, deign in my Soul to dwell,
Where Fortune lacketh might to make or mar.

XLVII.

Se sómente hora alguma em vós piedade

(Written after parting and en route to India?).

If I some hour some ruth in you could see
Vouchsafed for so long torment to me dight,
Love sore had suffered I depart the sight
Of those loved Eyes, long yearned-for Pyne of me !
From you I parted, but my volunty,
Which like the natural limns you in my Sprite,
Makes me this absence view in lying light,
Yet come I soon to prove that truth it be.

I *must* go, Ladye ! but in parting shed
Sad tears shall ever claim revenge in kind
From eyes whereof you were the daily bread.
Thus to my pains I'll give Life tortured ;
For here, in fine, my Sovenance shall find
Myself in your oblivion sepulchrèd.

XLVIII.

Oh como me se alonga de anno em ano

(One of the last, written at Mozambique?).

Ah me ! how longsome lengthens year by year
This weary way-worn pilgrimage of mine !
How shortens, flying to its fatal fine,
This my brief human course, this vain career !
With days decreasing increast Ills draw near ;
I lost what cure I had, last anodyne :
If-that experience teacheth to divine,
Each greater Hope doth greater snare appear.

I run to catch this welfare sans a chance ;
Welfare that faileth me in middle way,
And thousand falls destroy my confidence.
It flies, I tarry ; and in tarriance
When raised mine eyes to see if still it stay,
'Tis lost to vision and to esperance.

XLIX.

Já he tempo já, que minha confiança

(A variant of No. 48 ; Horace, I. Odes, v.).

'Tis time, time 'tis that this my confidence
Descend from heights of false opinion ;
But Love to Reason-rule will not be won ;
I may not, therefore, with all Hope dispense :
Life, yes ! for shift to asperous circumstance
Forbiddeth length of life to hearts fordone,
In Death hold I my sole salvation ?
Yes ! but who seeks for Death ne'er finds the chance.

Parforce I hope and eke parforce I live.
Ah Love's hard Law that never deigns relent,
Nor soothes the Spirit which must captive grieve !
But if, in fine, parforce to live I'm meant,
Wherefore want I the glory fugitive
Of a vain Hope whose pain's my punishment ?

L.

Amor, com a esperança já perdida

(A variant of the last variant).

Amor ! with Esperance now for aye forlore,
 I pilgrimaged to Thy sovran Fame ;
 And for my shipwreck-sign on stormy Main
 In lieu of garments Life for offering bore.
 What more of me wouldst Thou, who evermore
 Destroydst the Glory 'twas my boast to gain ?
 Deem not to conquer me, nor I again
 Intend to enter by an issueless door.

Here seest thou life and soul and esperance,
 The sweet despoilings of my bygone weal,
 As long as willèd she, whom I adore.
 On these thou lief mayst wreak thy vengeance,
 And, if determined more revenge to deal,
 Suffice thy heart-desire the tears I pour.

LI.

Apolo, e as nove Musas discantando

(Petrarch, I. 12 and 47).

'Mid the nine Muses' choir Apollo singing
 To his gilt lyre, so influencèd my sprite
 With dèscant sweet, harmonical delight,
 I hent in hand my pen and writ, beginning :—
 "Happy the day, the hour, the moment bringing
 Those delicate eyne my very me to smite :
 Happy the feelings that could feel them dight
 To die, with love-desires the heart unstringing."

This wise I sang when Cupid changed my chance
Whirling the wheel of Esperance, that raced
So legier, well nigh 'twas invisible.
For me the blackest night clear Day o'ercast ;
And if remained me aught of Esperance,
'Twould be of balefuller bane—if possible.

LII.

Lembrancas saudosas, se cuidays

(Cf. Sonn. 4 and 46).

Sad yearning Memories ! an ye still be straining
To end my life-tide placed in such estate,
I live not so ensnared by ban and bate,
As one not hoping more, far more, of paining.
Long time already you my heart are training
To wone of whatso welfare desperate :
Now I with Fortune have deliberate
To suffer torments of your own ordaining.

Patience I'll bind, as thole-pin bindeth oar,
To what displeasures Life may lief affy :
Let Thought as wills it care of suffering take.
For sith resistance can avail no more
In such a cruel fall fro' height so high,
Upon my sufferings I my fall must break.

LIII.

Apartavase Nise de Montano,
(Of Nisé or Ines, the drowned Dame).

Departed Nisé parted from Montane,
And, parting, ever woned within his sprite,
For her in Memory limned the Shepherd-wight,
The freaks of Fortune easier to sustain.
Upon a Fore-land facing Indick main
Propt on his curvèd crook he bowed his height,
And o'er the vasty seas prolonged his sight,
Eyeing the wavelets reckless of his pain.

Since to such after-longings, pangs so fell,
(Quoth he) would leave me she I most adore,
I call to witness all the stars and spheres :
But, Waves, if aught of ruth in you may dwell
Eke bear away the tears these eyelids pour
E'en as you bear her that has caused the tears.

LIV.

Quando vejo que meu destino ordena,
(Following No. 47).

Whenas I see my Destiny ordain,
By way of proving, I from you depart,
Leaving my welfare's better, higher part
That prove the very fault my bitterest bane :
The dure displeasure, dooming constant pain
When musing Memory communes with my heart,
Hardens my senses with such cunning art
That Absence-dolour grieves with lesser strain.

But how can hap it that a Change, destroying
All that I fondest love, so far forbore
To end my days, of parted life bereaving ?
I'll bit and bridle this so bitter coying :
For parting, Ladye ! me had grievèd more
Had I in parting grievèd with lesser grieving.

LV.

Despoys de tantos dias mal gastados

(Another sigh over the Past. Cf. Sonn. 49, and Petrarch, I. 48).

After so many days spent evilly,
After so many a sleepless night spent ill,
After so many a weeping tears in rill,
Vain sighs so many vainly sighed by me :
How did not Disenchantment set you free
(Desires !) that of Forgottens, will or nill,
You can a cure apply to wounds that kill,
Love cure-less made, and Time and Destiny ?

Now had ye not so long experience
Of Love's unreasons, whom you served amain,
In you resistance were a weak pretence.
But, as for bane of you you bore Love's bane,
Time never cured, nor Absence-term immense,
What hope ye (sad Desires !) of Love to gain ?

LVI.

Nayades, vós que os rios habitays,

(A conceit : written in Coimbra?).

Naiads ! ye ladyes who in rivers wone
And pour your treasures o'er the pined-for Plain,
Fain shall ye see these eyelids rail and rain
Waters that well-nigh equal all your own.
Dryads ! who busk ye and with shafts are boun
To fell the roe-deer in their flying slain,
You shall see other Eyne like triumphs gain
O'er hearts of higher value felled and thrown.

Quit then your quivers and your waters cold ;
And haste ye, lovely Nymphs ! if so incline'd
To see one pair of Eyes breed many ills.
Here shall ye note how vain the days have roll'd :
And yet not vainly note, for you shall find
Her eyes your quivers hold, mine eyes your rills.

LVII.

Mudaõse os tempos, mudaõse as vontades ;

(Written perhaps in India).

Times changè, change mortal loves and volunties ;
Changeth man's fortune, changeth confidence :
The world is made of endless Change immense,
Ever assuming strange new qualities.
Continuous novelties our sight espies,
From all we hopèd showing difference :
Long live our sorrows gravèd in Memory-sense,
Our joy (if joy have been) in yearning dies.

Time clothes the country with à greeny coat,
That erst lay clothed in snow-sheet hoar and frore ;
Time shifts my sugrèd lay to bitter note.
And more than every day hath change in store,
Time works another Change of more dismay,
For now as wont Time changeth never more.

LVIII.

Se as penas com que Amor taõ mal me trata
(Exhorting her "carpere diem").

If pains whereby Love wreaks me such despight
Permit me life so long to live by pain,
Till seen those starry Eyne in wanness wane,
Whose sight doth slay me by their burning light :
And if long Time, who putteth all to flight,
Wilt the fresh Roses that unpluckt remain,
And if those tresses lose their lucent stain
Fram gold refinèd to fine silvern white :

Then, Ladye ! eke your sight shall see me changing
The harrowing memory of your cruelties,
When naught availeth you such change of chance.
With sighs you'll sight yourself o'er Bygones ranging,
What time my power 'twill be to exercise
On your too late regrets my vengeance.

LIX.

Quem jaz no graõ Sepulchro, que descreve

(Dialogue-sonnet on Dom Joam III.).

Who lies i' the lordly Tomb that doth indite
 So noble blazon on the doughty shield?
 "A Naught! for thus in fine all flesh must yield:
 Yet did he all, held all that Mortal might."
 A King?—"He did what Kings to do be dight:
 He studied Peace to practise, War to wield:
 But as on Moorman rude he weighed a-field,
 So on his ashes, Earth! now lie thou light!"

Is't Alexander?—"Fancy no such thing!
 More to conserve than conquer more he strave."
 A Hadrian, holding Earth's dominion?
 "More he observèd laws high Heaven gave."
 Numa?—"No Numa he: 'tis John the King,
 The Third of Portugal, seconded by none!"

LX.

Quem pode livre ser, gentil Senhora,

(Petrarch, I. 75 and 16).

Who mote enjoy his freedom, Ladye fair!
 Seeing your presence with unprejudiced mind,
 If aye the Boy that was from babehood blind
 Wone in the Babies which your pupils bear?
 There reigns he, rules he, deals he love-doom there
 There lives he venerate of all mankind;
 For the love-light, the features finely 'fined,
 Are imaged idols for Love's worshipper.

Who sees the roses bloom on snows pure-white
Set in the rondured, crispy threads of gold,
(If sight may haply through such lightning spear)
Sees aureate radiance, rays that pierce with light
The dubious Spirit through the bosom's fold,
E'en as enpierceth Sol the chrystalline sphere.

LXI.

Como fizeste, ó Portia, tal ferida ?

(“Dialogismus” to Portia Bruti).

How couldst, O Portia ! deal thee wound so dread ?
Was it free-willèd or was't innocence ?—
“’Twas Love alone who sought experience,
How I could suffer Life by Death done dead.”
And Love invited thine own blood to shed,
Death to resist and make a Life-defence ?
“’Tis that my practice make I patience
Lest fear of dying do my Death impede.”

Then wherefore swallow coals of burning lowe
To steel self-customed ?—“’Tis that Love ordains
I die and, dying, pains of dying know.”
And art thou one that hurt of steel disdains ?
“Yea ! for we feel not an accustomed blow ;
Nor would I Death withouten dying pains.”

LXII.

Do taõ divino acento em voz humana,

(To Joam José Leitam. Cf. Sonn. 134).

Of accents human yet in heavenly strains
 Of elegant phrase so singular-peregrine,
 My works (right well I weet) shall ne'er be digne ;
 For my rude Genius disillusion deigns.
 But from your choice illustrious Pen e'er drains
 Liquor excelling waters Caballine ;
 And by your aid shall Tage with flowrets fine
 E'en Mantuan fulness fill with jealous pains.

And more, the Maidens of their meed unsparc
 Born of that lovely dame, Mnemosyne,
 To you their favours lent in world-known share,
 My Muse, and yours so famed for high degree,
 Both in the world themselves may 'title rare,
 Yours for high Genius, mine for Jealousy.

LXIII.

Debaxo desta pedra está metido,

(To Dom Fernando de Castro ?).

Lieth ensepulchrèd beneath this stone,
 Resting fro' 'sanguined arms and fierce affrays,
 The illustrious Capitaine Fame loves to raise,
 Fernan' de Castro, noble name all-known.
 This, so much fearèd by all Orient fone,
 This, forcing Envy's self to sing his praise,
 This, who in fine held angry Mavors' rays,
 To clay converted here shall ever wone.

Joy that thou breddest, warrior Lusitania !
This Viriatus born in other date,
Nor less for ever o'er his loss lament.
Here for example take to thee Dardania ;
For if one Brave could Roman braves abate,
Yet stands not Carthage for this feat content.

LXIV.

Que vençays no Oriente tantos Reys ;
(To Viceroy and Poet Dom L. de Athaide).

Than having conquered many an Eastern Roy ;
Than having rendered back our Indick reign ;
Than darkening every Fame man erst could gain
From Faithless peoples torn, with sore annoy.
Than conquering Death and Death's oblivious Loy ;
And conquering all, in fine, that arms had tane ;
More 'twas unarmed to conquer homely bane,—
Chimæras dire, and monster ills destroy :

Then upon conquering fone so fierce in bate,
And by your Derring-do so doing your name
Without a second heard a-world shall be ;
That which shall render you more worldly fame
Is that you conquer, Sir ! i' the friendly state,
Such lack of thanks, such jarring jealousy.

LXV.

Vossos olhos Senhora, que competem

(Much admired).

Your eyes, my Ladye ! that with Sol compete
 In Beauty's fervid sheen and clearest light,
 Full fill mine own with such a suave delight,
 They melt in tear-floods when your sight they meet.
 My Sense surrenders, prone before your feet,
 Blent in that presence of majestick might ;
 And from drear dungeons tinct with obscure night
 Fear-fraught it only thinks to flit and fleet.

But an, perchance, your glance be not avert,
 This harsh despisal in your eyes I view
 My fainting spirit animates once more.
 O gentle cure ! O strangest disconcert !
 What would one favour do (which ne'er you do)
 When one disfavour doth my life restore ?

LXVI.

Fermosma do Ceo a nós decida,

(To Dona Guiomar Henriques?).

Beauty from heavenly heights to Earth descended !
 That leav'st no heart save what thy hest hath bent,
 And satisfying all Intendiment
 Without thy being of any thought intended :
 What tongue so daring rash that e'er pretended
 Of praising thee pretentious hardiment,
 When every greater gift intelligent,
 By thy least value finds its force transcended ?

If on thy better part of worth I gaze,
Seeing how opens Earth a heavenly scene,
My genius fails me and my sprite is wrung.
But what more hinders yet to sing thy praise,
Is that when seeing thee I lose my tongue,
And lose my senses when thou be unseen.

LXVII.

Poys meus olhos não cansão de chorar
(Petrarch, "lunga historia").

Since never tire mine eyes to weep alway
Griefs never tiring in their trial to tire me ;
Since ne'er allayed the fire, wherewith to fire me
She hath the power which I could ne'er allay :
Tire not, thou blind-born Love ! to lead astray
Thither whence never more shall I retire me ;
Nor cease the world by hearing to inspire me,
Till my weak accents cease to sing my lay.

And if in meads, and dales, and bosky hills
Ruth linger haply ; haply Love remain
In birds and beasts ; if sea and stones can feel ;
Hear they the long-drawn history of mine Ills,
Healed be their pains by witnessing my pain ;
For only greater sorrows sorrows heal.

LXVIII.

Dai-me kuma ley, Senhora, de querervos,

(Written when dismissed the Presence?).

Deal me a Law to love you, Dame ! I pray you,
 So under bail Annoy shall ne'er pursue you,
 For Faith that forces me thus dear to lo'e you,
 Eke shall enforce me keep the Law to obey you.
 Forbid me all but let these eyne survey you ;
 Let me in spirit-contemplation view you ;
 For an I fail with love-content to endue you,
 Leastwise may I with hatred ne'er affray you.

And if this cruel coy Condition
 You deal, to law of Life refuse consent,
 Deal it me, Dame ! albeit law of Death
 If e'en you deal not this 'twere well you wone
 Unweeting how my life in grief is spent ;
 Yet will I live content till latest breath.

LXIX.

Ferido sem ter cura perea

(On being re-admitted?).

A desperate wound was dealt sans hope of heal
 To dure and doughty Telephus, bravest Brave,
 By him a Mother washed in Stygian wave,
 And who was harmless from all stroke of steel.
 When to Apollo's oracle made appeal
 The Brave, applying how himself to save,
 It answered :—" Wound of self-same weapon crave
 Fro' him who wounded and who cure shall deal."

Suchwise my Ladye ! will mine Aventure
 That I, the sorely wounded by your sight,
 Gain from a second sighting Love's recure.
 But to my sight so sweet your formosure,
 Here bide I ever like hydropick wight
 Whose every draught shall more of drouth assure.

LXX.

Na metade do Ceo subido ardía,

(Echo-Sonnet and first mention of Natercia, *i.e.* Caterina).

Flamed on the midway firmamental hill
 The Shepherd genial-clear, what time 'gan stray
 The Goats from greeny meads, and sought the way
 To grateful freshness of a cooly rill :
 Under the treën leaves and shadows chill
 The Birds took shelter from the burning ray :
 And, as they ceased their modulated lay,
 Naught brake the silence save hoarse chirps of Gryll:

When Shepherd Liso, lone on grass-grown lea,
 Sought where his cruel nymph, Natercia, wonèd
 Wailing with thousands weary sighs his lot ;
 "Why flee the lover who fares lost for thee
 To one who loves thee not?" (This wise he
 moanèd);
 And Echo answered (moaning), *Loves thee not.*

LXXI.

Ja e roxa, e branca Aurora destoucava

(Cf. N^o. 41).

Now red and white Aurore had loosed the snood
 That snared her delicate golden-huèd hair,
 And bloom-enamelled meadows fresh and fair
 Wi' beads of rory Chrystal had bedew'd :
 When the two beauteous flocks a-pasture yode
 Commit to Silvio and Laurente's care ;
 Swains were the twain and parted was the pair .
 From one the never-parting Love-god woo'd.

Laurente, weeping truest tears, 'gan cry ;—
 “ O delicatest Nymph ! I ne'er could learn
 How one who lives in absence nills to die ;
 For life withouten thee as naught I spurn ! ”
 “ Love spurns Consenting ” (Silvio makes reply),
 “ For Death offendeth Esperance of return.”

LXXII.

Quando de minhas magoas a comprida

(Of Dinamènè, Petrarch, I. 47).

When of my yearning grief the long offending
 Imagination seals with sleep these eyes,
 She cometh visioned in her Spirit-guise,
 Who was in life to me life-dream unending.
 There in a Desert-wold, so far extending
 Fails him man's eyën-sight and fainting dies,
 I fly to reach her ; but I feel she flies
 Compellèd, faster and still farther wending.

I cry :—" Flee not fro' me, thou Shade benign, ah !"
She (on me fixing modest glance resign'd
As one who sayeth, This may never be !")
Flieth again ; and I once more cry "*Dina*" !
But ere the *mènè* come I wake and find
Even that brief deceit I may not see.

LXXIII.

Sospiros inflamados que cantays

(Conclusion to the Amores?).

Hot Sighs and Singulfs ! that have voice to sing
The sorrows making Life a joyous woe ;
I fare and leave ye, for I fear ye go
Forlore in fording of the Lethe-spring.
Now ye are writ in Script unperishing
Where all with finger shall your presence show,
As model-sorrows ; and e'en I allow
That you be sign-posts to the wandering.

In whomso, then, you see large Esperance
Of Love and Luck (which may to some appear,
Albe misgifts, the happiest ordinance)
Say him, you served the Pair for many a year,
Say, that in Fortune all is change and chance,
Say him, that Love is naught but sleight and snare.

LXXIV.

Aquella fera humana que enriquece

(He calls for more suffering and boasts his pains).

That feral Human who her wealth doth owe
 To her presumptuous, prideful surquedry,
 Who robs my vitals, doomed by Love to dree
 An Ill that faileth when 'twould greater grow :
 If (as it seemeth) Heaven in her would show
 The Show most lovely that the World can see ;
 Why make my Life her direst injury ?
 Why make my Death her vaunt the prowest prow ?

Now boast sublime, in fine, your geste victorious,
 Ladye ! of taking one so willing tane ;
 Make my large Story o'er the World memorious :
 The more I see you deal me pang and pain
 The more I glory in this gloire so glorious,
 Seeing you glory for-that I be slain,

LXXV.

Ditoso seja aquella que sómente

(Another cry of Jealousy. Cf. Canz. X. 7).

Happy be mortal man if he lament
 Only disdainful love unkindly coy,
 For coyness never may his hope destroy
 Sooner or later to enjoy Content.
 Happy be mortal man who Absence-shent
 Can sense no sorrow save remembered joy ;
 For albe fear of change may breed Annoy
 One feareth Dolour less when sensed by Sent.

Happy, in fine, be any, every plight
Where love-reserve, deception and disdain
To harm and torture lover's heart delight.
But hapless he who feels repine and blight
Of wayward error pardon ne'er may gain,
Nor feels the peccant load oppress his sprite.

LXXVI.

Quem fosse acompanhando juntamente
(Written in the Goa prison? Petrarch, I. 80).

Ah ! could I only fare accompanied
By the true Birdie o'er this greeny plain,
Who, since her only Mate fro' her was tane,
Knoweth none other joyous time and tide :
And ah ! if flying far fro' man I hied,
With her for neighbour and companion fain,
She mote assist me to deplore my pain,
And I assist her sore by sorrow tried.

Blest bird ! if Nature ne'er for thee endure
Thou to thy firstling add a second fere
She wills thy Sorrows solace shall supply :
But unblest he by long-willed Adventure
Denièd air enow to breathe a sigh,
And all, in fine, that doth the World ensphere.

LXXVII.

O culto divinal se celebrava

(Petrarch, I. 3. Comp. Canz. VII. 2).

With holy Worship came they to adore,
 In fane where every creature praised and pray'd,
 The Almighty Maker, who the thing He made
 Vouchsafed with holy bloodshed to restore.
 There Love, occasion 'biding ever more,
 Where naught of danger my sure Will affray'd,
 With rarest Sprite in Angel-form array'd
 My light of Reason like a robber bore.

I (who had deemed the place would lend defence
 And knowing not his custom'd liberty,
 None may escape by over-confidence)
 Yielded me captive, but this day I see,
 Ladye ! he willed me yours of Will prepenze,
 And now repent me I so long was free.

LXXVIII.

Leda serenidade deleytosa,

(To Natercia ?).

A glad delicious air serene that shows
 On Earth-face represented Paradise ;
 Sweet smile 'mid rubies live and pearls of price,
 A blush-rose set in gold and virgin snows :
 Attuned presence gracious for repose,
 Where Sense and Daring mingle with advice,
 Teaching how Art conjoining Artifice
 Can build up Beauty, e'en as Nature knows :

Accents that either Life or Death engender,
Rare voice and suave, in fine, my Ladye ! yours ;
In merriest season Modesty unfeignèd :
These be the weapons make my soul surrender,
And Love encaptureth me ; but poor his powers
To rob my glory by surrender gainèd.

LXXIX.

Bem sey, Amor, que he certo o que receo ;
(He encourages Love to deceive him).

Well weet I, Love ! the truth I dread and grieve,
But thou, to grow thee ever purer pure,
Denayst it me in perjured sleight secure,
Sworn by thy golden bow—and I believe.
Upon thy bosom I have laid my neave
Nor see my sorrows through a glass obscure :
Yet thou'rt so obstinate me to re-assure,
I call me liar, owning I deceive.

Consent not only I by snares be tane,
I thank thy snaring, and to self deny
Whate'er I see or feel of ban and bane.
O what strong evil to myself take I !
Who undeceivèd seeing Truth so plain,
Can still be blinded by a blind-eyed Boy !

LXXX.

Como quando do Mar tempestuoso

(Garcilasso, Sonn. 7).

As when a savèd Waif fro' stormy Main,
 The worn and weary sea-tost sailor-wight
 Swims from the cruel wreck, in woeful plight,
 And cannot hear the name of Sea sans pain :
 He swears, tho' seeing it a calmy plain,
 It ne'er shall tempt him out of home's delight ;
 Anon, forgetting horrid bygone fright,
 He turns to tempt it, covetous of gain :

Thus I, my Ladye ! 'scaping from the storm,
 Stirred by your presence, fly in hope to save me,
 Swearing no similar accident shall find me ;
 With spirit alway dwelling on your form
 I turn once more, when greeds of gain embrace me,
 Where erst Misfortune had so nearly tynd me.

LXXXI.

Amor he um fogo que arde sem se ver ;

(Defining Love).

Love is a living Lowe that lurking burneth ;
 'Tis wound that paineth yet ne'er taketh tent ;
 It is one long contented Discontent ;
 'Tis Dule which driving mad no Dule discerneth :
 Love's Will for nothing save well-willing yearneth ;
 'Tis faring hermit-like in city pent ;
 It is a Malcontent when gained Consent ;
 'Tis holding greatest loss most lucre earneth :

It is the being tane with gladdest gree ;
'Tis Winner serving fain the thing he won ;
It is to entreat the slayer loyally.
But how can Love, with all his favour shown,
Cause in our mortal hearts conformity
When Love is love's own foe, most fere of fone ?

LXXXII.

Se pena por amarvos se merece,
(Written for a friend ?).

If Pain the loving-price of you must pay,
Who shall escape it ? Who fare fancy-free ?
What Soul, Sense, Reason, is there that shall see
Your sight, nor instant your behests obey ?
What greater glory can this life array
Than Thought beguiling with your phantasy ?
Not sole each rigour, every tormentry
Your sight unpaineth ; nay ! forgot are they.

But an you must destroy them all who loving
By Love-right only to be yours pretend,
You will destroy the world which all is yours.
Ladye ! with me you may begin this proving,
For shows it clearly, and all thoughts intend,
I love you all I ought with all my powers.

LXXXIII.

Que levas, cruel Morte? Hum claro dia.

(On the death of the Infanta D. Maria, A.D. 1578).

What takest thou, cruel Death?—"A day all splendid."
 At what hour diddest take 't?—"At dawn of day."
 Dost thou intend thy prize?—"Intend it? Nay!"
 Who willed thou take it?—"HE that it intended."
 Who'joys her body?—"Clay-cold Earth that penn'd it."
 How quenchèd was her light?—"Night o'er it lay."
 What saith our Lusitania?—"She must say her say."
 What say?—"Great Mary my deserts transcended."

Slewst them that saw her?—"They lay dead before."
 What now saith Love?—"He durst no word let fall."
 And who doth silence him?—"My will be done."
 What to the Court was left?—"Love-longings sore."
 What there is left to see?—"No thing at all."
 What glory failed it?—"Failed this lovely One."

LXXXIV.

Ondados fios de ouro reluzente,

(Memories of an absent Beauty).

Ye wavy wirelets shining golden sheen,
 Now by her lovely hand bound close to head,
 Then o'er her Roses in profusion spread,
 You add new graces to the flowery Queen :
 Eyes ever softly glancing glance serene,
 With rays divine in burning thousands shed,
 If hence my Soul and Sense are captive led,
 Were I but present say what then had been?

Glad honest laughter, that 'mid finest fine
 Pearl-rows and coral-branch is born to view ;
 Oh, that its honeyed echoes I could hear !
 If so much beauty seen with Fancy's eyne
 Make Soul forget herself in gloire so new,
 What when I see her ? Ah ! that I mote see her !

LXXXV.

Foy já num tempo doce cousa amar

(After Natercia's death ? Petrarch, II. 72).

To love in passèd Time was passing sweet
 While fared I falsèd by one Esperance :
 My heart, high flaming with such furtherance
 Melted in Love desire's all-potent heat.
 Ah debile Esperance, càduque, fain to fleet !
 How do, in fine, unwheedle Change and Chance !
 For-that the greater Fortune's complaisance,
 So much the lesser lasteth her deceit.

Whoso in prosperous gust his lot espied,
 So soon espying the same in bitter pain,
 Hath cause to live as though of grief he died.
 But whoso trials of this world hath tried,
 Ne grieves ne troubles him the threatened bane :
 For customed Evil is an Ill defied.

LXXXVI.

Dos antiquos Ilustres que deixaraõ

(Of D. Joam Coutinho).

Of olden Worthies who, by deeds of daring,
 Left names deserving Life o'er Death victorious,
 For light of Time remainèd tales memorious
 Of feats the highmost excellence declaring.
 An with their actions one attempt comparing
 A thousand feats of yours, each so notorious,
 Your least shall pale their greatest, their most glorious
 Done through a many years of life wayfaring.

Theirs was true glory : none their boast shall reave :
 As each forth went Fame's several paths to trace
 He won his statue in her hero-temple.
 You, Portuguezes' and Coutinho's grace,
 Noblest Dom John ! a loftier name shall leave
 For self a Glut of Gloire, for us Example.

LXXXVII.

Conversação domestica afeyçoa,

(Obscure address, to Belisa? Cf. Sonn. 91).

Domestick Converse oft shall Love effect,
 Now formed of cleanest Will from error free,
 Then of a loving pity-full quality
 Nor one nor other holding in respect.
 Then if, peraunter, be your joyaunce checkt
 By sad Unlove and scanty Loyalty,
 Forthright condemneth Truth a False to be
 Blind Love, in fine, who pardoneth all Suspect.

Not mere conjecture this I lief assure
 When Thought takes semblance for his evidence,
 To deck man's writ with delicate garniture :
 My heave I've placèd on my conscience,
 And tell I naught but Truth the purest pure,
 Taught by my tutor, Life's experience.

LXXXVIII.

Esforço grande igual ao pensamento,
 (On D. H. de Menezes. Cf. The Lusiads X. 54).

Strong Force embodying Thought's ideal strain,
 Thoughts proved in action and by deed exprest,
 And ne'er close-lockèd in the craven breast,
 To drop, dissolve and die in wind and rain :
 Soul that ne'er tempted low-toned greed of gain,
 Digne for this only of what state is best,
 Fere Scourge and sore for ever unrepres
 Peoples which haunt the Malabarian Plain :

Grace with rare Beauty corporal allied,
 Adornèd all with pudick continence ;
 Certès high heavenly Work angelick-pure ;
 These seld-seen virtues and a more beside,
 Worthy Homerick loftiest eloquence,
 Are laid to lie beneath this sepulture.

LXXXIX.

Nô Mundo quis o tempo que se achasse

(Written in India? Cf. Sonn. 46 and 48).

Time hath so willèd in the World we find
 Welfare, or certainty or chance begot ;
 And to experiment what bin my lot
 Fortune experiment on me design'd.
 But that my Destiny impress my mind
 How e'en the hope of Weal became me not,
 Never (so happed) my long-drawn Life-tide wot
 One glimpse of things for which I longed and pine'd.

I farèd changing habits, home, estate,
 To see if Change would change a Sort so dure :
 Life to a legier planklet's hand I gave :
 But e'en as pleasèd Heaven approve my Fate,
 I've learnt how all my questing Aventùre,
 Hath found that only naught of Luck I have.

XC.

A perfeição, a graça, o doce geito,

(Very obscure: by D. Manuel de Portugal?).

That Grace most perfect shown by soft sweet Geste,
 That Prime of freshness full, the purest pure,
 In you e'er blooming, for whom Aventùre
 Conjoint with Reason conquerèd this breast :
 That chrystalline aspect, chastest, modestest,
 In self containing all of Formosure ;
 Those eyes whose splendid lights so softly 'lure,
 Whence Love, respecting none, deals strong behest.

An this, in you aye sighted, you would sight,
As digne from clearest sight to unconceal,
However fancy-free your heart and sprite :
You'll see the whole its sight to you reveal
Amid this Spirit, where you rule by right,
That sighting self what feels my Soul you'll feel.

XCI.

Vós que de olhos suaves, e serenos,
(Same argument as Sonn. 87).

You that with suavest orbs of ray serene
My love to 'prison justest reason show ;
Condemning every other care and woe
For meaningless, for miserablest mean ;
If jealous Love's domestick draught venene
You never tasted ; yet I would you know
How after loving Love shall greater grow,
As of his loving less more cause hath been.

Presume not any there be aught defect,
Which in the lovèd thing may self present,
Can Love's perfections ever imperfèct :
Nay Faults but double him and more torment,
For step by step excuse them souls elect
As Love by contraries hath increment.

XCII.

Que poderey do Mundo já querer,
(On the death of his beloved. Cf. Sonn. 19).

What expectations from the World have I,
Since in the lover I so well did will,
Naught save Disfavour saw I, harmful Ill
And Death, in fine,—what now do more than die ?
Since Life of living naught can satisfy,
Since now I see great Sorrows cannot kill,
If aught be left of love-grief sadder still
I shall espy it who can all espy.

Death, to my dolour, hath assurance brought
Of what great Woe be mine ; she is now forlorn
Who erst my soul to feel a fear untaught :
In Life, 'twas only mine Unlove to mourn ;
In Death, a mighty Dule that haunts my thought.—
Methinks for this alone my birth was born.

XCIII.

Pensamentos, que agora novamente
(On entering upon a new love).

Fanciful Thoughts ! that now with new intent
Resuscitate vain Cares whilòm lamented ;
Say me, ye Thoughts ! still be you not contented
To keep your Keeper in such discontent ?
What Phantasy be this you would present,
Hour after hour before mine eyes presented ?
Why with vain dreams attempt heart so prevented
Which nor in dreaming e'er Contentment hent ?

Thoughts ! now I view you wandering from your ways :
Will not your coyness condescend to say me,
What cunning purpose strays amid this maze ?
Denay me not, an you would fain denay me ;
For if in wrath ye rise against my days,
I'll lend you aidance, I myself, to slay me.

XCIV.

Se tomo a minha pena em penitencia
(To his lover whom he had offended).

If by my paining I do penitence,
Fit punishment for thoughts of kind unkind,
My woe I soften not, two woes I find ;
Yet this (and more) is preached by Patience ;
And if my deadman's pallid apparence,
If Sighs and Singulfs scattered vain a-wind,
Move you not, Ladye ! to more ruth inclined,
Be all mine evils on your conscience.

But an for any asperous chance and change
Love will all fancy-freest Wills chastise,
(As in this Evil dooming me I see)
And if (as likely seems) you 'scape revenge,
Compulsion 'tis (so Love compels his prize)
I for your sin must pay sin-penalty.

XCV.

Aquella que de pura castidade,

(A classical conceit).

She, who by purest Chastity's decree,
Wreaked on herself a cruel vengeance,
For change so sudden, for so brief a chance,
That smircht her Honour's highest-born degree ;
Conquered her beauty was right honestly ;
Conquerèd she, in fine, life's esperance,
That live immortal so fair sovenance,
Such love, such firmest will, such verity.

Herself, mankind, and all the world forgot,
She smote with dagger dure her downy breast,
In blood the Tyrant's felon violence bathing.
O marvellous Daring ! passing strange the Geste !
That giving human clay to Death's short scathing,
Large Life of Memory she should make her lot !

XCVI.

Os vestidos Elisa rebolvia,

(Classical : another conceit).

Oft-times Elisa the dear weed survey'd
Æneas left her for a pledge memorious ;
The sweet despoilings of a Bygone glorious ;
Sweet while her Fortune but assenting aid :
Amid them sighted she the fine-wrought Blade,
Fit instrument, in fine, for feat notorious ;
And, as a spirit o'er her clay victorious,
So in sad solitary speech she said :—

“Thou new-entempered Blade ! if here remaining
Only to execute his fraudulent will
 (Who did bequeath thee) on my life forlore ;
Know that with me thy fraud is vainest feigning ;
For to relieve my life of so much Ill,
 The pangs of parting were enough and more.

XCVII.

Oh quam caro me custa o intenderte,
(Cf. Sonn. 91).

Ah me ! how dearly costeth it to trow thee,
Molesting Love ! when but thy grace to gain,
Fro' Dule thou leadst me Dule-ward to such pain
Where hate and wrath to growth still greater grow thee.
I rekt with knowledge of each phase to know thee,
Experience failed me not, nor artful vein ;
But now in spirit see I grow amain
The cause that whilom caused me to forego thee.

Thou wast in bosom mine so secret deckt
E'en I, who deckt thee, least of all could see
How this concealment did my will subjèct.
Now art thou self-discovered ; and so it be
That thy discovery and my own defect
This makes me shameful, that injurieth me.

XCVIII.

Se despoys de esperança taõ perdida,

(Written in India?).

An after losing Hope so long-lamented,
 Love for some unknown purpose lend assent
 That still some hour I see of short Content
 Amid the many this long life tormented ;
 For soul so feeble grown, by falling tainted
 (When Fate would raise me to my topmost bent)
 I hold it hopeless Fortune e'er consent
 In aught of joyaunce now too late consented.

For Love not only ne'er my lot hath made
 One hour of life-time spent in joyous gree,
 Amid the many to my life deny'd ;
 Nay more, such pain he doth consent I dree,
 With my Contentment he fro' me waylaid
 The taste at some one hour Content to see.

XCIX.

O rayo cristalino se estendia

(Follows Sonn. 53. Cf. Virgil, Ecl. 8).

Dispread its sheeny rays in chrystalline west
 Aurora's marquetry o'er Earth array'd,
 What season Nisè, delicate shepherd-maid,
 The home, where left she life, for ever left.
 Of eyne, that solar radiance had reft,
 The light upraising, light with tears bewray'd ;
 By self, by Fortune and by Time betray'd,
 Thus cried she, while to Heaven her eyne she heft :

Be born, thou Sol serene, pure-bright of blee ;
 Resplend, thou purple, virgin-white Aurore,
 Bringing to saddened Souls new jubilee :
 For mine, I would thou know, that nevermore
 In Life contented she thy Sheen shall see
 Nor other Shepherd-maid so woe-forlore.

C.

No Mundo poucos annos, e cansados,
 (Epitaph for Péro Moniz? Cf. Garcil., Sonn. 16).

Few weary Winters in this worldly Pale
 I past, the sport of misery vile and dure :
 So soon my daylight set in night obscure
 Of my five lustres saw I not full tale :
 O'er lands I marchèd and o'er seas made sail,
 Seeking life's evils or to kill or cure :
 But what, in fine, begrudgeth Aventùre
 No travails gain us, ban or bane or bale.

Portugal motherèd me : green Alemquer
 Was my dear homestead ; but that air pollute
 Which ever breathed in this clay-vase of me,
 Made me the fishes' food in thee, thou brute
 Sea ! lashing Habash, greedy coast and fere,
 And ah ! so distant fro' my dear countrè !

CI.

Vos que escuitays em Rimas derramado

(Proëm to Second Century of "Amores": Petrarch, I. 1).

All ye who listen, while my Rhymes proclaim
 The sounds of sighing erst my spirit movèd,
 When through my early youth-tide years I roved,
 In part another and in part the same :
 Know that now only for my Songs I claim
 (What time sang I as Hope or Fear approvèd
 In her whose wrong I felt, her I so lovèd)
 Pity not pardon in my care and grame.

Sith well I weet so strong a sentiment
 But made me a by-word in the mouths of men,
 (Which in my self-communion shame I deem)
 Serve as clear warning this my chastisement,
 That all the World may ken, and clearly ken,
 What pleaseth mundane Life is briefest Dream.

CII.

De Amor escrevo, de Amor trato, e vivo ;

(By Luis Alvarez Pereira, author of the "Elegiada" ?).

Of Love I write, of Love I treat and live ;
 Love bare my loving which no loving bare ;
 Uncares for everything in life my Care,
 Save for what Love's captivity can give.
 Love's gift, whose flight fro' high to higher shall strive,
 Basing his glory in that dares he dare ;
 And be depured his dross in rarer air,
 Lit by resplendent radiance fugitive.

But ay ! that so much Love gain only Grief,
More constant Grief as Love is more constant
holden,
For each one only his own triumph wills.
In fine, naught boots me ; for an Hope be lief
Somewhile a tristful lover to embolden,
When near she quickens, when afar she kills.

CIII.

Se da célèbre Laura a fermosura

(Ode VI. 10-11).

An far-famed Laura, beauty's cynosure,
A Swan of Numbers in his pride extoll'd,
Thy bard in hand angelick pen must hold,
Since Heaven hath formed thy substance purest pure ;
And if thy Beauty lower-toned Lays allure,
His praise (Natercia !) were but vainly bold :
Whilòm to see them Liso's lot was told,
But to describe them fails him Aventùre.

Not Earth but certès Heaven bare thy birth
Descending here the World with gloire be fraught ;
Who more denies it more his error's worth :
And thou, I fancy, Earth from Heaven hast sought
To amend the vicious ways contained in Earth,
With powers divine by thee from Heaven brought.

CIV.

Esses cabelos louros, e escolhidos,

(Another Plaint : written for a friend ?).

These fair-faxt Tresses of the choicest shade;
 Which rob his glories from the golden Sun :
 This airy air immense, which hath undone
 My shipwreckt Senses ever more bewray'd :
 Those reaving Eyne with sleight of glance array'd,
 Causing my life and death to seem as one,
 This grace divine of tongue, whose every tone
 Feigneth my deepest thoughts discredited :

This golden Mean, allied to compast Bearing,
 Doubling of body-gifts the potency ;
 Deëss o'er lowly Earth divinely faring !
 Now show they pity, shun they cruelty,
 For they be snares Love knits for better snaring,
 In me being sufferance, in you tyranny.

CV.

Quem pudèra julgar de vós, Senhora,

(Complaining of infidelity? Cf. No. 14).

Whose judgment, Ladye ! could of you discoùre
 That Faith so faithful mote to loss pursue you ?
 If I win hatred who for love-boon sue you
 I can't unlove you for a single hour.
 Would you leave one who dares to love, to adore,
 For one that haply values not to view you ?
 But I am one who ne'er had worth to woo you,
 And now I know mine ignorance and deplore.

What wills your Will I ne'er could ascertain,
Nor of my Will the truth to you could prove,
However seemed such Truth the plainest plain.
This, while I see you, shall prove perfect tove ;
And, if my loving words persuade in vain,
I love you more for-that you more unlove.

CVI.

Quem, Senhora, presume de louvarvos
(Of some love-pledge. Cf. Sonn. 301).

Whoso, my Ladye ! shall presume to praise you
With speech that shorteth of a speech divine,
Of so much greater penalty shall be digne,
As grow you greater each time each surveys you.
Aspire no power of Poet-lay to raise you,
Howe'er seld-found it be or peregrine,
Such be your charms that Heaven, in fancy mine,
Compare with any save yourself denays you.

Happy this my-your Soul you deign to deem
Fit to empower with prize of such a cost,
As this you deignèd give in gift supreme :
This before Life shall take precedence-post ;
Since you have made me Life the less esteem,
When this for that I'd see right gladly-lost.

CVII.

Moradoras gentis, e delicadas,

(Garcilasso, Sonn. 11).

Delicate gentle Mays ! who wone where flows
 Glassy and golden Tagus, ye who bide
 Within the grottos where you love to hide,
 And 'joy your slumbers sunk in sweet repose.
 Now fire your bosom Amor's burning throes
 Within the chrystal Palaces of the tide :
 Then all absorbed you seem in tasks applied
 To purfled webs where gold refinèd glows.

Temper the radiance pure of each fair head,
 The light all-lovely of your eyne subdueing,
 That floods of sorrow unrestrained they shed.
 So shall you hear with owner grief a-rueing,
 Against dour Fortune plaints by me dispread,
 Who plumed with Love-pains fares my steps pur-
 sueing.

CVIII.

Brandas aguas do Tejo, que passando

(Written before going to India? Cf. Sonn. 158).

Soft Tejo waters ! passing through this Plain
 With irrigated verdure deckt and dight,
 Plants, herbs and flowers, and kine your waves
 delight,
 And flow engladdening Nymph and Shepherd-swain :
 I know not (ah sweet waters !) know not when
 I shall return to see you ; for such blight,
 Seen how I leave you, deal ye to my sprite,
 I go and going despair to come again.

Predestination doomèd unrelenting
 My choicest Blessing turn to weightiest Ill,
 So hard a Parting all mine Ills to double.
 For you aye yearning and my lot lamenting,
 With sighs of sorrow other airs I'll fill,
 And other waters with my tears I'll trouble.

CIX.

Novos casos de Amor, novos enganos,
 (Experientia docet. Cf. Sonn. 93 and 98).

New change and chance of Love, new snare and sleight
 Enwrapt in glozing flatteries well-known ;
 False promises of weals that hidden wone,
 Whose lurking evils open damage dight !
 How take ye not to undeceive your sight,
 So many a wasted tear so many a moan,
 For ne one life ne thousand lives should own
 So many a day, so many a year of night ?

Now a new mister heart exchange I must,
 And other eyne unwont to be your prey,
 Again to trust you as I once could trust.
 Ye Snares ! with me ensnarèd wend your way,
 And some day think ye, an to think ye lust,
 What of the sorely knived men wont to say.

CX.

Onde porey meus olhos que não veja

(Cf. Sonn. 48 and Canz. 9).

Where shall I bend these eyne that be unseen
 The cause which bare what Ills my heart torment ?
 What part shall fare I with a Thought intent
 On Rest imparted to my restless teen ?
 How snarèd he who longs (now well I ween)
 In Amor's vanities for true Content
 When in his gusts which are but windy vent
 Weal ever fails and Ill grows keener keen.

And more, on Disillusion made full clear,
 This subjugated Soul so quells my Thought
 That on Illusion hangeth my Desire ;
 And yede I day by day, and year by year,
 Chasing a What-is-it, chasing a Naught
 Which seemeth lesser as I draw me nigher.

CXI.

Jà do Mondego as aguas aparecem

(He takes leave of the Coimbran. Cf. Sonn. 133).

Now of Mondego-stream the waters show
 Unto mine eyes, not mine but alien eyes,
 Which, full of waters welling otherwise,
 Seeing the pleasant vision fuller grow.
 Meseems the Waters eke enforced flow,
 E'en as detained by mazy turns and ties.
 Woe's me ! How many a mode, how many a guise
 Hath after-pyne to breed me sadder Woe !

A life so many Ills have plunderèd
 Love in such terms hath placed; by doubt I'm tost
 An to this Journey's end it shall be sped.
 Nay more, Life holdeth self as wholly lost,
 Seeing by Soul 'tis unaccompanièd;
 That lingers still when Life gave up the ghost.

CXII.

Que doudo pensamento he o que sigo?
 (By the Conde de Vimioso? Cf. Sonn. 92).

What be this madding Thought I nill forego?
 Why fare I following vain-visioned end?
 Ah woe is me! who cannot self intend;
 Nor what I say nor what unsay can know.
 I war with one who cometh peace to show;
 'Gainst one who wars me self I can't defend:
 Fro' so false esperance what can I pretend?
 Who makes me friendly with the woes I owe?

Why, an free-willèd born, myself enslave?
 And if I will it, wherefore will it not?
 How with unsnaring am I snared so lief?
 Why hope, if hopeless erst, for hopeful lot?
 And why not live if still some Hope I have?
 And if I live why gird at deadly grief?

CXIII.

Hum firme coração posto em ventura,

(To Violante? Cf. No. 119).

A constant heart by hazard made unsure ;
An honest longing that would fain reject
Your crude conditions, which in naught respect
My love so purely pure, my faith so pure :
A viewing you to ruth's kind use and ure
Eternal enemy, garreth me suspect
Some fere Hyrcanian did your lips allect,
Or you were born the birth of rock-womb dure.

I fare me seeking Cause, that shall explain
So strange a Cruelty, yet the more I do,
The more I labour, more it treats me ill.
Hence comes it no one but condemns us twain ;
You who would kill the love which loves you so ;
Me for so loving one whose cruelties kill.

CXIV.-

Ar, que de meus suspiros vejo cheyo;

(How he loves against Nature's order).

Air ! I see chargèd with my heavy sighs ;
Earth ! tired e'en now my torment to maintain ;
Water ! which thousands of my tears sustain ;
Fire ! I make fiercer in my breast arise :
At peace in me you meet ; thus I devise,
Though ye so fair intent may never deign ;
For where in dolours there is dearth of pain,
Life is sustainèd by your energies.

Ay hostile Fortune ! ay vindicative
Amor ! to what discourse for you I fare,
Yet may not move you by my sorrow's worth !
If ye would kill me wherefore do I live ?
How am I living, I that have contràyr
Fire, Fortune, Amor, Water, Air and Earth ?

CXV.

Já claro vejo bem, já bem conheço
(Another Complaint).

Now ken I clearly, clearly I believe
How ever add I caring to my Care,
That I on water build and write on air,
And seely Cosset from the Wolf I'd reave ;
That I'm Arachne who with Pallas weave ;
That to the Tyger wail I my despair ;
That in small pipkin squeeze the Seas I dare,
When I (unworthy) would this Heaven achieve.

Peace I would conquer 'mid a hubble infernal ;
By night Sol's aureate beams I seek to see ;
And tepid Prime-tide in the Cold hybernal ;
I seek in bright Olympus blackest blee ;
And wisht-for welfare in mine Ills eternal
When I seek love-grace of your cruelty.

CXVI.

De cá, donde somente o imaginarvos

(By some attributed to F. R. L. Surrupita).

Hence (where to image you and only you
 This rigorous Absence doth my thought constrain)
 Borne upon Love-wings plied with daring strain,
 Seeks you my Soul that ill her Ills doth rue :
 And feared she not to fire you with the lowe,
 The burning flames your cause doth aye maintain,
 There would she wone and, to your presence tane,
 How to content you from yourself would know.

But as her Absence is parforce design'd,
 You as her Ladye hence she acknowledgeth,
 Over your idol'd feet a slave incline'd ;
 And sith you see her purely profferèd faith,
 Thence turn those glances on her cares unkind,—
 More you must give her than she meriteth.

CXVII.

Naõ ha louvor que arribe a menor parte

(Cf. Sonn. 17, 103, and 106).

There be no praises reach the minim part
 Of what, fair Ladye ! in your form we view ;
 You are your praises : who adoreth you
 To this (naught else) reduceth wits and art.
 What gifts to many Nature would repart
 Of fair and fetis, so in you congrue
 Suchwise conjoinèd, it were due and true
 To say the Members they and you the Heart :

Then 'tis no fault o' mine if, daring praise you,
I see all praises impotently end,
Since Heaven o'er earthly things so high would raise
you :
Yea, be the fault your charms that so resplend ;
And I their fault forgive, and give to appraise you
So lofty praises every praise transcend.

CXVIII.

Naõ vds ao Monte Nise, com teu gado,
(From the Spanish. Cf. Sonn. No. 120).

Lead not thy lambkins, Nisè, to yon crest
Where I saw Cupid in thy search persèver,
For thee alone all comers asking ever
Rather with angry mien than placid geste.
Abroad he bruits, in fine, thou stolst his best
Of bolts and arrows storèd in his quiver ;
And sware so ardent dart he would deliver
That shall pass through and through that delicate
breast.

Fly far from seeing such misaventure,
For an thou hold he have for thee a spite,
Haply he reach thee with his hand-grasp dure.
But ay ! how vainly counsels thee my fright,
If to thine ever peerless formosure
His mightiest dart surrender all its might !

CXIX.

A Violeta maes bella que amanhece

(To Violante. Cf. Sonn. 13).

The daintiest Violet which a-morning blown
 Amells the valley dight in garb of green,
 With her pale lustre and her modest mien,
 Thee, Violante, Beauty's Queen must own :
 Dost ask me why ? Because in thee alone
 Her name and purer tints and hues are seen ;
 And she must study from thy brow what mean
 The highest powers by bloom of beauty shown.

O lustrous floret ! O Sol fairest fair !
 Sole robber of my senses ! pray thee I do
 Allow not Love of loving be so spare.
 O thou transpiercing arrow of Cupido !
 What wouldst thou ? In this valley for repayre
 Prithee I play Æneas to this Dido.

CXX.

Tornay essa brancura d'alva açuçena,

(From the Spanish ?).

Give back this blanchness to the Lily's skin,
 To purpling Rose these blushes purely bright :
 Give back to Sol the flame of living light
 Shown by this face that shows the robber's sin.
 Give back to dulcet-voicèd Melusine
 The voice whose cadence is a mere delight :
 Give back the Graces' grace who all unite
 To 'plain you made their lustre less serene.

Give back to lovely Venus loveliness ;
Give back Minerva's genius, lore and art,
And chaste cold Dian's chastest purest blee :
Come, doff these borrowed plumes, this goodliness
Of gifts, and you shall wone in every part
Sole with yourself, which is sole Cruelty.

CXXI.

De mil suspeitas vans se me levantaõ

(By Diogo Bernardes ? Cf. Sonn. 70).

Fro' vain suspicions in a thousand ways
Rise disappointments, griefs veridical.
Ah ! that the charm of Love be magick all
That with I wot-not-what my soul waylays !
As Sirens, softly sing their sugrèd lays,
Sea-faring men with fatal snare to thrall ;
So lure me on my songs phantastical
And eft with thousand horrid thoughts amaze.

When fain I fancy port or land to take,
Sudden so stormy rage of wind ariseth,
At once for Life I fear and disconfide.
Yet on myself the fiercest war I make,
Since, known what risks for lovers Love deviseth,
Self-trusting still I trust to Love's own tide.

CXXII.

Mil vezes determino não vos ver

(Imitated from his "Ennius," Bernardim Ribeiro).

I swear a thousand times to unsee your sight,
And see if Absence soothe a heart distraught;
And if I think of pain to self so wrought,
Think what 'twould be an 'twere to me bedight.
Imports me little now more suffering plight,
Since Love to such a point my case hath brought;
Yet what most grieves me is the grievous thought
Ill could I live without this undelight.

Thus seek I nowise Cure to heal my Care,
For were I seeking Cure, right well I wot
In this same point my loss would prove complete.
Would you so rigorous life, in fine, I bear?
Only your love-boon can convene my lot.
Is it your will that so it be? So be it!

CXXIII.

A chaga que, Senhora, me fizestes,

(To a nun of the order Das Chagas? Cf. Sonn. 77).

The wound, Senhora! you have doomed me dree
Was not a hurt to heal in single day;
Nay, it increaseth in so crescive way,
That proves intention in your cruelty.
Causing such grief were you of grieving free?
But to your grieving grief I would denay,
Sith to my sight it would some hope convey
Of what you willèd ne'er be seen in me.

Those Eyne, whose puissance me of me bereft,
Caused this evil e'er I undergo ;
Yet fare you feigning you ne'er caused the theft :
But I'll revenge myself ! And when d'you know ?
Whenas I see you 'plaining that you left
My soul go burning in their living lowe.

CXXIV.

Se com desprezos, Ninfa, te parece
(He vaunts his constancy).

An thy despisal, Nymph ! thou haply trow
Can ever deviate from its course of Care
A Heart so constant, which hath vowed a vow
In bearing torment highest boast to bear :
Doff thy persistency, and learn to know
Illy thou knowest Love grown wise and ware ;
For knowst and kennest not thy Wrongs make grow
My growth of Ills as more unloved I fare.

The coy Unlove thou doonest me essay,
Convert to pity, an be not thy will
With thine Unwill my love still higher styte.
Ne'er hope to conquer me by cruellest Ill :
Well canst thou slay me and well dost thou slay,
But my Presumption's life shall never die.

CXXV.

Senhora minha, se eu de vós ausente

(Garcilasso, No. 9 : a mere translation).

Senhora mine ! driven self fro' you to absent
 If I could parry thrust of pain so rare,
 Suspect I 'twould offend the love I bear,
 Forgetting welfare by your presence lent :
 Further, now feel I other accident,
 And 'tis that seeing if I of life despair,
 I lose the boast and hope of seeing my Faire,
 With only difference in my detriment :

And in such difference all my senses biding
 Fight one another with so fierce outrance,
 I judge mine Ills inhuman, unhumane.
 I see division sense from sense dividing ;
 And if concording any day, perchance,
 'Tis but in plotting for my better bane.

CXXVI.

No regaço da Mãe Amor estava

(On a picture of Venus and Child).

Lapt by his Mother little Love was lying,
 So lovely sleeping that the sight could wrest
 Freedom from every fancy-freest breast,
 And his own Mother near-hand do to dying.
 She sat with curious eye his form espying
 Which hath so direly all the world oppress ;
 When soft he murmured in a dream's unrest
 "She caused all Evils all are now abying."

Sollso, graduate in the school of Love,
Who best to know the two had aventure
Thus did the Shepherds' doubt and dread remove :
 "An hurt and harm my heart withouten cure
The Son, whose red-hot shafts my bosom rove,
 The Mother's beauty harmeth more forsure."

CXXVII.

Esse terrestre Cáo com seus vapores

(Much admired. Cf. "The Lusiads," X. 6).

This earthly Chaos, with its vaporous layer,
 May ne'er condense to base contagious cloud,
 But that clear Sol shall rend the racking shroud
With his own lucent radiance rarely fair :
This coy ingratitude, this rigorous air,
 Are the foul ugly mists that fronting crowd,
 Till Heaven convert to weeping long and loud
Its vain fond esperance and its favours spare.

Earth may to Heaven her rondure interpose :
 Eclipse for hours the sight of Sol may hide ;
 But ne'er endureth light convert to shade :
Haply your warfare shall o'ercome its foes ;
 But maugre every cloud, clear, purified
 Shall shine your Sun by all mankind obey'd.

CXXVIII.

Huma admiravel erva se conhece,

(He is like a certain Indian herb).

In Hind an admirable herb is known,
 That fares from hour to hour the sun enfacing
 When forth he comes from Euphrat-bank upracing,
 And when he's zenith'd then it blooms full-blown.
 But, as his chariot welks a-sea to wone,
 Then Flora forfeits charms the most engracing,
 For wanness wilts her pride, all hues effacing :
 So loss of sunlight gars her woe-begone.

My Sun ! whene'er you gladden my-your sprite,
 Showing the favour very life bestows,
 You bring luxuriant bloom my Soul contenting :
 But soon unseeing you and whelmed in woes,
 She wilts and withers with her fierce tormenting
 Nor is there any bears your absence-blight.

CXXIX.

Crecey, desejo meu, poys que a Ventura

(His loving hopes of a happy end. Cf. Sonn. 31).

Grow ye my Longings ! sithence Adventure
 You in her arms vouchsafed to raise and rear ;
 For the fair Cause that such a birth could bear
 The happiest ending doth for you ensure.
 If bold aspirings to such height allure,
 Fear not so near-hand unto Sol to fare ;
 Likest the Royal Erne's be now your care,
 Who proves him purer more he doth endure.

Take heart, my heart ! the very Thought has lent
A power to gar thee grow more glorious-great,
Without regarding aught thy meritment.
Thou must grow stronger still by force innate ;
For an of bravery born was thy Intent,
Now doth its Daring make it fortunate.

CXXX.

He o gozado bem em agua escrito ;
(Metaphysico-amorous. Cf. Sonn. 31 and 229).

Weal, once enjoyèd, is on water writ ;
Love wones in longing, dies he in the effect :
Only can Longing longed-for Gifts perfect,
Sith it has something of the Infinite:
To gift with Goods prescribed the immortal Sprite
In purest-perfect Love, were mere defect :
By mode superior, failures ne'er affect,
You I except from limits here indite.

By force of Esperance evermore unknown,
By faith of man's desire and man's despair,
More of desire you'll win when you are won.
You can't be loved for Esperance bald and bare :
Loved you shall be when seen, believed when shown ;
But not sans injury dare we try Compare.

CXXXI.

De quantos gracas tinha a Natureza.

(To an Angelica? Cf. Sonn. 137).

Nature of all her graces infinite
 Formèd a Treasury filled with rarest show ;
 And with her Rubins, Roses, Gold and Snow,
 Framèd that form sublime, Angelick-bright.
 Rubins in lips she set, on the pure light
 Of face I die for, garred she Roses grow ;
 Taught the blonde metal in the locks to flow,
 And snowed the bosom that enfires my sprite.

But in those eyne her Power showed best display ;
 She made of them a Sun that doth depure
 Radiance to clearer than the clearest day.
 For brief, my Ladye, in your ornature
 She lavisht purity (far as Nature may)
 Of Rubins, Roses, Snow, bright Gold, Light pure.

CXXXII.

Nunca em Amor damnou o atrevimento ;

(Audaces Fortuna juvat : Be Bold : De l'audace, &c.).

Love ne'er condemnèd hearts that boldly dare ;
 Fortune aye favoured man's audacity ;
 For ever weighteth shrinking Cowardry,
 Like stone, man's Thought which should be free as air.
 Who to sublimest Firmament would fare
 His guide and Lode-star there alone shall see ;
 For Weal enhearsèd in man's phantasy
 Is but illusion fit for breeze to bear.

We fain must open paths for Adventure :
None save by proper self to Fortune rose ;
And Fate doth only first beginnings breed..
To dare is Valour, not fool's use and ure.
The heart of craven all its chance shall lose
If, seeing you, it may not Fear unheed.

CXXXIII.

Doces, e claras aguas do Mondego,
(Adieu to Coimbra. Cf. Sonn. 212 : Elegy I.).

Sweet lucent waters of Mondego-stream,
Of my Remembrance restful jouissance,
Where far-fet, lingering, traitorous Esperance
Long whiles misled me in a blinding Dream :
Fro' you I part, yea, still I'll ne'er misdeem
That long-drawn Memories which your charms
enhance
Forbid me changing and, in every chance,
E'en as I farther speed I nearer seem.

Well may my Fortunes hale this instrument
Of Soul o'er new strange regions wide and side,
Offered to winds and watery element :
But hence my Spirit, by you 'compained,
Borne on the nimble wings that Reverie lent
Flies home and bathes her, Waters ! in your tide.

CXXXIV.

Senhor Joaõ Lopez, o meu baxo estado

(About some light o' love. Cf. Sonn. 62).

Sir John Lopèz ! yestreen my low estate
 I saw upraised to rank so excellent,
 E'en you, by all men envied, would consent,
 For my Fate only to exchange your Fate.
 I saw the geste so suave, so delicate,
 That dealt you erst Content and Discontent,
 I heard the gentle voice to winds outsent,
 Serening air and soothing bane and bate.

I saw her saying as much in words as few
 As none in many ; but myself I find
 Dying but to hear those honeyed accents flow.
 Ah ! woe worth Fortune and the Boy born blind,
 Him, for obliging hearts such Ills to rue ;
 Her, who unequal lots doth still bestow.

CXXXV.

A Morte que da vida o nó desata

(Cupio dissolvi, &c.).

Death, who our life-knot loveth to unknot,
 The knots Love knitted would asunder shear
 With Absence, sword-blade keen o'erhanging near,
 And Time abetting who doth all unfit :
 Two foes that each would slay his opposite,
 Death against Love conjoins in union fere ;
 This, Reason warring Fortune's will austere ;
 That, thankless Fortune Reason fain to outwit.

But prove his potent, high, imperial Power
Death, when fro' body he departs the sprite,
Love in one body twinnèd souls shall mate ;
That bear the Palm-wreath with triumphant might
Fro' Moirs strong Amor, 'spite of Absence-stowre,
And Power of Time, of Reason and of Fate.

CXXXVI.

Arvore, cujo pomo bello, e brando,

(To a Rose-apple tree under which sat his lover).

Tree ! on whose gracious Pome we see the trace
Of blood and milk by Nature's art depinct ;
Upon whose cheek the rosy snowy tinct
Rivals the radiance of the virginal face.
Ne'er with the wuthering winds, whose raging race
Uproots the tree-bole, may thy lot be linkt ;
Nor airy malice view in thee extinct
The varied colours now thy fruitage grace ;

And eke thou showerest suave and suitable shade
On my Contentment, while thy perfumed scent
Flavours the glory that be-favours me ;
And if my merit fail thy meritment
Singing thy praises, leastways be thou made
'Gainst days of sorrow one sweet Memory.

CXXXVII.

O filho de Latona esclarecido,

(Petrarch, Triumph of Love, end of Chap. I.).

Latona's son, by clearest light belit,
 Who gladdeth mortals with his genial ray,
 Prevailed the Worm Pythonickal to slay
 Whose bite slew thousands ere the biter bit.
 He smote with bow and eke with bow was smit,
 Whose golden arrows clove their glowing way,
 Where meads Thessalian softly smiling lay,
 And the Peneian Nymph was she that hit.

Nothing availèd him to cure his pain,
 Wisdom, respect, ne diligent watch and ward,
 For all his being celestial, sovereign :
 If then a god unsaw the snaring bane
 Of one so humble-mean in his regard,
 What hope from Maid of more than mortal main ?

CXXXVIII.

Presença bella, Angelica figura,

(To an Angelica ? Cf. Sonn. 131).

Beautiful presence, form of Angel-grace,
 Where Heaven's choicest Heaven made our own ;
 Glad geste in garden where the Rose is sown,
 'Mid Roses smiling with a rosier face.
 Eyne in whose depths such minglement we trace
 Of chrystal marquetry'd with onyx-stone,
 For orbs of delicate green have ever shown
 Not greenth of Hope but Envy òbscure base.

Grace, Softness, Prudence, gifties e'er increasing
The natural Beauties with an honest Scorn,
(Whereby the scornèd Charms more honour win)
Like prisons hold a heart, which prisoner borne,
Singeth to clanking chains its pains so pleasing,
As sings the Siren o'er the stormy din.

CXXXIX.

Por cima destas aguas forte, e firme,
(Written en route to Goa? Cf. Sonn. 24 and 35).

Wi' firm and forceful heart ferforth I'll hie
Over these waves where'er Fate orderèd,
Since o'er the briny floods I saw beshed
By those clear eyne, I found the force to fly.
The parting-season now had passèd by ;
Now 'spite a thousand stumbling blocks I sped,
Where all Love's torrent-streams were traversèd
That would to parting steps a pass deny.

I passed the Passes with that pushing pride,
Wherewith a glorious Death and certain Fate
The conquered mortal unto Wanhope guide.
In what new figure, in what form untried
Shall come to daunt and frighten Death irate
One at Death's feet surrenderèd and tied?

CXL.

Tal mostra de si dà vossa figura

(To an Isabel? Written for a friend?).

So doth your semblance show to 'raptured viewer
Sibela ! globèd Earth's resplendent light,
That forceful Nature and creative might
Glow with your purer presence kindlier pure.
What man hath seen sure conquest so secure,
So singular enamel beauteous-bright,
Who shall not suffer ills of iller plight,
If he attempt resist such lovely lure?

I, then, to excuse and 'scape disdain so coy,
Before my Thought made Reason bow and bend,
And saw my Senses soon his captives tane.
But an my Daring you perchance offend,
A novel vengeance you may yet enjoy
On the life remnants that to me remain.

CXLI.

Na desesperação já repousava

(He consoles himself with the pleasures of Despair).

In Desperation 'gan repose espy
My bosom's Lord, so long, so deeply painèd ;
And (concert with eternal loss attainèd)
I dreaded nothing, naught of hope had I :
When a vain shadow lured me to rely
On some fair boon for me mote be ordainèd
In formous form whose counterfeit remainèd
Ensoul'd, and raised me unto height so high.

What ready credit hearts have ever lent
To that they covet with a fixed will,
If once their hard-heart Destiny they forget !
Ah ! Leave me error : I am heart-content ;
For though my lesser grow to greater Ill,
Remain the glories Fancy doth beget.

CXLII.

Diversos dōes reparte o Ceo benino,
(Cf. Sonns. 44 and 120).

Distribute sundry boons the Heavens benign,
Willing each spirit own but single boon ;
Thiswise with chastest bosom He deckt the Moon
Who lights the primal sphere, the chrystalline :
Grace made the Mother of the Boy to shine.
Who in this vision feels her charms outshone ;
Pallas had learning ne'er excelled thine own,
And fell to Juno noble empire digne.

But now large Heaven deigns on thee outpour
The most He owneth, and 'twere but a trace,
Respecting whatso Nature's Author be.
Lend thee, fair Dame ! unliet to lend their store
Luna chaste bosom, Venus all her grace,
Her learning Pallas, Juno empery.

CXLIII.

Gentil Senhora, se a Fortuna imiga

(Written en route to Ceuta?).

If, Ladye fair ! my Fortune, ferest foe,
Who against my welfare plots with all the skies,
Debar these eyne from dwelling on those eyes,
That she pursue me with a sorer blow ;
I bear this spirit bound to undergo
Wrath's direst pressure, fire, sea-injuries,
Vowing you Memory that for ever sighs
Only with you unending lien to owe.

In this my Sprite where Fortune fails of force,
So live I'll keep you, famine, frost and flame
Shall ne'er out-drive you, ne most parlous plight.
Rather, with accents tremulous and hoarse
Calling on you, and only in your name
The winds and all my foes I'll force to flight.

CXLIV.

Que modo tão sutil da Natureza

(To one taking the Fanciscan veil in 1572).

What novel show of Nature's subtleties
The World and every worldly snare to fly,
Allows thee hide, ere thy green years go by,
So fresh young beauties 'neath a frock of frieze !
Yet can it never hide that high-bred ease,
The gracious gravity of that sovran eye,
Before whose radiance 'mid the lave have I
Lost all resistance, lost all energies.

Whoso would fare him free of griefs and pains,
Seeing and bearing her in thought memorious,
By very self of Reason self condemns.

For who deservèd sight of charms so glorious
Must live a prisonèd wight ; since Love ordains
In her own right She claim to be victorious.

CXLV.

Quando se vir com agoa o fogo arder,

(On an attempt to remove his lover).

When man sees water burn with blazing lowe
And brightest Dayshine mate with blackest Night ;
When Earth upheaves her depths to highmost height,
Where Heaven his own prerogative doth show :
When Love at Reason's feet shall lout him low
And Fortune level all with equal right,
I will forego to see that fairest sight
And then, the sight foregone, Love I'll unknow.

But since hath never seen such change, such chance,
The World, for-that, in fine, no sight e'er sees it,
None seek to wean me fro' my love of you,
Basta, that bide in you mine Esperance
To save my Soul or, an you please, to leese it,
Ne'er shall mine eyes consent your sight to unview.

CXLVI.

Quando a suprema dor muito me aperta,
(His greatest misery would be to forget).

When I (by sup̄reme miseries oppress)
Say 'tis my wish forgetfulness to find,
'Tis but a violence offered to my mind,
And nills Free-will obey such tyrant-hest.
Then rouseth me from fault the faultiest
Light in a saner intellect enshrine'd,
Showing 'tis foolish thought or feigning kind
To say such resting bringeth certain rest.

For this true Image, which hath represented
In mind the single Good I must forego,
After a fashion shows my hand hath hent it.
Then blest and blissful grows the Grief I owe,
Sith by its causing I enjoy contented
A Weal that e'en unseeing you I know.

CXLVII.

Na margem de hum ribeyro, que fendia
(Natercia married?).

On bank of brooklet, cleaving with its tide
Of liquid chrystalline, a fair green plain,
Sombre with sorrow Liso (hapless swain)
On bole of mountain-ash enpropt thus cried :—
“Cruel Natercia ! Who doth so misguide
Thy kindly caring for my care-full bane ?
If undeceivèd I must dree such pain,
By thee deceivèd ever mote I bide.”

What of that faith and troth to me thou plightedst ?
What of that purest love that showed its fairest ?
Who could so readily do all undone ?
When with those Eyne another's love thou sightedst,
How couldst forget what oath to me thou swarest
By all theirsplendours, thou wast mine, mine own ?"

CXLVIII.

Se me vem tanta gloria só de olharte,
(Sufistical : Love's loss is his gain).

If I so triumph but because I view thee,
I see more sorrow when mine eyes unsight thee :
If I would merit thee by praise I write thee,
Largely I pay false hopes to woo and sue thee.
If as thou be my praise aspire to approve thee,
I know that I as I shall but despight thee,
If ill I will myself for Will I plight thee,
What more can will or wish I save to love thee ?

How aids me not this love of rarest guise ?
O human treasure ! O sweet blessing glorious !
Happy the man who deathward for thee hies !
Writ in my thoughts thy name shall last memorious ;
This soul shall live because for thee she dies ;
Since battle's issue is to be victorious.

CXLIX.

Sempre a Razão vencida foy de Amor.

(Cf. Sonn. 36, 46, and 49 : Canz., VII. 5 : Ecl. II. 27.)

By Amor routed Reason aye hath been ;
 But when my heart with pleading 'gan assail,
 Love granted power of Reason to prevail,
 Now what more curious case has man e'er seen !
 New mode of dying, new griefs evergreen !
 A mighty marvel ! admirable tale !
 That Love of vigour at the end should fail,
 Lest of its vigour fail Love's vigorous teen.

Never was frailty in true loving known ;
 Nay, this wise ever gaineth more of might
 One foe that other foe would see o'erthrown.
 But Reason who, in fine, can win such fight
 I hold not Reason ; liefer would I own
 'Tis inclination to my own despoight.

CL.

Coytado, que em hum tempo choro, e rio ;

(Cf. Sonn. 9).

Poor I ! who laugh and cry at single tide ;
 Feel Hope and Wanhope, love and yet abhor ;
 Conjointly Life enjoy, and Life deplore ;
 And in one thing confiding disconfide.
 Wingless I fly, withouten eyes I guide ;
 Of what I merit most I hold least store ;
 Then speak I better when of speech forlore ;
 Uncontradicted all I override.

For me the Impossible makes all possible ;
By Change I struggle gain of rest to get ;
To be a captive, to be free as air :
I would be seen, I would be invisible ;
Would 'scape the netting and yet love the net ;
Such are the extremes wherein this day I fare !

CLI.

Julgame a gente toda por perdido,
(“The world well lost”).

The world misjudgeth I have lost my lot,
Seeing me lover-like so 'joy my pain,
So shun my neighbours, far fro' man remàin,
Forgetting human commerce and forgot :
But as all knowledge of the world I wot,
And view its doublings from a higher plane,
I hold him rustick, cozened, base of strain,
Who with my Love-grief greater groweth not.

Revolve, revolving aye, Earth, Main and Wind ;
At wealth and honours let the vulgar fly,
Oe'rcoming fire and steel and heat and cold.
Let me in Love alone Contentment find,
Ensculpturèd thro' timeless Time to espy
Your lovely semblance in my soul ensoul'd.

CLII.

Olhos, aonde o Ceo com luz maes pura,

(Cf. Sonn. 38).

Eyes ! wherein heavenly radiance purest pure
 Willed of His puissance show most certain sign,
 An ye would rightly see how strong you shine,
 View me the Creature of your self, the Viewer !
 In me you'll view your living portraiture,
 Properer than shrined in purest Chrystalline,
 Because you'll certès view in Soul of mine,
 Clearer than Chrystalline, your formosure.

For mine I only wish my Wish to see,
 If more for loving haply be my due,
 That mote your powers enseal me for your thrall.
 I see no worldly memory in me :
 All I forget remembering you, and you
 O'er me triumphant I o'ertriumph all.

CLIII.

Criou a Natureza Damas bellas,

(How excellent is his lover : written for a friend ?).

Nature bare lovely Dames, and Poet's lay
 Wi' deathless lyre-quills in their laud delighted ;
 Their parts most prizèd she in you united,
 And all their bestest made you, Dame ! display.
 They in your presence show the Star's pale ray
 And, seeing you, starken in eclipse benighted ;
 But an they have for Sun those rosy-lighted
 Rays of more radiant Sun, thrice happy they !

In grace, perfection and in gentle rede,
By mode to mortals certès peregrine,
This Beauty all things beauteous doth exceed.
O could I borrow part of the Divine
To merit you ! but if pure Love you heed
As aught availing, I of you am digne.

CLIV.

Que esperays, Esperança ? Desespero.

(Dialogue : he will love against hope.)

Hope ! what of hoping own you ?—" I despair."
What, then, hath Wanhope caused ?—" A variance."
You, Life, how fare you ?—" Lorn of esperance."
What say you, Heart ?—" In fondest love I fare."
What, Soul, feel you ?—" That Love brings cruel care."
In fine, how live you ?—" Sans a hope in chance."
What, then, sustaineth you ?—" One sovenance."
Is this your only hope ?—" Hope's sole repair."

Where can you take your stead ?—" Here where I
wone."
And where now wone you ?—" Where my life is
dead."
And hold you Death a weal ?—" Love wills so
be."
Who dooms you thus ?—" Myself to self beknown."
Who may you be ?—" One self surrenderèd."
To whom surrender'd ?—" To one dearest she."

CLV.

Se como em tudo o maes fostes perfeyta,
 (Her cruelty and his resignation : for a friend?).

If, as in all things else you be perfected,
 Your coy condition were less fugitive;
 Then would my Fortune at high goal arrive,
 Then would its height to you be more subjected.
 But when my life is at your feet dejected,
 And you accept not, Life-tide nills survive :
 Life of herself would me of me deprive,
 Rejecting me because by you rejected.

An Life in loving you your Will oppose,
 Command, my Ladye ! that she end mine ills
 And the profoundest sadness e'er I dree :
 Yet she refuses me, not that she knows
 A touch of pity, but on me she wills
 To grant you glutting of your cruelty.

CLVI.

Se algum' hora essa vista maes suave
 (Written for a friend?).

If your douce Vision at some hour you deign
 Haply to grant me, ere one moment went
 I feel such joyaunce, sense so full Content,
 Fear I no losses, dread ne ban ne bane.
 But when with scorn so sore, so dour disdain
 That beauteous face whole-hearted you present,
 I prove such torment, pangs so vehement,
 Tis mighty marvel life survives the pain.

So doth my life-tide or the death of me
 Hang from an eye-glance ; your prerogative
 Dealeth me life or death with glance of eye.
 Happy if grant me Heaven or Destiny
 You give me life that back to you I give,
 Or death because I only crave to die !

CLVII.

Tanto se forad, Ninfa, costumando
 (For a friend ?).

So farèd, Nymph ! self-customing these Eyne
 To weep what sorrows dealt thy Will so dure,
 That now they thole, by Nature's use and ure,
 What sufferings Accident did first assign.
 Hours due to sleeping I in waking pine
 And watch, of nothing sauf of sorrow sure :
 But all my weepings ne'er thy harshness cure
 Though ever weep and weep these eyes of mine.

This wise from woe to woe, from grief to grief,
 They wear themselves away in vain, in vain,
 And eke my hapless life they wear away.
 To water Love-fire what a poor relief !
 For I am ever weeping with my pain,
 And at my weeping laughst thou glad and gay.
 Thus my new tears are fain
 To pay fresh tax of stowre
 When, seen thy laughter, I but weep the more.

CLVIII.

Eu me aparto de vós, Ninfas do Tejo,

(Taking leave of the Lisbon dames. Cf. Sonn. 108).

Nymphs of the Tagus ! I fro' you take flight,
 When least I drad this parting dole to dree ;
 And if in sorrow yede my soul, shall see
 Your sight in eyes wherewith I see your sight.
 Hopes well-nigh hopeless, plight of utter blight,
 A Love that never sets my Reason free,
 Shall soon bring end to life-long misery,
 Save I return to see my dear delight.

But meanwhile never, ne by night ne day,
 Shall thoughts of you be seen depart my heart.
 Love, with me faring, certifies this true.
 Whate'er retardance may Return delay,
 One sad companion ne'er fro' me shall part,
 The yearning grief for Weal that bides with you.

CLIX.

Vencido esta de Amor

Meu pensamento.

(Acrostic. "Yours as Captive, highest Senhora !).

Yielding to Love I see	High Thoughts low li'en ;
Of all Life yielded, all	I yielded see,
Unto you subject, and	Gi'en yours to be,
Rendering whate'er I have	How you design.
So well-content I laud	Each moment mine,
And hour when all I saw	Surcease to me :
Sueing a thousand times	The wounds I dree,

Claiming a thousand more So tristful fine.
 A claim so high as this E'er shall for-sure
 Prompt me with Cause to Noteworthy prize,
 win
 To gain surnatural Height, Honour sublime.
 I here forswear all Other Aventùre,
 Vowed to a single Love, Rare sacrifice,
 Else by your love to be Attaint of Crime.

CLX.

Divina Companhia que nos prados

(His Exegi Monumentum, &c.).

Ye god-like Bevy who upon the plain
 Of clear Eurotas, or Olympus-Mount,
 Or by the margent of Castalian fount
 Holier studies to your heart have tane ;
 Sithence the never-movèd Fates ordain
 Me of your number you vouchsafe account,
 In Fame eternal of Bellerophon
 To hang these bronze-engravèd verses deign :—

“ Soliso (willing future ages note
 How much of Beauty's boon he meriteth
 Who with sage folly doth his soul inflame)
 What writ (fro' Fortune now secure) he wrote
 Unto these Altars this hand offereth,
 That hands his Spirit to his beauteous Dame.”

CLXI.

A la margen del Tajo en claro día,
 (Spanish : attributed to D. Diogo de Mendoza).

By Tagus' margin on a bloom of day
 With ribbed ivory combing wavy hair
 Natercia stood, and quencht her eyes the glare
 Of nooning Phœbus railing hottest ray.
 Soliso, following her in Clytie's way,
 From self far absent while to her full near,
 Sang to his bagpipe praises of his Fere
 Who fired his bosom, and thus said his say :—

“ If I as many as thy hairs on head
 Had lives to give thee, thou shouldst have the whole,
 And pluck them, each and every, thread by thread.
 And for their loss my soul thou wouldst console
 If, thousand times as they are numberèd
 In them thou wouldst mesh this life—my sole.”

CLXII.

Por gloria tuve un tiempo el ser perdido ;
 (Spanish : a Lexapren or repetition Sonnet).

Whilome I gloried to be ruinèd ;
 Ruined me gaining of the purest gain ;
 Gained I when liberty forfared I fain ;
 Fain now I find me free but conquerèd.
 Conquerèd I to Nisè 'renderèd ;
 'Renderèd lest she leave me lone remain :
 Remain but thoughts of Pleasure turned to Pain ;
 Pain gars me now deplore my service sped.

Sped I to serve the Light my love besought ;
My love besought I hoped to win full sure ;
Full sure my dearest hopes all came to nought.
Nought of my hope now seems to me secure ;
Security dwelleth but in things ne'er thought ;
Thought must of dubious end the throes endure.

CLXIII.

Rebuelvo en la incessable phantasia,
(Spanish. Cf. Sonn. No. 77).

I turn and turn in ceaseless Phantasy
What things I saw when luckiest lot I claimèd,
Eke when I live (as now) by love inflamèd,
Eke when I livèd from his 'flamings free.
'Twas then mine only thought this fire to flee,
In life disdaining every shaft he aimèd :
Now for the Bygones sorrowing and ashamed
I hold as glory pains I drad to dree.

Right well I recognise 'twas life's delight
To live a life unrecking doubt and fear,
When viewed I gust of love as gust of wind.
But now Natercia's spell so charms my sight,
I find within this jail gloire dearest dear,
And free to lose it fiercest pain I find.

CLXIV.

Las peñas retumbavan al gemido

(Spanish. Possibly written in Ceuta).

The clifly mountains echoèd the moan
 Of the sad Shepherd, who vain mourning made
 For griefs that heavy on his spirit weigh'd,
 Born of an obstinate Unlove's malison.
 The billows ramping on the rocks, each groan
 With hollow tomblings gave rewording aid ;
 'Twas heard confusèd in the winds that stray'd,
 'Twas told by dales and vales of caverned stone.

" Respond the hardest Mountains to my grief
 Ah me ! (he murmured) rings and roars the Sea,
 While woe-full Echoes sympathy confess :
 And thou, for whom Death lays his mark on me,
 'Sdeignest by hearing grant my pyne relief ;
 And when I weep the more I melt thee less.

CLXV.

En una selva al dispuntar del dia

(Spanish. By Dom Fernando de Acunha ?).

Hid in a forest, at the flush of day,
 Stood sad Endymion wailing for his woes,
 Facing the rays of Sol, who hasty rose
 And down a mountain rained his earliest ray.
 Fixing the Light that on his joys would prey,
 The Foe who fought to slay his douce repose,
 With sighs and singulfs, these a-following those,
 In reasoned sadness thus the swain 'gan say :—

“ Clear Light ! obscurest sight I ever view’d,
Who by thy progress hot and hurrièd
My Sun obscuredst with thy darkling dyes ;
If aught can move thee in that altitude
Complaint of Shepherd-youth enamourèd,
I pray return thee whence thou diddest rise.”

CLXVI.

Orfeo enamorado que tañia

(From Monte Mayor’s Alcina y Silvano).

The lover Orpheus struck so sweet a quill
For the lost Ladye he would lief regain,
Who in implacable Orcus place had tane,
Thrilled her his harp and voice with tenderest thrill.
Ixion’s whirling wheel awhile stood still,
The tortured Shadows cared not to complain ;
He gentled every other’s harshest pain
And to himself took all of other Ill.

The song prevailèd with so puissant guise,
That for douce guerdon of his minstrelsy,
The Kings of Hades (feeling for his woe)
Ordaigned he fare him with his Fere for prize
But,—turned that ill-starred wight her sight to see,
When he and she were lost for evermo’e.

CLXVII.

En cantey já, e agora vou chorando

(The Amores end and begin the Tristia).

I sang in Bygones ; now I weep to see
 The times which heard me sing in faith so fast :
 Meseems when singing in the Days gone past
 That tears were gathering in the eyes of mé.
 I sang ; but an they ask, When mote it be ?
 I n'ote, for even here I was miscast ;
 And now my present state so stands aghast,
 Past grief to judgment looks like jubilee.

To sing commanded (traitor Purpose trying)
 Contentment, no ! but Confidence in chance :
 I sang ; yet clank of fetters drowned my song.
 Of whom complain when Life is only lying ?
 Nay more, why flyte and flee at Esperance,
 When unjust Fortune more than I did wrong ?

CLXVIII.

Ay, Amiga cruel ! que apartamento

(To the drowned lady. Cf. Sonn. 23, 53, 70, and 99).

Ay, fair and cruel friend ! What sad amiss
 So far from patrial land persuades you stray ?
 Who from the dear nest drives you (well-a-day !)
 Glory to eye-glance and to breasts a bliss ?
 Fare you a-tempting Fortune's fickleness,
 And of the wilful Winds the fatal fray ?
 Where seas grow coverts ? waves swell hills of spray,
 This and that Storm-gust pile upon the abyss ?

But as you leave me thus withouten leaving,
Leave, and may Heaven bestow such aventure
That all advantage on your hopes attend.
And of this single truth fare right secure,
For this your faring there is more of grieving,
Than wishes wafting you to wisht-for end.

CLXIX.

Campo nas Syrtes deste mar da vida,

(Written at some friend's country house).

Country in shoaling Syrt of Being-sea,
Safe plank so welcome pluckt from perilous wreck :
Breaks of calm blue that blackest clouds befleck,
Of Peace the homestead, Love's own sanctuary :
Theeward I fly : but if I win who flee,
And if a changèd place changed fortunes make,
Sing me the victor's hymn and in this brake
Honour triumphant o'er all honours be.

When Summer blooms, when Autumn fruitage reaps,
Here the clear useful waters murmuring flow ;
Glad finds me here, here gladsome leaves me Day.
Enamoured nightingales here break the sleeps
Weariness weaveth ; here I 'tomb the Woe
Whilòm the grave where all my joyaunce lay.

CLXX.

Ah, minha Dinamene ! Assi deixaste

(Ad Dinamenem aquis extinctam. Cf. Sonn. 168).

Then couldst thou leave, ah Dinamène mine !
 One who could never leave the will to sue thee,
 That now, gent Nymph ! these eyne may ne'er
 review thee ?
 Why thus despised life so soon resign ?
 How couldst abandon for eternal syne
 One who to lose thee did so far pursue thee ?
 And had this Main such might that it withdrew thee
 From ever seeing him so doomed to pine ?
 Not e'en allowed me Death dour and dure
 To speak thee, thou thyself the sable veil
 Consentedst o'er thine eyes by Doom be thrown.
 O Sea ! O Sky ! O my sad lot obscure !
 What life can lose I that shall much avail,
 If cheap I hold it in such woes to wone !

CLXXI.

Guardando em mi a sorte o seu direyto,

(Same subject. Garcilasso ; Sonn. 26).

Fortune, preserving rights of sovranity,
 Cut short my gladness when 'twas green and gay,
 Ah me ! how much was ended on that day
 Which in my bosom brent such memory !
 The more I muse, the more it seemeth me
 That for such welfare Discount one must pay ;
 Unless one deem it meet the World should say
 There's perfect goodness in her treacherous gree.

Then if my Fortune for such Discount meant me
To dree displeasure, in whose sentiment
Memory can only kill me to content me ;
What blame shall deal me Thought ? What punish-
ment ?
If the same cause Thought chooseth to torment me,
Cause me to suffer ill what Ills torment ?

CLXXII.

Cantando estava hum dia bem seguro,
(Same subject : Lupi Mœrin videre priores).

One day befell me I sang my song secure,
When Silvio passing this wise said his say :
(Silvio, that ancient Swain who knew to spæ
By song of birds the Future's way full sure.)
" Liso ! whenever willeth Fate obscure,
Shall come to oppress thee on the self-same day
Two wolves : at once thy voice and tuneful lay
Shall fly thee, flee thy melody suave and pure ! "

True ! thus it fortunèd ; one tare the throat
Of all I owned, and drove to grass my kine
Whereon I builded hopes of sterling gain.
And for more damage yet, the other smote
My gentle lambkin I did love so fain,
Perpetual yearning of this soul of mine.

CLXXIII.

O Ceo, a terra, o vento sossegado ;

(Same subject).

The Heavens and Earth all husht; no gusts to moan;
 The waves disspreading o'er the sandy plain,
 The fishes slumber-reinèd in the Main,
 The nightly Silence on her rest-full throne :
 The Fisher-youth Aonio, sadly strown
 Where to the wind-breath sways the watery reign,
 Weeps, and the lovèd name bewails in vain,
 Which may no longer save by name be known.

“Wavelets ! ere Love shall do me dead (he cried)
 To me return my Nymph, whose early Death
 Despite my dolour was by you design'd !”
 None answer ! Tombleth from afar the tide ;
 With gentle movement slow the forest sway'th ;
 Winds catch the words and waft them on the
 wind.

CLXXIV.

Ah, Fortuna cruel ! Ah, duros Fados !

(Same subject).

Ah cruel Fortune ! Ah Fate loath to spare !
 How sudden changed you to the worst my best !
 Your care and cark have robbed me of my rest,
 And now ye restfull gloat on cark and care.
 Whilere ye made me in fruition fare,
 And your conditions on my gusts would test ;
 All, one by one, in single hour to wrest,
 Leaving redoubled bale where blessings were.

How better far had been I never saw
The doucest boons of Love? Boons (ah !) so suave;
Why leave me, leaving me of you forlorn?
Thy voice fro' plaining, peevish Soul ! withdraw:
Soul fallen fro' high estate to pain so grave,
E'en as thou lovedst in vain 'tis vain to mourn.

CLXXV.

Quanto tempo, olhos meus, com tal lamento
(Probably written in India).

How long, mine Eyes ! how long with such lament
Shall I behold you tristful, aggravated?
Suffice you not sighs burning, never sated,
Renewing torments aye my soul torment?
Sufficeth not my reveries consent
In pining, plaining, yearning unabated?
Still must you fare parforce so ill-entreated
You feed on tear-floods' only nutriment?

I weet not wherefore this Revenge ye take,
Proving in absence such Repine for pain,
If knew ye all what mote one Esperance make.
Eyes ! other fairest eyes to vex refrain,
Turning pure love to coy and care-full ache,
Lest you be chargèd with a coy Disdain.

CLXXVI.

Lembranças que lembrays o bem passado,

(Written after Natercia's death?).

Memories remembering Good of by-gone date,
That present Evil more of ill present,
Let me, an will ye, live my life content,
Let me not perish in this pitiful state.
If all, withal, be naught but fiat of Fate,
I die of life in Discontentment spent,
Come all my blessings by Love's Accident,
And come mine every bane premeditate.

For loss of life to me hath lesser cost,
As thus 'twould lose sad memories aye memorious,
Memories whereby such Ills in thought obtain.
For naught he loseth who, in fine, hath lost
The hopes he cherisht of that good so glorious,
Which made a pleasure of his very pain.

CLXXVII.

Quando os olhos emprêgo no passado,

(Garcilasso, Sonn. I.).

When I employ mine eyes on times gone by,
Of all my Bygones I parforce repent ;
What went in wanton waste I see misspent ;
And all employments misemployed espy.
Aye tied to losing game with tightest tie,
All I accomlisht 'complisht detriment ;
And recking least what Disillusion meant
When Hope appearedè hopelessest was I.

The many Castles built in dreams of day,
At point when towering to their tallest pride,
I saw Time sudden on this level lay.
With what wild Falses wanton Fancy lied !
All stops in Death, the Wind sweeps all away,
Sad he that hopes ! Sad he that dares confide !

CLXXVIII.

Ja cantey, ja chorey a dura guerra

(A Palinode. Cf. Sonn. 1, 3, 167, 182, and 301).

Erst sang I, erst I wept Love's tyranny,
And his dure warfare did for years sustain ;
Forbade he thousand times I tell my bane,
For fear his followers all their error see.
Nymphs ! for whom opes and closes Castaly ;
Ye who in thousand snares have Death o'ertane,
Concede me now your energies sovereign,
To tell on Love, what ills encloseth he.

That whoso heed his hest thro' youth's hot tide,
In my pure verses find a proof full ample
How oft in promised glories hath he lied.
For while my saddest state I see for sample,
If you inspire my task, full-satisfied
I'll hang my votive lyre upon your temple.

CLXXIX.

Os meus alegres venturosos dias,

(By Diogo Bernardes?).

My tale of happy, fortune-favoured Days,
Passed like the leven-ray so speedy spent ;
Slow-paced fare sluggish stounds of dreariment
Following joyaunce, fugitive estrays.
Ah false pretensions ! Vain phantastick ways !
What can ye bring me now to breed Content ?
When of my fevered breast the flame that brent
Frore Time to ashes froze that genial blaze.

Past faults in ash-heaps I revolve and trow
Youth left none other fruit for heritage,
Whence shame and Dolour for my soul are meet.
Revolve I more than all my more of age,
Vain longings, vainer weepings, vainest woe,
That fleet-foot Time with all may flit and fleet.

CLXXX.

Horas breves de meu contentamento,

(By Francisco de Sá de Miranda?).

Short Hours ! whose glad Content my fortune gracèd,
When I enjoyed you, Fancy ne'er had power
To see you changèd in one easy hour,
And by the tortures of long years effacèd.
What towering castles on the wind I basèd
O'erturned, in fine, the Wind that bore the tower,
My fault engendered mine abiding stowre,
For-that on sandy base my house was placèd.

Love with his luring shows at first draws near ;
All things he maketh possible, all secure ;
But when at bestest then shall disappear.
Strangest of evils ! strange misaventure !
For some small good that ne'er can persevere
One Good to venture that doth aye endure !

CLXXXI.

Onde acharey lugar taõ apartado,
(Written in Africa? Cf. Elegy XI.).

Where shall I ever find so far a spot,
In fullest freedom from all Adventure,
I say not only fro' mankind secure,
But e'en where forest-creature entereth not ?
Some dreadful darkling Deene by man forgot,
Or solitary tangle, sad, obscure,
Where grow no grasses, flow no fountains pure,
In fine a site so similar to my lot ?

That I, imprisoned in the craggy womb,
May amid Death-in-Life and Life-in-Death,
My fortunes freely and in full lament.
There, as my gauge of grief naught measureth,
No days of joyaunce shall I spend in gloom,
And gloomy days shall find my soul content.

CLXXXII.

Aqui de longos danos breve historia

(By Diogo Bernardes ?).

Here of my long-lost Weal short history
Who boast them being amoulists may read :
To them repair of dole it may concede,
Mine it can ne'er fro' memory cause to flee.
I wrote not seeking fame or jactancy
My other verses merit for their meed ;
But to display her vaunt of cruel deed
Who vaunts so high a victory over me.

Yet grow my sorrows with my growing years,
They made my numbers sing, devoid of art,
The guile of blind-fold Love who robbed my wit.
An voice I gave to song ; I gave to tears
My Soul, and tane in hand my pen, this part,
This little part, of all my pains I writ.

CLXXXIII.

Por sua Ninfa Céfalo deixava

(Of Cephalus the "bucephalous." Ovid., Met. 7).

Cephalus, love-smit by his Nymph withdrew,
Leaving Aurora lost in love for aye,
Albe the goddess herald lovely Day,
Albe she mirror flowers of rosiest hue.
He who fair Procris loved with love so true,
'That for her love the world he would bewray,
Seeks a temptation that shall try her fay
And tempt the firmness in her Fere she knew.

Doffing his raiment dons he a dire deceit :
 Feigns him another, offers her a price :
 She breaks her fickle faith and gives Consent.
 Subtle invention for his own defeat !
 See the blind lover find so strange device
 That live he ever life of Discontent !

CLXXXIV.

Sentindose alcançada a bella Esposa
 (Continues Sonn. 183. Where is the third ?).

Feeling herself entrapt the lovely Spouse
 Of Cephalus to sin so readily led,
 Far from her husband o'er the mountains fled,
 By snare compellèd or by shame none trows.
 For he, in fine, whom jealous pangs arouse
 And on blind errand by Cupido sped,
 Like a lost traveller toileth on her tread
 And pardoneth all her crimes of violate vows.

Before the hard Nymph's feet he prostrate lay,
 Who for his jealous trick enstoned her heart,
 To pray her pardon, e'en for life to pray.
 Oh strong Affection with thy madding art !
 When for the sin that would himself betray
 He must pray pardon from the peccant part !

CLXXXV.

Seguia aquella fogo que o guiava,

(After Musæus).

Followed the beckoning of the beacon-fire
 Leander, battling wind and battling wave ;
 Yet brast the billows on the breast so brave
 The more, as Love would more of strength inspire.
 Whenas his forces felt he faint and tire,
 Without one craven thought his will to enslave,
 Tho' reft of words, the intent for which he strave
 Thus he commended to the sea's deaf ire :—

“Thou Sea !” (the youngling cried in lone distress)
 My life I pray not ; now my only prayer
 Save me my Hero, nill this sight she see.
 Bear thou my lifeless body, let it fare
 Far from her tower ; be my friend in this
 Sith my best joyaunce moved thy jealousy.

CLXXXVI.

Os alhas onde o casto Amor ardia,

(Epitaph-sonnet, by Diogo Bernardes?).

Those eyne where showed chaste Love his ardent glow,
 Joying his fiery form in them to sight ;
 That face where blusht with lustre marvel-bright
 The Rose-bud purpling on her bed of snow :
 The locks that fired Sol with envious lowe
 Because they 'minishèd his golden light ;
 That hand's pure whiteness and that form so dight
 In clay Death-chillèd all lie here below.

Perfectest loveliness in youngest years,
Blossom in time untimely torn from Earth,
That fades and withers gript by Death's hand dure :
How melts not Love and drowns in piteous tears ?
Not shed for Her who fared to heavenly birth ;
But for himself left here in night obscure.

CLXXXVII.

Ditosa pena, como a mão que a guia,
(To Manvel Barata the Caligrapher : after A.D. 1572).

Pen ! ever happy as its guiding hand,
With such perfected art in subtlest ways,
Whenas with Reason I would 'tempt thy praise,
I lose the praises which my Fancy fand :
But Love, who shifteth efforts at command,
Command to sing thee all-wise on me lays,
Not with the warrior-plectrum Mart essays,
But in suave melodies and musick bland.

Thy name, Emmanuel hight, from Pole to Pole
Sublimely towereth spreading thy renown,
When erst none raised thee above thy peers :
But that thy name be writ on deathless roll ;
Behold Apollo brings the bloomy crown,
Kept as thy guerdon for such growth of years.

CLXXXVIII.

Espanta crescer tanto o Crocodilo,

(To a new bishop, Pinheiro, the Pine. Cf. Sonn. 190).

We note with marvel growth of Crocodile
 Only for born so puny-impotent ;
 Who, born a grosser birth, would represent
 A lesser marvel to his patial Nile.
 Vainly shall heavenward raise my earthly style
 Your new and now Pontifical ornament ;
 For deathless Merits, while a-womb still pent
 Shaped robes to enrobe you in the welcome while.

Foreslow'd yet slow it came : our due of meed
 Oft cometh slowest ; this is sure and clear,
 Tho' guerdon some time cometh not remiss.
 The spheres, that nearest neighbour Primal Sphere,
 Have tardier movements. Who hath power to rede
 Upon that riddle, riddle such as this !

CLXXXIX.

Ornou sublime esforço a o grande Atlante,

(To the Viceroy D. Joam de Castro).

Bedeckt great Atlas meed of Might sublime,
 Wherewith the sky-machine he mote sustent ;
 Genius enhonoured Homer to invent
 'Yond the fourth sky a path for Greece to climb.
 Crownèd clear constant Love who spurneth Time
 Orpheus, ne peace could tempt ne storm torment ;
 Inspirèd Fortune free and confident
 Cæsar, her fondling in his youthful prime.

Thou, Fame ! upraisedst to the hill of Gloire
 Alcide in ranges where thou lovst to bide :
 But Castro, Heaven-endowed with highest claim,
 Decks, honours, crowns, inspires, upraises more
 Than Atlas, Homer, Orpheus, Cæsar, Alcide,
 The meed of Might, Genius, Love, Fortune,
 Fame.

CXC.

Despoys que vio Cibeles o corpo humano

(Cf. Sonn. 188).

When viewèd Cybelè what erst had been
 Fair Atys' human form grown verdant Pine,
 Her first vain anger gan to ruth incline,
 And hopeless wailèd she her new-born teen.
 Devising noble snare her woe to wean,
 She prayèd Jupiter, of love divine,
 The worth of noble Palm and Bay to assign
 Unto her Pine-tree, Sovran of the Green.

Vouchsafes a better boon her puissant Son,
 Its growth should touch the stars with towering
 brow,
 And there see mysteries of the sky supernal.
 O happy Pine-tree ! O thou happier one
 Who sees his brows becrownèd with your bough
 And in your shadow sings his songs eternal !

CXCI.

Poys torna por seu Rey, e juntamente
 (To Viceroy D. Luis de Athaide in 1577).

Then for his Roy to rule, and service do
 For Christ conjointly, 'turneth to the part
 Where self he showed a Numa and a Mart,
 Enfamèd Lewis just and valiant-true :
 Let Tagus hope all Orient-land to view
 (Where rarely gifts so rare the Heavens impart)
 Yielding to such high force, such prudent art,
 Of Palms a thousand, thousand tributes new.

Whoso of Ganges or of Indus drink,
 Whom scant availèd strength of spear or shield,
 Shall bow and bowing have the lesser harm.
 Hearing his coming name shall Euphrate shrink ;
 Foreseeing all things to his terror yield,
 As erst seen conquered by his forceful arm.

CXCII.

Agora toma a espada, agora a pena,
 (To Estacio de Faria ; Soldier and Poet).

Now hends in hand the Brand, now hends the Pen
 Our Eustace either gift hath glorified,
 Being or Mars-beloved on briny tide
 Or Muse's lover in sweet-founted glen.
 Sonorous Swan, fair Riverside's denizen !
 To sing thine exploits were my joy and pride ;
 For song deserving thee was aye denied
 To rustick pipe or reed of rural men.

If I who hent the Pen and hent the Brand,
To play with either mote permission claim,
By the high influence Planets twain award ;
With this and other light by their command,
Thou, man of pushing arm and soul of flame !
Shalt fare a Pharos-lamp to Brave and Bard.

CXCIIL.

Erros meus, má Fortuna, Amor ardente

(The Penitent poems begin).

Mine Errors, evil Fortune, Amor's lowe
Did for the spilling of my life conspire :
O'ermuch was error, vain was Fortune's ire,
Sufficed me only Love and nothing mo'e.
I passed them all, but now so present show
Of Things that passèd Dolours dure and dire,
Their long persistence taught me all Desire
To lose, for longing no Content can know.

I erred through all the courses of my years ;
I lent to Fortune prètext to chastise
My hopes ill-founded on a foot so frail.
Little I saw of Love save passing snares.
Ah had I power to glut in fellest guise
With its revenge this Spirit hard to quail !

CXCIV.

Cá nesta Babilonia a donde mana

(First Zion-Babylon-Goa Sonnet. Cf. Psalm 136).

Here in this Babylon-realm, where rails amain
 Matter which breeds a World's iniquity :
 Here, where the purest Love hath low degree,
 Whose Mother's more of might makes all prophane :
 Here where Bad grows a blessing, Good a bane ;
 Where Might is Right and Right is Tyranny :
 Here where a blind and blundering Monarchy
 Holds God deceived by verbiage empty-vain :

Here in this Labyrinth where the Good, the Wise,
 The noblest bred to beg their bread are met
 Before the gates of villein covetize :
 Here in this Chaos black with fume and fret,
 I wend the natural way before me lies.
 See then if thee, my Zion ! I can forget !

CXC.V.

Correm turbas as agoas deste rio,

(His Country's disorder : an allegory).

Turbid the waters of our River glide,
 Befouled by freshets and bestained by rain :
 Drowth wilts the flowerage of the riant plain
 And wuthering winds thro' withering Valleys gride
 Passèd (like Winter) ardent Summer-tide ;
 These things for others in exchange were tane :
 The faithless Fates retirèd from the Reign
 Of worldly matters to misrule affied.

Now Time his order to ordain hath known ;
Not so the World : It courseth so askance
That all its semblance showeth God-forgot.
Nature, opinions, habit, various chance
So work that seemeth all the life we own
Is but a semblance, what seems not *is* not.

CXCVI.

Vósoutros que buscays repouso certo

(Same theme as Sonn. 350).

Ye other Wanderers seeking certain rest
In life, by divers deeds of enterprise ;
To whom, on worldly gear enfixing eyes,
A veil would seem its governance to invest ;
Offer to Disconcèrt (an deem ye best)
Your new-born honours, blinded sacrifice ;
For àntique vices fitly to chastise
God wills the course of things His rule attest.

Ne'er in such form of chastisement he fell
Who blameth Fortune, to believe content
That Sort and Chances form Creation's plan.
In great experience greater dangers dwell :
But what God seeth just and evident,
Seemeth unjust and over-deep for man.

CXC VII.

Para se namorar do que criou,

(Conception Sonnet : Petrarch II. Canz. 8).

To love the Made, with loving infinite
 God made Thee, holy Phoenix, purest Maid !
 Behold how great must be the Creature's grade
 Whom the Creator hath for self bedight !
 He framed thy substance in ideal height
 Prime, ere Creation's primal base was laid ;
 That be unique in own array array'd
 The Made, long studied by the Maker's might.

I n'ote that any words of mine can own
 Power to express those rarest qualities
 In thee He made whom madest thou thy Son.
 Daughter, Wife, Mother, Thou ! and if hast won
 Thou singly three such lofty dignities,
 'Twas Thou, sole Thou, so pleasedst the Three-in-
 One.

CXC VIII.

Dece do Ceo immenso Deos benino,

(Incarnation Sonnet : Amcebæan).

Descends from Heaven's immense the God benign,
 Made flesh in Maiden-mother sovereign.
 Why downs the power Divine to dwell with men ?
 " 'Tis that Mankind uprising to the Divine."
 Why comes he then so poor and infantine
 Bearing the baleful power of tyrant-bane ?
 " 'Tis that He comes Death's bitter cup to drain
 And pay of senseless Adam's sin the fine."

Then could the Twain dare eat that fruit of tree,
The food their Maker so to them forbade?
"Yes; for they sought assume Divinity."
And for this reason was He human made?
"Yes; for 'twas ordered, and with cause obey'd,
If man would be a god, God man should be."

CXCIX.

Dos Ceos à terra dece a mór Belleza ;

(Nativity Sonnet : quasi-Amœbæan).

Fro' Heaven the highest Beauty earthward flies,
And with our flesh ennobled deigneth wone ;
That Man by Povert erst so woe-begone
This day to richest riches mote arise.
The wealthiest Lord doth poorest penury prize ;
For when to mortal world His love was shown,
That tender body on vile straw was strown,
And for this straw Heaven's self He doth despise.

"How? God descend on Earth in Poverty?"
That which is poorest gars Him so content,
Seems such Contentment Earth's sole treasury.
This manger Poverty doth represent ;
But so great merit Povert rose to be,
Content him most the pauperest indigent.

CC.

Porque a tamanhas penas se offerece.

(Passion Sonnet: quasi-Amœbæan).

Why Self thus offereth to such penalty
 For sin of alien, error so insane,
 The trinal Godhead? "'Tis because the pain
 Due to his punishment no man can dree."
 Say, who shall suffer all that suffereth He?
 Who shall endure dishonour death and bane?
 "Who be so potent, save the Sovereign
 Which reigns and rules His slaves obediently?

Man's highest power had so puny might,
 It lackt the puissance with such stowre to fence,
 Nor kept the laws ordainèd by the Lord.
 Yet all He suffered by that Strength immense
 In cause of purest love; for aye propense
 Sin-ward our weakness was, not sin's award.

CCI.

Depoys de aver chorado os meus tormentos,

(A Proëmium to the Tristia).

When I had wept, bewailing my despair,
 Love wills me sing the glories of his prize.
 I sing the victories of a fairest Faire,
 And of long-suffering weep the Memories.
 But an those pains of mine be victories
 In such a cause when Thought so high shall fare;
 Dispread themselves in large large histories
 These my surrenders that such boast can bear.

Let one sole marvel make the Universe ring,
What be her beauties at whose shrine I bow,
Who pays with fee of tears the songs I bring.
Content I offer Love this tax of woe :
For an no sobs can match the song I sing,
No singing sweeter than these sobs I know.

CCII.

Onde mereci eu tal pensamento,
(The same theme).

Whence did I merit by such Thought be shent,
Never by human being merited ?
Whence did I merit to be conquerèd
Of one whose conquest so high honour lent ?
Grows to a glory what did most torment,
When seeing showeth me to loss misled ;
For no such evil was in hardihead
As there was glory in that hardiment.

I live, my Ladye, only while I view you ;
And so this soul surrenders to the strife
That, drowned in tears, I take of life my leave.
But ne'er shall make my spirit cease to lo'e you
Fears of my losing in your cause my life,
For you a thousand-fold of lives I'd give.

CCIII.

De frescas belvederes rodeadas

(To certain Maids of Honour at Cintra).

By bents encircled, blooming green and gay,
Pour the pure waters flowing fro' this fount ;
And throngs of beauteous Nymphs take stand afront
Aye wont to conquer and the foe to slay.
They raise, these Rebels spurning Cupid-sway,
Their grace and graces lacking tale and count :
Forgetting other valley, other mount,
And here in quiet while their lives away.

Summoned his powers and donned his bravest mood
Love, who no longer mote endure the slight,
Only to make the Mays his vengeance know.
But when he saw them, straight he understood
From death or prison lacked he power of flight,
And there with them he 'bode without his bow.

CCIV.

Nos braços de hum Silvano adormecendo

(To Belisa, who married a Bestial for his wealth).

Bound to a Sylvan's breast a-slumbering lay,
And there remained, the Nymph I do adore.
Paying lip-tribute in so sugrèd store,
Whereby a darkness robbed my eyes of day.
O lovely Venus ! Why this patience, pray,
Suffering thy beauteous Choir's most beauteous
flower,
So lose her honour in so vile a power,
When highest merit fails her fee to pay ?

As predetermined I henceforth will trow,
 Seeing what novel strangest freak thou bravest,
 In thee can nothing sure or true endure.
 Since the clear luminous cheek, the lovely brow
 To that misformèd monstrous Thing thou gavest,
 I'll hold Love nothing—only Aventùre.

CCV.

Quem diz que Amor he falso, ou enganoso,
 (A defence of pure Love).

Who calls Love felon, lief of tricks and lies ;
 Of legier mind, forgetful, vain, ingrate,
 Shall find withouten fail his merited Fate
 A rule of rigour, rife of cruelties.
 Love be douce-minded, charged with charities ;
 Who saith contrayr allow his words no weight ;
 Let him be judgèd blind and passionate,
 Let men detest him and the gods despise.

That Love works Evil well in me is seen ;
 In me his rigour shows right rigorous showing,
 To show the World how long his reach and range :
 But all Love's angers still with love are glowing :
 And all his evils I for welfare ween
 Nor would for other weal such teen exchange.

CCVI.

Fermosa Beatriz, tendes taes geitos

(To a Dame of low degree? Cf. Sonn. 69).

Beautiful Beatrice ! such 'luring geste
 In the soft roving of those orbs you show,
 That not to linger, but one look to throw
 Inflames the heart and burns the human breast.
 All your perfections be so perfectest,
 Such bliss to merit Hope we must forego,
 Nor can their knowledge come for man to know
 Without enduring Cupid's dure behest.

Felt, to my sorrow, so grave blight and bane
 These eyes, that seeing those with sadness blind,
 Lost all their pleasure wi' the light forlore.
 But now you've dealt with them hurt so unkind,
 Look with humaner eyes on me again
 And to my hurt you shall full health restore.

CCVII.

Alegres campos, verdes, deleitosos,

(To Ignez in the Coimbra country?).

Glad meadows ! gaily deckt with greeny dyes,
 Your pretty Days-eyes aye these eyne shall woo,
 For-that their beauties did themselves enmew
 In babes of fair Ignèz' all-beauteous eyes.
 Fro' mine, that ever gaze in envious guise,
 When stars so godlike I no more may view,
 Ye shall be watered with another dew,
 Ye shall be airèd by a lover's sighs.

And ye, gold-petaled flowers ! peraventure
 If wish and will Ignèz my love to essay
 With trial tested to the latest leaf :
 Show her, that she approve a faith so pure,
 Fair flowers ! *He-loves-me* (and shall love for aye)
 That of the *Loves-me-not* I 'scape the grief.

CCVIII.

Ondados fios de ouro, onde enlazado

(To a dame named Paz, *i.e.* Peace?).

Ye rippling golden Threads ! whose tangled skein
 My thoughts for ever in your meshes hold,
 The more fresh breezes loose you fold by fold,
 More am I prisoner of my present pain.
 Love, always armèd with some beauteous eyne,
 Fights me by force of tormentise untold,
 Proving the sufferings in my soul ensoul'd,
 When I to justest laws of Peace incline.

Thus in your lovely, more than mortal geste
 I love conjoinèd Peace and parlous fray ;
 And loving this and that unsnared I rest :
 With self I còmmune, and full oft I say
 When such the cause is of my care and quest,
 Just is the warfare, just the Peace I pray.

CCIX.

Amor, que em sonhos vãos do pensamento

(Attributed to F. R. I. Surrupita).

Love who in vainest dreams of phantasy
Pays greater jealousy he would abate,
Made me in all conditions, every state,
The tributary of his tormentry.

I slave, I weary ; yet my due degree
For sacrifice to Love-shrine consecrate,
Scattered in atomies by hands ingrate,
Eterne Oblivion robbed eternally.

But when o'er much, in fine, the perils grow
Whereto condemneth me without surcease
Love, not my lover, rather Love my foe ;
Fro' pain I ever find one grand release,
For gloire of loving, which I ne'er forego,
No force of evils ever can decrease.

CCX.

Nem o tremendo estrepito da guerra,

(Written at Ceuta after losing an eye? Cf. Canz. IX. 3).

Not the tremendous clash and clang of fight
With fire and fatal arms the world affray,
And drive the deadly bullets in such way
They threaten overthrow to serried height,
Have power the fearless lover to affright,
Sin' flashed thy fairest eyne their fitful ray,
Whereby such horrors wi' their dire dismay,
Fade from my senses and are fain of flight.

Life I can lavish, or by burn or brand,
In any dreadful danger bid it go,
And (Phoenix-like) fro' death fresh life command.
For me no mister evil fate I know,
Wherefrom I may not free me out of hand,
Save from what orders Love, Love aye my foe.

CCXI.

Fiouse o coração, de muyto isento,

(Addressed to some kinswoman ; loved not honestly ?).

The heart entrusted self erst Fancy-free
To self ; ill recking that a heart could hold
Love so illicit, love so daring-bold,
Such mode of torment man may never see.
Yet did these eyne so limn in Phantasy
Others beheld in fancies manifold,
That Reason, dreading all she did behold,
Leaving the field to Thought was fain to flee.

O chaste Hippolytus ! in similar plight
Thy stepdame Phædra sought thy love to gain,
Rejecting all respect for wrong and right ;
Love thy chaste bosom 'vengèd on my sprite :
But Love such vengeance by this brunt hath tane
He now repents him of the deed he dight.

CCXII.

Quem quiser ver de Amor huma excellencia,

(Written before a parting? Petrarch, I. 210).

Whoso would see of Love an excellence,
 Where delicacy doth all love depure,
 Mark he where placèd me mine Adventure,
 That of my faith he find experience.
 Where long-drawn Absence slayeth Sovenance,
 On the dread ocean-wave, in warfare dure,
 Growth of love-yearnings groweth more secure
 Where Patience runneth risk of more mischance.

But place me Fortune mine or hard-heart Fate
 In Death, perdition, sorest bane and scathe,
 Or raise to prosperous post, to highmost height.
 Place me, for short, in lowest, loftiest state,
 They still shall find I hold till bitter death
 One name a-lip, and one pure face a-sprite.

CCXIII.

Los ojos que con blando movimiento

(Spanish: written *a voluntad ajena*?).

Those eyne whose gentle glances sweetly bent
 My spirit soften as they stray and play,
 Vouchsafed they dwell with me one single day
 Well mote their magick make my Woes relent.
 By power of fondest-loving sentiment
 Mine importuning Ills would end for aye;
 Or would their Accident such growth display
 That Life had ended in a twinkling spent.

Ah ! did thy coyness not to me deny
Thy visioned charms, O Nymph thou loveliest,
The hand-work of thine eyes had done me die !
Oh, would they linger at thy will ! How blest
Would be the moment when I mote espy
My life in them restored, restored my rest !

CCXIV.

No bastava que Amor puro, y ardiente,
(Spanish : two deaths to his life, his love and her hate).

Was't not enough that Love, who purely brent,
With these conditions hath my life efface'd ;
But e'en must Death and Doom in hottest haste
Deal me such unhumànest accident ?
My Soul ne'er claimed, though much she may resent,
To cut the rigorous course that Love has trace'd,
That mote She never die nor ever taste
Unlove of what she loved with sweet intent.

But your strong Will, that can all Wills defeat
With these your graces, deigned for me ordain
Harshness impossible, unheard, unknown :
That scornful ague and Love's fever-heat
Of ire, with single blow fro' me have tane
One life by two-fold different Deaths o'erthrown.

CCXV.

Ayudame, Senora, a ser vengança

(Spanish : by D. Manoel de Portugal ?).

Aid me, my Ladye ! some revenge to wreak
On Sprite so savage, mind so rude, so base,
Sithence my scanty worth, my lowly case
To thee dared soar, and hope of thee bespeak :
To this Perfection thine we vainly seek,
To these thy heights sublime of charms and grace,
Where Nature raised her once to pride of place,
But where to rise once more her trust is weak.

Whatso in thee I contemplate so lieve,
With contemplation lacking thy consent,
More contemplating less of hope I 'joy.
If thou to revel in my pains be bent
Rain on me wrath, deign Love with Unlove grieve
I lo'e thee more the more thou workest annoy.

CCXVI.

O claras aguas deste blando rio,

(Spanish : by Diogo Ramires Pagan ?).

Clear-welling waters of this stilly rill,
Whose mirror painteth in their natural dyes
Frondiforous graces spireing to the skies
From blurrèd forest based on swelling hill.
So ne'er cold Rain-storm, never South-wind chill
Perturb the picture in their turbid guise,
For to preserve them e'en through summer dries
I will their wastage with these tears refill.

And when Marfisa views my form in you,
Then may my figure, lorn of life and light,
To her clear eyesight framed and formèd be ;
And if she would for me your view unview,
(Showing my sight offends her) may her sight
On pain of seeing me not, herself not see.

CCXVII.

Mil vezes entre sueños tu figura,

(Spanish : by Francisco de Sá de Miranda?).

Amid a thousand dreams thy portraiture
(O lovely Nymph !) I viewed with clearest eye ;
And, more desiring as I more espy,
Fro' dreams I'd wake to 'joy its formosure :
While this my Dreamery's sweetness shall endure,
In vain possession's barren boast live I :
But when my bold Desire would soar so high,
It wakes, falls plat and cowers in shade obscure.

I grieve at waking for the sight o' thee ;
And, tho' my sight to unsee may please thee most,
I'd lief go blind to see the light o' thee ;
But if by sleight I must maintain my post,
And Love would lose me by despight o' thee,
Sans gain the greatest I may not be lost.

CCXVIII.

Mi Gusto y tu Beldad se desposaron,

(Spanish : this by Camoens, or by Dr. Ayres Pinel?).

My Gust thy Beauty made a covert-feme,
 Mine Eyes, for greater ill, being Go-between :
 And such the joyaunce of the twain hath been,
 They bore a lovely bairn and Love his name.
 Both spoilèd him in mode so misbecame
 That, when their happiness seemèd most serene,
 Scant understanding what the loss could mean,
 Lost by their love they found them, Sire and Dame.

But Beauty marièd in such fallacy,
 Brought forth a two-winged monster of appal ;
 And Pride, his father, 'gat Childe Jealousy.
 O Father equal to thy Son in all !
 Who gars the immortal Grandsire mortal be
 And gives the mortal Sire immortal Hall ?

CCXIX.

Si el fuego que me inciente, consumido

(Spanish. Cf. Eclogue V. 36-7).

An the fierce flames that fire me could be laid
 By some Aquarius of a sprite more spry ;
 An I were changèd by the sighs I sigh
 To air dispersèd through the airy stead ;
 If hearing horrible sounds of dread, my dread
 Could 'fright my spirit from my flesh to fly ;
 Or sea receive from ever-weeping eye
 A body molten by the tears it shed ;

Never could irous Fortune so illude
 (With every terror horrible and fere)
 My sprite, and all her glory from her rive.
 For in your Beauty she is merged, transmew'd,
 Nor all the tears that trill to Stygian mere
 Could fro' my memory either boast outdrive.

CCXX.

Que me quereys, perpétuas saudades ?
 (Portuguese : the Tristia again. Cf. Sonn. 93).

Of me what seek you, Thoughts that alway yearn ?
 What are the snaring Hopes you hold in store ?
 Time who once fleeth shall return no more
 And if return he, Youth may not return.
 Years ! a good reason for your flight we learn
 For-that so lightsome, lightly pass ye o'er ;
 Nor all are equal in one flavour, nor
 Shall Will for ever things conform discern.

The friend I lovèd erst is now so changèd
 Well nigh to other ; for the Days this wise
 The gusts of youthtide damaged and derangèd.
 Hopes of new pleasures, joys of novel guise,
 Nor Fortune granteth, nor doth Time estrangèd,
 Who of Content and Happiness are the spies.

CCXXI.

Oh rigurosa ausencia desejada

(Spiritus promptus est, &c. Petrarch, I. 174).

O rigorous Absence I so longed to see
 And ever longed for while 'twas all unknown !
 Longings so feared in the days long flown,
 As now experienced to my misery !
 Already you 've begun right rigorously
 To press your hopes of doing my life undone ;
 You do so much, I fear that woe-begone
 Hope, with my Life opprest, shall cease to be.

The Days most gladsome bring me saddest wail ;
 The Nights in sorrow watch I and discompt ;
 Sans you appear they sans accompt or tale.
 I wait a-famished, and the years accompt ;
 Nonetheless with life of me, in fine, they fail ;
 Nor for my flesh infirm my Soul is prompt.

CCXXII.

Ay ! quien dará a mis ojos una fuente

(Spanish : Jeremiah's Quis dabit, &c. Ch. 9).

Ah ! Who shall give a fountain to these eyne,
 A fount of tear-flood flowing night and day ?
 Perchance my Soul had found some rest and stay
 In weeping passèd time and present syne.
 Ah ! Who shall lend me place apart to pine,
 Tracking my Dolour's trail in obstinate way,
 With tristful Memories and the Phantasy
 O' Weal that fathered such an Ill as mine !

Ah ! Who shall give me words to express the spight,
The hard Unlove which Love for me hath wrought,
Where Patience scantly can avail my plight ?
Ah ! Who shall bare my bosom's veiled thought ?
Where is the Secret writ that shuns the light,
The hidden sorrows all my life have fraught ?

CCXXIII.

Con razon os vays, aguas, fatigando

(Spanish : by the Marquess of Astorga ?).

With reason, Waters ! do ye toil and tire
A glad reception's boon and bourne to gain
And reach the bosom of that boundless Main
Whereto so many days your hopes aspire.
Harrow ! Whose sorrows aye weep Fortune's ire,
Lost hopes of vanities the vainest vain ;
And with the dolours of that tearful rain
Ne'er find, in fine, the goal of fond Desire.

Ye the directest way-line ever spurning,
Fail not the wisht-for scope and end to make,
Howe'er embarrasst by the random round.
But I, through night and day with grief aye yearning !
Albe one pathway I may ne'er forsake,
The wisht-for Haven never never found.

CCXXIV.

O cesse ya, Señor, tu dura mano !

(Spanish : Cf. Canzon IV. 4).

Lighten at length, Lord Love, that heavy hand !
 Nor drive my life to Life's extreme despight.
 Suffice so wasted bides it by thy might
 Not one sound passage may in it be scann'd.
 Ah, strangest Formosure ! Ah, fere command
 Of Fate inhuman aye forbidding flight !
 An of compassion be deprived thy sprite
 Snapt thou shall see, soon see, my vital strand.

A bland Unlove, a Love as blandly fair,
 For one so utter lost were fit, were meet
 For one who ne'er may hope his Ill to guarish.
 And if to see how fare I scant thou care,
 Behold me here surrenderèd at thy feet.
 Flourish thy Fancy ; Go, my Hope ! go perish.

CCXXV.

Dulces engaños de mis ojos tristes ;

(Spanish : to a likeness of his lover ?).

Ye douce Delusions of my doleful eyes,
 What lively sense of Thought in me ye awake !
 That only presence my Content could make
 You turn to shadowy Painture's shadowy dyes.
 You have entender'd with a soft surprise
 My feelings mastered by a sudden quake ;
 Yet not one moment for your promise sake
 Those vainly profferèd boons you made my prize.

I saw the figure was a counterfeit,
Not hers who hideth in herself my Soul,
Tho' here it rival with the natural :
This wise it hears my sighs, thus answers it ;
Thus with my wasted life it doth condole,
As though the copy were the original.

CCXXVI.

Quanto tiempo ha que lloro un día triste,

(Spanish : written during the first exile ?).

How long one tristful day shall I bewail
As though I hopèd joy my life to cheer ?
How is it, Tagus ! whenas course thy clear
Waters, thou dyedst them not my life to swale ?
Veiling my path thou dost my breast unveil,
O my sad Fortune of my weal so near !
Adieu ye Mounts of rarest beauty sheer ;
Adieu my heart that may not burst for bale.

If, where thou dwellest lief and lot-content,
Thou hadst not drunk a draught of Lethe-drain,
In so much Weal such Woes were not forgot.
Singing my Dolours shall my death lament ;
For e'en the senseless Hill with hollow strain
Soundeth hoarse accents to console my lot.

CCXXVII.

Levantay, minhas Tagides, a frente,

(To Dom Theodosio. Cf. Sonn. 20).

High raise your glorious brows, my Tagidès !
 Leaving where Tagus forest-shaded flows :
 Gild ye the rory vale, the dewy rose
 And hill-side hairy with the hanging trees.
 Awhile in absence leave your river-leas ;
 Cease with the numbered verse the lyre to arouse :
 Cease all your labours, Nymphs of formous brows !
 Cease the full current from your fountain flees.

Speed ye to greet Theodosio great and clear,
 To whom in offering of sublimer song
 On golden harp fair-faxt Apollo sings.
 Minerva lends him (rarest meed) her lere ;
 Pallas lends Valour which adaws the throng ;
 And Fame fro' Pole to Pole his rumour wings.

CCXXVIII.

Vós Ninfas da Gangetica espessura

(To the Captain D. Leoniz Pereira, in 1568).

You Nymphs who grace Gangetick coverture !
 In voice sonorous deign sweet praise to outpour
 For the high captain, whom the rosy Aurore
 Saved from the tarnisht sons of Night obscure.
 Mustered the Negro-hordes who, dour and dure,
 Lord it on Aurea-Chersonesian shore,
 From dearest nide to outdrive for evermore
 Men who in might excel Misaventure.

But a strong Lyon, with small company,
 The mighty Manye, fon as fere in fight,
 Defeated, 'feebled, punisht and unmann'd.
 Nymphs ! sing ye joyous songs, for clear you see
 More than Leonidas for Græcia dight
 Did noble Leoniz in Malàca-land.

CCXXIX.

Alma gentil, que á firme Eternidade
 (On Dom A. de Noronha. Cf. Sonn. 12).

Gent Soul ! that unto firm Eternity
 By valour rising, home for aye didst make,
 Here shall endure, and Memory ne'er forsake,
 Our pain and pine with name and fame of thee.
 I n'ote if in such Youth more wonderous be
 To leave man jealous for thy valour's sake ;
 Or if an Adamant-breast, or tooth of Drake,
 Thou hadst compelled to pay Compassion's fee.

Jealous of thine a thousand lots I view,
 While mine is jealousier than all the rest,
 For-that my loss thy loss thus equalleth.
 Oh happy dying ! Sort so sadly blest !
 What thousand ordinary deaths ne'er do
 Thou didst with derring-do of one fair Death.

CCXXX.

Debaxo desta pedra, sepultada

(Epitaph on Dona Caterina?).

She lies ensepulchred below this stone
 Whose noblest beauty was a World-delight ;
 Whom Death of merest envy and despight,
 From Life-tide robbèd ere her day was done ;
 Nowise respecting her, that paragon
 Of gentlest radiance, who the gloomiest night
 Turned into clearest noon ; whose whitest light
 Eclips't the clearest splendours of the Sun.

Truly Sol bribèd thee, thou cruel Death !
 To set him free fro' radiance gart him gloom ;
 Bribed thee the Moon who paled before her ray.
 How haddest thou such power to rob her breath ?
 And, if thou haddest, how so soon couldst doom
 A World-light fade and vade to death-cold clay ?

CCXXXI.

Imagens vãs me imprime a Fantasia ;

(By the Infant Dom Luiz ?).

In me vain fancies Fancy would inlay ;
 Novel discourses all my Thoughts invent ;
 And more my woe-wrung Spirit to torment
 Cares of a century pack in single day.
 Had Thought high object, sooth it were to say
 Hope might discover on what base she lent :
 But Fate ne'er courses with so true intent
 The rights of Reason she will deign to weigh.

Chance led by Fortune oftentimes succeedeth ;
 But an, peraunter, deal they boons victorious
 Favour of Fame for falsehood is notorious.
 Determination Wisdom's worth exceedeth :
 Only by constancy man groweth glorious :
 Only free Souls are digne to be memorious.

CCXXXII.

Quanta incerta esperança, quanto engano !
 ("Catholic verities").

How much of doubtful Hope, how sly a snare !
 How much of Life in lying reverie spent !
 For all fare building with the same intent
 Only on bases where to loss they fare :
 They strive thro' doubtful human life to steer ;
 They trust in words that be mere windy vent ;
 Then through long hours and moments they lament
 The gladdest laughter of a live-long year.

Ne'er let Appearance worth of aught enhance ;
 Intend that Life is but a borrowed store ;
 For the world liveth in a change of chance.
 Then change thy sentiments, be thy care forlore,
 And aye love only that one Esperance
 Which with the Lovèd One lasts evermore.

CCXXXIII.

Mal, que de tempo em tempo vas crescendo ;

(By the Infante Dom Luis?).

Ills ! that fro' time to time so crescive grow ;
Would by one Good I saw you 'companied !
Then should my life-term in repose abide,
Nor feel one fear to sight Death's horrid show.
If man his petty cares to sighs of woe
Convert, and if the sighs new cares provide,
Ah me how prudent ! O how fortified
Weaving his bay-wreath he thro' life shall go !

'Tis time we unremember past Content,
Past with the hopes of joyaunce ever past,
And overtriumph'd by a new Intent :
May living Faith, that holds my Spirit fast,
To caduque derring-do a term present
Whereto past Welfare doomed itself at last.

CCXXXIV.

O quanto melhor he o supremo dia,

(Cupio dissolvi, &c.).

O how far better man's supremest Day,
Douce day of death, than birth-tide's bitter boon !
O how far better is the moment's swoon
That ends so many a year of agony !
Cease to seek other Weals in stubborn way ;
Cease all applièd end of Thoughts high-flown,
Of all that gives contentment one alone
Man's flesh contents, his couch of death-cold clay.

Who doth the Godhead as his steward hold,
The strictest reckoning must before Him set :
Then shall the Shepherd fill the fullest fold.
Sad he that when his latest hour is told,
Hath for his only payment alien sweat,
Since for a money-price his soul he sold !

CCXXXV.

Como podes (ó cego Peccador !)

(A Sermon-sonnet).

How canst (O Sinner blindly gone astray !)
Prolong thine errors taking scanty tent ;
Knowing one Moment sees our life-tide spent,
A span comparèd with Eternal Day ?
Deem not the Judge whose justice none gainsay
Shall spare for sinners torturing punishment
Nor lapse of Time, albe his steps are lent,
Death-day of horriblemst terror shall delay.

Cease then to squander hours, days, months and years
In seeking friendship with thy foeman, Ill ;
Friendship that greater crop of Evil bears.
And, since of such deceits thou knowest thy fill,
For Truth now fly these snares of hopes and fears
And pray His pardon with thy humblest will.

CCXXXVI.

Verdade, Amor, Razão, Merecimento,

(A second Sermon-sonnet).

Verity, Amor, Reason, Meritment
Shall dower with strength and bravery any sprite,
But Time, Mischances, Fate and Fortune's might
O'er this confusèd world hold regiment.
Thousand Effects in brooding thoughts are pent,
While Cause remains unknown to human sight :
But know that more than Life and Death no wight
Can learn by height of man's Intendiment.

Here shall wise Barons high-flown reasons give ;
Yet 'tis Experience 'proves herself most apt :
And thus much-seeing is the safest test.
Here things may happen wherein none believe :
And things believèd are that never hapt.
But CHRIST'S belief is ever bestest best.

CCXXXVII.

De Babel sobre os rios nos sentámos,

(Second Babylonian Sonnet: Cf. Sonn. 194).

On Babylon-waters sunk in woe sat we,
From our douce Home-land ever banishèd
With grounded eye and hands on face bespread,
We wept and pining, Zion ! remembered thee.
Our Harps we hangèd on the willow-tree,
Harps that in other day rare musick shed :
Other the days forsure and other dread ;—
Our Harps we quit to quit sad memory.

They, who had carried off the Captive-throng,
 Bade us upraise a merry-hearted strain :—
 “Sing ye (they say us) hymns of Zion-hill !”
 On such wrong-doing heaped they sorer Ill,
 When foes demanded with tyrannick wrong
 They sing and carol that would weep and 'plain.

CCXXXVIII.

Sobre os rios do Reyno escuro, quando

(Same subject. Cf. Redondilhas, I.).

When, on the Rivers where the black Reign lies,
 Saddened by sorrows for our sins ordained,
 From banisht eyne hot tears in floods we rainèd,
 And sighed we, Holy Zion ! for thee our sighs :
 They who our souls infested tyrant-wise,
 And, aye in error, us their thralls enchainèd ;
 Vainly our psalms and songs to order deignèd,
 When all were silent in our miseries.

Upstood we saying :—“ Howso chaunt our lay,
 Canticles grateful to a God benign,
 When thus His foemen we perforce obey ? ”
 But now, sole Holy Lord ! 'tis my design,
 Leaving of vile extremes the all-vicious way,
 Henceforth to chaunt the Chaunts of Love Divine.

CCXXXIX.

Em Babylonia sobre os rios, quando

(Same subject).

When by the Rivers Babylon doth rail,
 Thou Holy Zion! we remembered thee,
 There sat we pine-full pains of Thought to dree
 And 'parted happiness (hapless !) to bewail.
 Leaving the Harps that here of musick fail
 Our hands up-hanged them on strange willow-tree
 When of the songs we sang (Thy psalmody)
 Insisting foemen fain would hear the tale.

This wise spake we the squadded hostile throngs :—

“How can we sing, in homeless land astray,
 Our songs to Him, His sacred holy songs?”

If I forgot thee best and only stay,
 (My single solace here in sorest wrongs)

Oblivioni detur dextra mea.

CCXL.

Aponta e bella Aurora, Luz primeira,

(Immaculate Conception, “quasi Aurora consurgens”).

Breatheth the fair Aurora, primal Sheen
 That brought high tidings of that clearest Day :
 Busk ye and boun ye, Hearts ! in glad array
 And welcome Her, Life's Messenger ye ween.
 For our Redemption born is a Go-between
 Thy joy, O Heavenly Kingdom ! haste display ;
 Soon shalt thou hallow earth with heavenly sway,
 Soon shall from Heaven our fête by Thee be seen.

Marvelleth Nature such pure work to sense ;
Shudder with fear confused the Realms infernal,
Seeing Her born exempt fro' Sin's offence.
'Twas general Law that ruled thro' Time's Eternal :
But He, the Lord of Law, pure Excellence,
For Sanctuary guarded thee, Maternal.

CCXLI.

Porque a Terra no Ceo se agasalhasse,
(The Incarnation. Cf. Sonn. 299).

That Earth in Heaven mote asylum find
God for a Heaven on Earth asylum fand :
There not containing, here a place He plann'd,
For He more largeness There from Here design'd.
That by the Godhead rise to God mankind
For men the Godhead deigned to be enmann'd :
So lowered His height divine to human stand
That mote the human grow to be divine'd.

Look what gave He and what we gave in lieu :
Ne'er fade such blessingfro' man's heart memorious :
He gave us boon of life ; His life we slew.
He changed for pains of sin His reign all-glorious :
He dealt us Triumphs which to Him were due :—
Love was the Doer of such Deed victorious.

CCXLII.

Que estila a Arvore sacra? Hum licor santo.

(The Crucifixion : an Amœbæan).

What drips the Holy Tree?—"A Saintly tear."
 For whom?—"For all who be of human strain."
 What use hath it?—"Tis medicine sovereign."
 Wherefore?—"For worldly sins and weeping drear."
 How may it work?—"To Luzbel mighty fear."
 Why so?—"Because his apple bred such bane."
 What bane?—"With single snare he saw us slain."
 Hath it such power?—"Such power right clear we
 speer."
 Who goes up-Cross?—"He that from Heaven came
 down." [invade."
 Came down and why?—"That Man high Heaven
 What then of Earth would He?—"In Heaven to 'throne."
 Leads there a ladder? "Yea, securely stay'd."
 Who obligèd Him?—"Victorious Love alone."
 What loved this Maker thus?—"The thing He
 made."

CCXLIII.

Oh! Arma unicamente só triunfante,

(Of Dom Sebastiam's Banner? Cf. Sonn. 351).

Oh one and only Arm, victorious Vaunt,
 And single Valvarte of the lives of men,
 Whereby our losses gainèd purest gain,
 Losses that joyèd Tartarus' horrid haunt!
 Follow the Church's Banner militant,
 Which to such holy victories can attain,
 For hosts of spirits, weaned from errors vain,
 Here overwander Ponent, there Levant.

O Tree Sublime, with marquetry engrail'd
 Of white and cramoisie and patine'd gold,
 With richest rubin crusted and amail'd
 And deckt with Trophies of a worth untold !
 Death to Life dealt in Thee our eyne beheld,
 That Life-in-Death we might thro' Thee behold.

CCXLIV.

Aos homẽes hum só Homem pos espanto,
 (Sam Joam Baptista ; venit in testimonium).

One Man man's nature with high marvel prankt,
 Prankt with such marvel for humanity,
 Mortal as man yet Angel-pure was He,
 For-that with saintly souls ere born He rankt.
 He was a Prophet when in womb enflankt ;
 Amid the highmost high was his degreẽ,
 Who (without seeing) the Great Light could see,
 Having for Tromp the Logos Sacrosanct.

He was that Voice, whose loud canorous call
 Rang through the concave of the resonant sphere ;
 'Twas his the Sinless Body to baptise ;
 His Ear the Father's loving Voice could hear ;
 He to the subtle question, mystical,
 Gave gentling answer in sincerest guise.

CCXLV.

Vós só podeys, sagrado Evangelista,
(To the discipulus quem diligebat, &c.).

You only, consecrate Evangelist !
Angel of love-brent Seraph-origin ;
And in all kenning to the Cherubs kin,
Could be of learnedest Love the Annalist.
Divine and Kingly Erne ! whose glances wist
One Who was endless and did ne'er begin ;
Of Jacob best belovèd Benjamin,
Prower than Joseph in the champion's list.

Apostle-envoy, Prophet, Patriarch ;
Who from the Prince of Heaven most favour won ;
And, on His bosom sleeping, most could sight.
You whom the Godhead marked with brother-mark ;
You of the perfect Mother chosen Son,
Enjoy the clearest day in flesh and sprite !

CCXLVI.

Como louvarey eu, Serafim santo,
(St. Francis of Assisi).

How shall I, holy Seraph ! hymn the praise
Of such humility, such penitence ?
Chastity, Povert, Patience so immense,
In these mine artless, unadornèd lays ?
Theme which the Muses' very choir affrays,
Dumbing most eloquent grandiloquence.
O Species dight by Holy Providence
Who Self for weal so great in you displays.

You, of the Saintly Brethren rarest mine,
Sent thousand thousand Souls to heavenly goal
From a lost world you healèd sound and whole ;
You stole not only with your learned line
The wills of mortals, but the Will Divine,
When His five Rubies from His Wounds you stole.

CCXLVII.

Ditosas Almas, que ambas juntamente
(Epitaph on husband and wife.)

Ye happy Spirits ! who at once in twain
Flew to the sky of Love, the Venus-sky,
Where Goods enjoyèd here with joys that fly,
Enjoy ye now with joys that e'er remain.
That so contented state ye held so fain,
Whose brief endurance was its sole annoy,
Now you have changèd for more joyous joy,
Whose bliss aye waxing ne'er shall wane nor wane.

Sad he that here must live his life begirt
By lover-fineness, by Love's agonies
Whose growth of glory groweth greater grief !
Sad ! for my sufferings ne'er my pains appease ;
And Love has dealt me, for a sorer hurt,
A life so large for Evil so unlief.

CCXLVIII.

Contente vivi já, vendome isento

(Written for a friend?).

Content I livèd erst, when seeing me free
 From Ills I saw bewailèd by their prey :
 They clepe him Love, I clepe him other way
 Discord, Unreason, Warfare, Misery.
 The name bewitchèd every Thought of me,
 Who by such name could fail to fare astray ?
 Now am I such, I dread to see the day
 When naught of suffering I am doomed to see.

With long despairing and a longing sprite
 He pays the sorrows I for him must brook,
 And e'en mine Evils ill his heart can rest.
 Then, on so many Ills I still must sight
 (To deal me thousand more) an angel look,
 And not to heal them an enhardened breast.

CCXLIX.

Deixa Apolo o correr taõ apressado,

(Application unknown).

Forego, Apollo, thy so hasty course ;
 Chase not the Nymph whose pride is sans Compare :
 Leads thee not Love, thy leader is a snare
 Which brings with shadowed weal woes doubly worse.
 And granted Love it were, 'twere love by force ;
 And if 'tis forcèd 'twill misfortune bear,
 Then spare a semblance more than mortal fair,
 Nor see a treën shape its charms encorse.

Nil thou to forfeit for one vain 'Content
The sight that maketh all thy life contented :
In thine own favour moderate thine Intent :
Less evil 'tis, with her to sight presented,
To dree her coyness and thy pains lament,
Than feel the loss of her for aye absented.

CCL.

Nas Cidades, nos bosques, nas florestas,
(To Our Lady of the Martyrs, at Punhete ?).

In bosque and forest, in the mart and meet,
In vales, on wooded mountain-range thy praise
Shepherds shall ever sing with tuneful lays,
Thro' coolth of morning, through the noontide-heat.
And in this Temple, where thou dost repeat
The boons thou dealest in thy blessed ways,
With Psalm and Hymn and floral Wreaths thy Days
Thy Holy Days mankind ne'er fail to greet !

These offer hands, those feet before thy Fane ;
Those on thine altars hang a votive store
Of deep-sea monster and the prison chain.
But I my cares, my snares, my ban, my bane,
(Horrider monsters) and a myriad more,
Bring thee for gifts wi' Longings longed in vain.

CCLI.

Vi queixosos de Amor mil namorados,

(Petrarch : femmina è cosa mobil. Part I. Sonn. 131).

I saw a thousand lovers Love betwyte,
 None saw I ever give dear Love his due :
 And whoso loudest loves at Love to shrew
 I see the latest fro' his cares take flight :
 If an Love's dolours do you such despite
 Why thus Love's dolours do you seek and sue ?
 And, if Love's dolours you as favours view,
 Why are they dolours by you lovers hight ?

Think not to find of joyaunce smallest boon
 In Love, for sadness is his life and law ;
 In smiling Fortune when her Smiles you see.
 In Him and Her I fand the self-same Moon,
 A Moon whose constancy the world ne'er saw
 Save the consistentest inconstancy.

CCLII.

Se lagrimas choradas de verdade

(Cf. Eclogue V. 10).

If tears in torrents and in truth beshed
 Could soften marble howso dour and dure,
 Why should not mine begot of Love so pure
 Quicken a bosom to compassion dead ?
 For you my freedom, Dame ! I forfeitèd,
 Nor of my proper life I live secure :
 Break of your cruel will the castled mure ;
 Nor let your rigour to extremes be sped.

To prize despisal make, in fine, a fine :
None call you Cruel, name to her well due
Who the fon sigh-full lover flouts to shame.
Teach, then, your stony breast some ruth to rue
In what regards you ; 'tis no right of mine :
For I adventure Life—you 'venture name.

CCLIII.

Ja me fundey en vãos contentamentos
(Autobiographic).

Erst upon vain Contents I based my mind
When lived I wholly snarèd by the snare
Of one phantastick Good, of single Care
Cared for by nothing save by Thought struck blind.
Through days and hours and moments I repine'd
This load of guiling Love's sore weight to bear,
For I held only him as Fortune's heir
Who for Love only ofttest drank the Wind.

But now that true account I come to know,
I am wholly undeceived of his deceit ;
For Time gives all things, Time shall all discourse.
Least shall the fullest Love his brim o'erflow ;
His joys are richest (this I ne'er did weet)
Whoso of Love-wealth lives the poorest poor.

CCLIV.

Em huma lapa, toda tenebrosa,

(A Scherzo : written for a friend ?).

Deep in a cavern gloomed with gathered night,
 Where beat the billows raging wild and wood,
 With hand supporting cheek (as saw I) stood
 A Nymph of gentlest mien in care-full plight :
 As black in mourning as in beauty bright,
 Her eyne distillèd seed o'pearl in flood ;
 And briny ocean stayed his boisterous mood
 A thing so sightly and so woe to sight.

At whiles she viewed the horrid steepy Head
 With her soft eyne, whose glance of sweetest lure
 Sufficed his stony core with care to melt.
 And in her angel-voice at length she said :—
 “ Ah me, how oft they most lack Adventure
 To whom Dame Nature most of merit dealt.”

CCLV.

Se em mim (ó Alma) vive maes lembrança

(Sufistical).

If in me other memory live, O Sprite !
 Of aught beyond my boast of lo'ing you,
 Lost be the joys I 'joy when viewing you
 And lose I even Hope to see your sight.
 Be seen in me so coy and rustick wight
 That undeserves to boast of knowing you ;
 May the more good I would be doing you
 Only offend you if I change my plight.

I stand confirmèd and this fact maintain ;
 By your most cruel will my love be weigh'd ;
 On me your harshness prove its hard disdain.
 A Truth so truthful I to heart have laid
 Sithence in plighted troth of purest strain
 What Will I had your tributary I made.

CCLVI.

Ilustre Gracia, nombre de una moça.

(Spanish : Parody of Garcilasso : Sonn. 24).

Illustrious Gràcia ! name of Spinster known,
 First-come of witches, and alike in case.
 To Mondoñedo, Palma, limping Thrasse,
 The magick mitre ever digne to don.
 If in the middle of the Church have shown
 The veil (down-falling) your all-shameless face,
 Of you shall clamour all men, high and base,
 "See how the Devil wantoneth with his own !"

She moveth mountains fro' their 'stablished' stead ;
 Her words the courses of the tides command ;
 Her spells through sea-waves drive a dry foot-
 way.
 Blusheth her birthplace and rich Tage runs red,
 Who for her beareth more of man than sand,
 So shall large tribute some to Hell defray.

CCLVII.

Qual tem a borboleta por costume,

(The Poet and the Moth).

Even as Nature's ure the Night-moth dooms,
 Allured and spell-bound by the taper's light,
 To wheel in thousand gyres until her flight
 Now in cremation ends, now self consumes :
 So run I to the ray my Soul illumes,
 Fired, fair Aonia ! by this eyen-light
 And burn me, howsoe'er my cautious sprite
 To free the rational part of me presumes.

I know man's Sight for a daring visionist ;
 How high the human Thought will soar and strain ;
 And how my life to death I surely gave.
 But Amor wills not any him resist,
 Nor my soul wills it, which in torment-pain
 E'en as in greater gloire is glad to live.

CCLVIII.

Lembranças de meu bem, doces lembranças,

(Written by Martim de Crasto ?).

Memories of happiness mine ! douce Memories
 That aye so lively in my Soul remain,
 Crave ye no more of me, for all the gain
 I gained you see how Change has made her prize.
 Ay blindfold Love ! Ay Hope's dead vanities
 That could in other days my strength sustain !
 Now shall you leave him who endured your pain
 And every trust shall fly with Life that flies.

Yea, trust shall fly with Life, since Adventure
Stole in one moment all that Boast so glorious
Which, grown to greatest growth, shall least endure.
Oh! would Remembrance fleet with joys memorious,
At least my spirit mote abide secure
With her to win a victory more victorious.

CCLIX.

Fermosos olhos, que cuidado days
(Carpe diem. Cf. Garcilasso : Sonn. 5).

Beautiful eyes which deal an envious care
To very light of Sunshine purest pure !
That Sol's all-fairest sheeniest formosure
You leave surpast with splendour sans Compare.
If an ye flout (for that ye shine so fair)
Love's fineness, ever lief your heart to 'lure,
See now, sith much you see, may not endure
Your charms resplendent as you would they were.

Pluck, pluck of fleet-foot Time, the fugitive,
And of your beauty, fairest doucest fruit
In vain desired ere full-ripe it grew.
To me, who die for you, for you who live,
Make Love pay tribute due to loving suit,
Happy to pay the tax was due to you.

CCLX.

Pues siempre sin cessar, mis ojos tristes,

(Spanish : to a dame who sent him a tear 'twixt two plates).

My lamentable Eyne ! when aye ye wone
Tearfully treating night and treating day,
See an be this true Tear that doth convey
That Sun which oft tide made you shed your own.
If you assure me that your sight have shown
The Tear a Tear, 'twill be my sort and stay ;
And, from this hour, I'll hold in wisest way
Were shed the many shed for her alone.

But whatsoever thing much coveted,
Tho' we behold it, fails our faith to gain ;
Much less this mister thing ne'er 'maginèd.
Still I assure you, though the Tear you feign,
Enough the Tear to me for Tear you sped
That I this Tear for Tear shall e'er maintain.

CCLXL

Tem feito os olhos neste apartamento

(By Pedro da Cunha?).

Have shed these eyelids, in this banishment,
Of after-yearnings a tempestuous sea,
Which added pining to the pine of me
And upon sentiment heaped sentiment.
My sufferings turn to pangs which aye torment,
Pity is turned to pitiless penalty ;
And so is Reason wrecked by Will that she
Enslaves to Evil mine intendiment.

Tongue ne'er attaineth what the Soul can sense ;
And so, if any wish at any hour
To ken what bin uncomprehended Grief,
Leave he his lover, and experience
That before parting I had lesser stowre
To part from living better to have Life.

CCLXII.

A Peregrinação de hum pensamento

(By Martim de Crasto ?).

The Pilgrimaging of a Thought intent,
Which of mine Ill makes habit and costume,
Doth of my sorry life so much consume,
As grow the causes that my soul torment.
By grief of suffering sufferance goeth spent ;
But so is spent my Soul no lights illumine,
That wrapt in Weal whereto she dares presume,
Of Evils hent in hand she takes no tent.

Afar I feared (as though could Fear protect)
What dangers drumming at the door I see,
When in me nothing find I safe or sure.
But now I reck (O never had I reckt !)
That man's poor wits in Love's captivity,
Save cure of Fortune ne'er shall know a cure.

CCLXIII.

Achome da Fortuna salteado,

(By Martim de Crasto?).

I find me waylaid by that bandit Fate ;
Time fleeth flitting with his fleetest flight,
Leaving me doubtful of my life's own light
And every moment driven more desperate.
To Care so care-full changed my careless State ;
Where gloire is greatest groweth grisliest blight :
Nor live I fearing loss with aught affright,
Nor for regain of me in trust I wait.

Whatever bird abide in wildest hill,
Whatever bestial in his lair repose,
All have glad hours ; mine all are sad with spleen.
You, Eyne ! aye pining by your proper will
(For Love defrays me with his torment-woes)
Weep when you see the scene your sight hath
seen.

CCLXIV.

Se no que tenho dito vos offendo,

(F. y S. ends. By Dr. Alvaro Vaz?).

If aught I haply said your heart offend,
'Twas no desire of mine in aught to offend you ;
For though my merits ne'er pretence pretend you,
Ne'er to dismerit you will I pretend.
But sure my Fate is such (as I intend),
Whate'er I gainèd striving to intend you,
Hereto hath never made me comprehend you,
For I my proper self misapprehend.

The Days, with aidance lent by Adventure,
Each man and every from illusion wean ;
While misadventure undeceives no fewer.
Which better serves me may declare my teen
Or joys I erst enjoyèd, while endure
This life so large that years so few hath seen:

P A R T I I .

(Nos. 265-301).

CCLXV.

Doce contentamento já passado,

(Autobiographic).

Sweetest Content that was with joys that were,
Wherein consisted all the Weal I knew ;
Who thus your dear companionship withdrew
And left me lonesome far fro' you to fare ?
Who rekt to see him in this state of care
While those brief hours by joyaunce featherèd flew,
When giglet Fortune gave consent I view
My cares full feeding upon sleight and snare ?

My Fortune 'proved her coy and cruel elf,
She caused my losses, she and only she
From whom all caution were but wasted pains.
Nor let created thing deceive itself,
No sort prevention man shall ever free
To fly those evils which his star ordains.

CCLXVI.

Sempre, cruel Senhora, receei,

(Complaining of infidelity).

Ever, my cruel Faire ! with fear I strave,
Your un-trust viewing with a meting glance,
Lest grow to' Unlove your tardy dalliance ;
Lest, since I love you, self I fail to save.
Perish, in fine, whate'er Hope bade me crave,
Since you on other love build esperance :
Now shall so puissant be your change and chance
As ever hid I what to you I gave.

I gave you life and sent ; I gave my sprite ;
O'er all this *me* I gave you lordship-power ;
You promise love and promised love deny.
Now am I suchwise, so forlorn of plight,
I ken not whither wend I, but some hour
Heavy on you shall this remembrance lie.

CCLXVII.

Fortuna em mim guardando seu direito

(Autobiographic).

Fortune o'er me reserving rightful Hest
In green my Joyaunce joyed to cast away.
O how much Happiness ended on that day
Whose sad Remembrance burneth in my breast !
All contemplating, my suspicion guess'd
For Weal so pleasant this surcease must pay
Lest every worldling say and truly say
That world-deceits can breed of Weals the best.

But an my Fortune (to discount me bent)
Dealt me such Blessing and such Sentiment lent me
Of Memory, only to destroy me lent ;
How then can blame me Suffering this wise sent me,
If the same cause it useth to torment,
I hold best cause to bear what Ills torment me ?

CCLXVIII.

Se a Fortuna inquieta, e mal olhada,
(Answer to one who praised him).

If aye-unquiet Fortune evil-eyed,
Loving the justest laws of Heaven to infame,
That quiet life, which doth her Unlove claim,
Would grant me, 'joying honest restful tide :
Haply my Muse by happiness glorified
In light more ardent, in a livelier flame,
Our Tagus bedded in his patial frame
With lilt of lyre beloved had lullaby'd :

But since my Destiny, dealing toil and moil
That dark my weakling Muse so weary faring,
Doth to such high-toned praise deny consent ;
Then let your Muse, of generous laud unsparing,
Seek other subject of a higher coil,
And to the admiring World yourself present.

CCLXIX.

Este amor que vos tenho limpo, e puro,
 ("Worth half The Lusiads," said Bocage).

This Love for you I keep so chaste and pure,
 No touch of villain purpose can abate,
 Dating from tenderest age his earliest date,
 I strive this only in this soul endure.
 That it shall nowise change I wone secure,
 Sans fear of any freak or false of Fate,
 Or Good supremely good, or sorriest state,
 Or Present safe, or Future aye unsure.

Fast fades the Daisy and the flowers go die,
 Winter and Summer strew them all a-field,
 For my love only 'tis eternal May :
 But, Ladye ! seeing you every grace deny,
 And seeing your thankless heart no favour yield,
 My love misleads me lost in sore dismay.

CCLXX.

Se grande gloria me vem só de olhar-te,
 (Variant of No. 148).

If be my greatest glory but to view thee,
 'Tis grief unequal when my sight forlore thee ;
 If by my merits I presume implore thee,
 Full dear I pay the false desires that sue thee :
 If as thou art with praises I approve thee,
 I know that I, as I, offend before thee.
 If ill I will me for-that I adore thee,
 What prize can seek I higher than to love thee ?

Extremes of love-pains these I bear so woe,
Ah my sweet glory ! Ah my treasury !
And when I deem them gone again they grow.
This wise my Memory holds one only Thee ;
I n'ote an I be live or dead, I know
That Battle's properest end be Victory.

CCLXXI.

A formosura desta fresca serra,
(Of Cintra, or perhaps of Ceuta).

These Mountain-beauties of the freshest green,
These verdant chestnuts shedding shadows chill ;
The unhurried rail of many a murmurous rill,
Banishing sorrow from the gladding scene :
Hoarse Ocean-whispers ; regions strange, seldseen ;
Sol slowly westering 'neath the horizon-hill ;
The clustering flocks and herds that linger still,
Cloud-armies battling in the blue Serene :

In fine, whatever rarest fairest Nature
Offers with prodigal show of varied store,
Dealeth me (thee unseen) but sore unweal :
Sans thee all 'noyeth me who all abhor ;
Sans thee I feel and shall for ever feel
In greatest gladness sadness even greater.

CCLXXII.

Sospechas, que en mi triste phantasia

(Spanish : by Garcilasso ?).

Doubts that my dolorous phantasies affright !
 Still on my senses warfare ye declare,
 Stirring, re-stirring in this breast my care,
 And mar with cruel hand my day, my night :
 Now my Resistance hath forlore his might ;
 Now doth my Spirit her defence forbear :
 I own you victor, and repenting fare
 I ever fought you with such obstinate fight.

Then bear me sudden to that awesome stead
 Where not to see my doom ensculptured shown,
 Hereto mine eyelids strove I closed to keep.
 Now I ground weapons, for to hold his own
 And hold so hard, the World a wretch forbade :
 Then all my spoilings on your charet heap !

CCLXXIII.

Sustenta meu viver huma esperança

(Suspecting infidelity).

Only one single Hope my life sustaineth
 Derived fro' single Good I so desire,
 For when it plighteth me a troth entire
 My greatest doubt fro' smallest change obtaineth :
 And when this Welfare highest place attaineth,
 Raising my raptured Soul to height still higher,
 To see *him* win such Weal inflames my ire
 For-that his Sovenance place for you disdaineth.

Thus in this net-work so enmeshed I wone,
My life I hardly give, for aye sustenting
A novel matter heapt on cares I own.
Sighings of sadness from my bosom venting,
Musick'd by whizzing shot of cannon-stone,
I fare, these wretched matters still lamenting.

CCLXXIV.

Já não sinto, Senhora, os desenganos,
(Another complaint of infidelity).

No more, Madàme ! feel I false hopes and fears
Wherewith your coying aye my fondness tried,
Nor sight I guerdon to my love denied,
Guerdon deservèd by the faith of years.
Lone I my loss beweepe, lone shed my tears,
When seeing, Ladye ! who my place supplied :
But here you single-handed 'venged my pride
On your ungrateful sprite, your snares, your fleers

Gives double glory whatso vengeance
The Wight offended taketh on the Offender,
When satisfaction comes in righteous way :
But now your coyness, your ill change and chance
I see their vengeance-debt so fully render,
E'en I pray never so high price you pay.

CCLXXV.

Que pôde já fazer minha Ventura,

(A Complaint: autobiographic).

What now can Fortune to my lot secure
That shall have power with joy my life to grace ?
Or how foundations of my Future base
On baseless visions evermore unsure ?
What pain so certain, or what pang so dure,
That can be greater than my gruesome case ?
How shall to any fear my Thought give place
If all mine evils but my Thoughts depure ?

Like one who learneth in his youth the craft
Of eating Poisons blent with cunning skill,
Whose ancient usance breeds immunity :
Thus I, accustomed to the venom-draught,
And used to sufferance of my present ill,
Feel naught of feeling for futurity.

CCLXXVI.

Quando cuido no tempo, que contente

(Sufistical).

As I o'ermuse times passèd, when content
I saw the seed-of-pearl, snow, rose and gold,
Like one who seeth vision'd Wealth untold,
Meseems the Present doth my Past present ;
But, in the passing of such Accident,
When I so far fro' you my death behold,
I fear lest every Thought ill-bode unfold,
I fear lest Fancy fain herself absent :

The days are many since by aventure
I saw you, Ladye ! (an so dare I say)
With eyne of heart that naught of fear could see.
Now in so hapless case am I unsure
E'en of my Fancy and your 'noyous way :
This bin a riddle I may never ree.

CCLXXVII.

Quando, Senhora, quiz amor qu' amasse
(Written for a friend?).

When Love, my Ladye ! willèd that I love
This great perfection and this gentle gree,
He straight gave sentence that the cruelty
Which fills your bosom growth of love should prove.
He willèd nothing me fro' you remove,
Ne dure disfavour ne asperity ;
But on my spirit rare in constancy
Your cruel coyness work its will behoove.

And sithence here you see me offering you
This your own Spirit for your sacrifice,
Cease, cease to glut your greed of cruel Will.
Deem not, my Ladye ! larger life my due,
These ceasing Days shall die with one device,
My faith defending, true and loyal still.

CCLXXVIII.

Eu vivia de lagrimas isento,

(Autobiographic).

Exempt fro' tears I wended life-tide's way,
 In one delightful and deceived creed ;
 However richer another amourist's meed,
 A thousand glories for one pang ne'er pay.
 Seeing mine inner man such thoughts obey,
 No Wealth an envious wish in me could breed ;
 Lively I livèd, had of dread no heed,
 With doucest sentiment, Love's doucest fay.

Greedy was Fortune ; straightway she bereft
 My life of lightsome, glad, contented lot,
 And, as it never were, Weal turned to stowre :
 In change of which my Welfare here she left
 Memories that do me dead at every hour,
 Bringing to memory Weals that now are not.

CCLXXIX.

Indo o triste Pastor todo embebido

(Subject unknown).

The tristful Shepherd dolour-drowned would hie
 In shadowy visions of the sweetest Sent,
 And to the legier windlets made lament,
 The while his spirit sighed its softest sigh :
 " To whom complain me, lost and blinded I,
 For sticks and stones discoure no sentiment ?
 Whom speak ? On whom my tale of torment vent ?
 Where call I loudest least is heard my cry !

"O lovely Nymph? Why deign thou not respond?
 Why hold so precious e'en a glance, a sight?
 Why cause my querele ever 'plain my woe?
 "The more I seek thee more thou dost abscond!
 The worse thou seest me harder sets thy sprite!
 Thus with mine Evil must its Causes grow."

CCLXXX.

De hum taõ felice engenho, produzido
 (Elegiacs to D. Simam da Silveira).

That happy genius thine, begot and grown
 By other, clearest Sol saw naught more bright,
 It suits to nourish mind wi' Thoughts high-flown
 All digne of praises, all with marvel dight.
 A long-gone writer was Musæus hight,
 A Sage and Poet allwheres man-beknown,
 Taught by the Lover of the tuneful Sprite
 Who made Internals hang his tones upon.

His lay the mute-surd mountain-range could shake,
 Singing that Ill whereof felt I the sting,
 The Abydos Youngling by his wits forsake:
 Now tell the self-same tale (I hear them sing)
 Tasso and our Boscam, who both outspake
 The blinding movements of the bisson King.

CCLXXXI.

Dizei, Senhora, da belleza idéa ;

(Half-satirical : Petrarch, Part I. Sonnet 30).

Beauty's ideal, Ladye ! deign me say
 For weaving tresses of that aureate shine
 Where yode you finding gold refined so fine,
 Fro' what dark mine or vein of precious ley ?
 Those eyne how robbed they such Phœbèan ray ?
 Whence this grave gracious favour, empery-digne ;
 Or did you win them by the Lere Divine
 Or haply used Medea's gramarye ?

Fro' what sea-wombèd shell did you select
 The pearls of precious Oriental beam,
 Shown in sweet laughing smiles that bliss and
 bless us ?

Since you enform'd you as you did elect,
 Mount guard on self ; shun see your sight a-stream,
 Fly every fountain : Ne'er forget Narcissus.

CCLXXXII.

Na ribeira do Euphrates assentado,

(Ecce iterum Babylonia !)

I sat me lonesome on Euphrates-shore,
 And fand me talking things of memory,
 Of that brief blessing and that high degree
 In thee, sweet Zion ! I had known of yore.
 Asking the causes of my state forlore
 Quoth they :—" Why singst thou not the history
 Of weal that went, of that supremacy
 Which o'er all Evils made thee Conqueror ?

“ Knowst not man lulleth by the sound of song
Woes howsoever dire and rigorous-dure ?
Sing then, nor weeping thus expend thy breath ! ”
Sighing I answered, “ Whenas wax so strong
Man’s after-yearnings, Pity cannot cure
By voice of singing : Pity deals us death. ”

CCLXXXIII.

El vaso relusiente, y crystalino,

(Spanish : on a present of perfume : not by Camoens?).

That Vial lucident and chrystalline,
“ Angeles-water,” limpid, odorous,
Enwrap in silkiest silk, and rosiest rose
And bound with tresses from the golden mine :
Right plain appearèd it some Gift divine,
Wrought by the Art most artful art endows
Of that blanch Nymph, whose grace more gracious
shows
Than ruby blushing in the Morn’s sunshine :

This Vial your body figureth to the viewer,
Entreaked by members of the fairest fair
And in its Perfume breathes your spirit pure ;
The silk your blanchness showeth, and the hair
Makes binding fetters ; such the ligature
That chained my Freedom with so facile snare.

CCLXXXIV.

Chorai Nymphas, os fados poderosos

(The subject unknown).

Bewail, ye Nymphs ! the fiat of fatal might
 Which could that sovran loveliness bewray.
 Say whither farèd (to the tomb a prey)
 Those Eyne so gracious lit with royal light ?
 O worldly welfare, snare-fraught, strong of sleight !
 What grief to hear that such all-lovely May
 Lies reft of splendour in the Grave's dure clay—
 Such face of beauty, locks so wonder-bright !

What shall to others hap, since Death had power
 Over a Being of such shine and sheen
 Eclipsing clearest rays of brightest day !
 But ne'er deservèd her this mundane scene,
 Wherefore she deignèd stay on Earth no more,
 And to her home (the Heavens) she winged her way.

CCLXXXV.

Senhora já desta alma, perdoai

(Written for a friend ?).

Ladye my Spirit's now liege lord ! condone
 Of one Love-conquered madness-pain and pine,
 And with those eyes bestow one glance benign
 On this pure passion by my Spirit shown.
 On my pure faith (naught else) your glance be thrown,
 See of mine èxtreme woes the subtle sign ;
 And if of any pain you deem them digne,
 Avenge you, Ladye mine ! on me alone.

Let not the grief that burns my grief-full breast
Cause pain and sorrow aye my bosom tear—
The heart Love vassal'd e'er to do your hest.
Restrain you, Ladye ! lest some few declare
That in so beauteous object, rarely blest,
Ingratitude to dight her dwelling dare.

CCLXXXVI.

Quem vos levou de mim, saudoso estado,
(Written for a friend ?).

Who fro' me robbèd you, O wistful State !
Which on my Reason such Unreasons tried ?
Who was't for whom I was so soon denied,
Forgetting all the Weal whilòm so great ?
You changed my resting for unresting fate,
And in its cruel harshness bade me 'bide ;
You have denayed me faith to me affied,
When to your truth I gave the most of weight.

I lived withouten fear of aught so woe ;
Fortune, who dealeth all by her decree,
Unlove for love returned me to my cost.
That naught availeth this my case I know,
Man is born wailing—'tis but just that he
Pay with his wailing what he loved and lost.

CCLXXXVII.

Diversos casos, varios pensamentos

(Petrarch, I. 14).

Differing cases, Thought of varied sents
 So bring confusèd mine Intendiment,
 That now in nothing see I least Content,
 Save when Contentments end in Miscontents.
 In various cases, various sentiments
 Befall, for showing to our sentiment
 Man's aspirations are but windy vent
 When rest he painteth based on vain intents.

That long discourses breed Desire we see,
 When comes Occasion time and tide deranging,
 And care unreck's Impossibility :
 Th' unjust one standeth where the just should be ;
 We view hard hills their fixt foundations changing ;
 I, only I, unchangèd dule must dree.

CCLXXXVIII.

Doce sonho, suave, e soberano,

(Traum—Schaum. Cf. Boscam, 61).

Sweet Dream of joyaunce suavest, sovereign,
 Would for a longer time it lasted me !
 Ah, had no waking spoilt my dreamery,
 Such disillusion, such ungain to gain !
 Ah Good delicious ! Ah douce snaring bane !
 Could I for larger space its trickery see,
 If then my life had fled her misery,
 For pride and pleasure I to die were fain.

Happy was I-not-I when visions showed
The Weal I hoped to see with broad-wake eyes.
Look ye what payment doth fro' Fate befall !
In fine when I-not-I such blessing owed,
There was some reason for my luck in Lies,
Since in the things of Truth my luck was small.

CCLXXXIX.

Diana prateada, esclarecida

(Of the type jocose).

Dian enlightenèd with silvern light,
The light hot Phœbus to his sister lent,
Being of very nature lucident,
Shone forth her radiance as in mirror pight.
Ten myriad million graces deckt her sight,
When to mine eyes appeared that excellent
Ray of your proper semblance, different
In grace and love fro' what before was dight.

Such full of favours I a-sudden seeing
And eke, so near to being all your own,
Lauded the moonlit hours, night's clear-obscure:
By night you dealt my Love his very being,
Wherefore I gather clear, by night alone
And ne'er by day-light is my luck secure.

CCXC.

A lá en Monte Rei, en Bal de Laça,
(In Gallego dialect : to Violante, spinning).

There on the Monte Rey, in Val de Lace,
I saw Biolante by a river-bed,
So sweet a seeing 'twas, I chilled with dread
When seen in mortal gear immortal grace :
From long fair distaff drew my Shepherdess
The silken thread a-spinning, when I said,
"Behold me dying, shear my life-tide's thread !"
Quoth she, "I shear it not, pass safe apace !"

"How pass apace when here I'd wone in stead ?
And if I pass (quoth I) 'tis danger pure ;
For without spirit bides a body dead."
"By this my life thou robbest ! rest thou sure
Thou die not Shepherd !"—"Shepherdess I dread ;
Meseems my biding be the more secure."

CCXCI.

Porque me faz, amor, inda acá torto,
(Gallego : to the same).

Why, Love ! here, even here, so work my bane ?
Betide thee, shameless god, a doom as dread !
Low carlish lad, a guide that so misled
To see Biolante who my life has slain.
I saw her, never to see hythe again,
Nor find me (hapless I !) a resting stead
The floods of sorrow at the Ford I shed
Shall prove its comfort when as lacketh rain.

Right well thy Cyprian Mother to my sight
A pitiful Mundane shows, sans honesty ;
Sans-loy, false-hearted, cruel, tyrannous Wight :
For, were she other than this self-same She
A kindness so unkind thou ne'er hadst dight,
Nor she such cruel beast had been for me.

CCXCII.

Em quanto Phebo os montes accendia

(Classical).

While Phœbus flamed the fells with rosy ray
And fro' mid-Heaven rainèd cloudless light,
To 'fend her maiden flower fro' bane and blight,
Delia in chasing passed the live-long day.
Venus, sly threading firmamental way
To win Anchises' will in loving fight,
Seeing Diana's honest, modest plight
By way of jeering this wise said her say :—

“Thou with thy net-work seekst the coverture
Fugitive roebucks meshing in thy toil ;
My toils man's very senses captivate !”
“Twere better” (gave reply the goddess pure)
In these my meshes legier bucks to encoil
Than thou therein be netted by thy mate !”

CCXCIII.

Se de vosso formoso, e lindo gesto

(Abounds in Variants).

If from your fairy form and graceful geste
 Bloomed pretty blossoms to delight man's eye-sight,
 Which for man's bosom be the durest eye-blight,
 In me stands provèd clear and manifest :
 Seeing with pudency your beauties drest,
 I saw a thousand posies deckt with Eye-bright ;
 But had my heart worn glasses which man's eye light
 I ne'er had seen you deal such wound funest.

An Ill weal-showing, Weal that evil seems
 My thought are raising high o'er human plane
 In thousand several shades of phantasy :
 Wherein I ever fare, and fare in dreams,
 While you care nothing save to see my pain,
 That lends foundation to your jubilee.

CCXCIV.

N'hum taõ alto lugar de tanto preço

("Man's Life is honoured by a noble Death." Petrarch, I.
 Canz. 16).

Upon so noble height, man's highest prize,
 My will and wishes 'stablishèd I see,
 That e'en Desire there fainteth, for-that she
 One all unworthy of such worth espies.
 When such low-standing mine I recognize,
 I find my Care extreme immodesty ;
 To die for it were insufficiency
 And greater guerdon than my worth affies.

The more than natural claim to high desert
Of one who causeth me so dreadful doom
Maketh it every hour grow more and more, ah !
But from far-ranging thoughts I nill depart ;
For, though this Evil drive me to the tomb,
Un bel morir tutta la vita honora.

CCXCV.

Quantas penas, amor, quantos cuidados,
(By Diogo Bernardes?).

How many miseries, Love ! what banes inbred
How many a bootless rain of tearful brine,
Wherewith a thousand times breast, face and eyne
Are bathed (blind godhead !) for thy sake beshed !
How many mortal sobs and sighs dispread
From heart so subject to that will of thine !
As many Ills as thou hast worked, in fine,
All fane employment showering on my head.

Satisfied all things (this I own to thee)
One single eye-glance, love and pity showing
From one who captured me by Fate's command.
O ever blessed hour such bliss bestowing !
What Fear remains me since 'twas mine to see,
With so much joyaunce mine, a sight so bland ?

CCXCVI.

O tempo acaba, o anno, o mez, e a hora,
(Cf. *Sonn.* 316).

Time endeth every time, year, month and hour ;
And force, and art, and wit, and hero-will :
Time endeth Fame and voideth golden Fill,
And Time Time's being must himself deplore.
Time finds and finishes for evermore
The force of thankless and enhardened Ill ;
But Time my surging sorrows ne'er shall still
Until, my Ladye ! you my rest restore.

Time turneth clearest Day to Night obscure,
Time turneth joyous laugh to tears most triste,
Time turneth stormiest sea to stillest Main.
But Time ne'er softeneth (of this truth I'm sure)
That heart, as adamant hard, wherein consist
Of this my Hope the pleasure and the pain.

CCXCVII.

Posto me tem Fortuna em tal estado,
(Written late in life ?).

Fortune hath placed me in so parlous state
And so she humbles me her feet before,
That (lost) for losing own I nothing more,
That (changed) no changing I can now await.
For me all Good is finishèd by Fate,
Henceforth I find my life as lived forlore ;
For where such Ill is conned the wide world o'er,
Life shall excuse me living longer rate.

If Will avail me aught I will but die,
For well becomes me ne'er another Hope,
And thus I'll cure one Ill with other Ill :
And when so little Weal of Weal hope I,
Now that one remedy with this Ill can cope,
To seek such remedy blame they not my Will.

CCXCVIII.

Já não fere o Amor com arco forte,

(To Feliza, by candlelight).

No more with force-full bow fares Love to smite,
Now bin his arrows dasht upon the plain,
No more (as wont) battayle would he darraign,
The fight he offereth is another fight.
He does us die with eyne through eyen-light
And, to make sicker Shot ne'er shot in vain,
Your eyes he choosèd which inorbed contain
More charms than all 'twixt North and South are pight.

Love such almighty power to you hath lent
To live exempt fro' his and fancy-free
(Now while I rhyme the taper's light is spent).
Then if, Feliza ! malcontent you see
My sonnet, pray'e take no further tent
For all is vision shown by Phantasy.

CCXCIX.

Pues, lagrimas, tratais mis ojos tristes,

(Spanish : same subject as Sonn. 260).

Since, Tears ! my tristful eyes ye treat so bold,
 That spend in shedding Tear-flood night and day,
 Look ye if this be Tear she doth convey
 For whom so many a rill whilòme ye roll'd :
 Perpend, mine Eyes ! what 'tis you here behold
 And if a Tear, O luck to me for aye !
 You have employèd, in the bestest way
 For this one single, thousand million-fold.

But whatsoever holds he dearest dear
 (Albe securèd) man will ne'er believe,
 Much more the boon that doth unhoped appear.
 Nathless I say you, though the gift deceive,
 Enough the Tear be given as a Tear,
 That I as very Tear the Tear receive.

CCC.

Olhos formosos em quem quiz natura

(Cf. Sonns. 38 and 152).

Beautiful Eyes ! which potent Nature bade
 Display her powers in highest, surest sign,
 If ye your pith and puissance would divine,
 Look on the Creature you (the Maker) made.
 In me your portraiture is clear pourtray'd,
 In all I suffer you are drawn to line :
 For if unequal pains to pass be mine,
 Far greater potency your charms display'd.

For self I only crave the Crave of me :
 Yours and yours only I myself esteem,
 That on my head your pledge shall set its seal.
 Self I remember not when you I see
 Nor yet the world ; nor err I, for I deem
 That in your Sovenance dwells my worldly Weal.

CCCL.

Quem presumir, Senhora, de louvar-vos,
 (Variant of No. 106 : last of Common Editions).

Whoso presumeth, Ladye mine ! to praise you,
 With lore of mortal, not with lere divine,
 He shall be provèd of such Fault condign
 As you prove perfect to what sight surveys you.
 Let none with praises vain pretend to upraise you,
 However rare his praise and peregrine ;
 So doth your Beauty in my fancy shine
 Save with yourself Compare the Lord denays you.

Blest my-your Spirit, which you did embrace
 To take possession of a prize so splendid
 As that, my Ladye ! which to me you gave.
 Better than very life I will defend it ;
 For, since so tender mercy crowned my Crave,
 In forgetful memory I will hend it.

PART III.

(Nos. 302-360).

CCCII.

Los que bivis subjectos a la estrella

(Spanish : apparently prœmium to fourth century).

Ye who live subject to the Venus star,
 And to her lovely Son whom Love we name,
 I speak not those who seeing any dame
 Declare her favours life can make or mar :
 No ! 'tis to those Love's spark o' life shall gar
 For one and only one wear breast a-flame ;
 And 'mid them only those who burn to claim
 The pangs that causes of more loving are :—
 Speed you to see my song, where picturèd
 You shall view sundry feats Fate gendereth,
 Which in the bowels of my Being are bred :
 Shall see Love's terrible power all perileth :
 Shall see his anguish, grame and anxious dread ;
 Sighs, singults, weeping, ugly pains and Death.

CCCIII.

Todas as almas tristes se mostravão

(Repeats Sonns. 41 and 77).

Showed all men's spirits, by their woe down-weigh'd,
 A pious pity for their Lord Divine,
 And, in the presence of His mien benign,
 Tribute of praises due to Him they paid :

My free-born senses then my Will obey'd,
 For hereto Destiny held to her design ;
 When eyes, those eyes, whereof I ne'er was digne,
 By robbing Reason all my me waylaid.

The bright new Vision struck me stony blind,
 Born of uncustom was the strangest sense
 Of that sweet presence, that angelick air.
 To heal my hurt can I no medicine find ?
 Ah ! why did Fortune breed such difference
 Amid the many woman-borns she bare ?

CCCIV.

Senhora minha, se de pura inveja
 (Scherzando : to a high-coloured Dame).

My Dame ! if Love of purest jealousy
 Suffer no more that dainty sight be shown,
 That flush of roses on the snow-bed sown,
 Those eyes whose shine Sol covets enviously :
 He may not rob me so I never see
 Souled in my Soul the charms he made your own,
 Where I will ever make your portrait wone
 Nor care how cruel enemy be he :

In sprite I see you, and I view ne'er born
 On plain or prairie, howso fresh and fair,
 Aught save the flower that scenteth every hill :
 I see on either cheek red lilies' hue :
 Happy who sees them, but far happier
 Who has and holds them an Earth hold such Weal !

CCCV.

Contas, que traz Amor com meus cuidados,

(Cf. Canz. VI. 7).

Accounts that Cupid keeps with my unhele
 Bid me recount my tale of bitter pain :
 These bin Accounts where thought shall ever strain
 Sad pine recounting, Fortune's dire unweal :
 Cruel the Accounts would be, if counted ill
 Be all my services, whose end is fain
 To prove of some Account in compt of gain
 Themselves accounting Fortune's favourites still.

If haply faring forth your sight I see ;
 Uncounted beading tears ! a torrent turgid,
 Caused by this effect, go, shameless flow !
 There say you be salt drops, for ever surged
 From infinite Ocean, the desire of me,
 That fires the furnace where ye (Tears !) are forgèd.

CCCVI.

Fermosa mão que o coração me aperta,

(Probably by Camoens).

That fair-formed Hand my heart in holding takes,
 If my subjected Will it make submit,
 And show such sweetness albe counterfeit,
 When shall I see the certainty it makes ?
 My slumbers dream-full are, my grief awakes ;
 Complete the pain, the gloire is incomplete ;
 What boots if I asleep the vision greet
 Which my awaking eye-glance aye forsakes ?

Love wills my Welfare but his wiles be bold,
 Some good he showeth trickt with cunning skill,
 Good that withholdeth most but hath no hold :
 For, when fro' Love-snare I unsnare my will
 (Those Ills awaking which a slumber dole'd)
 He deals with banisht Weal redoubled Ill.

CCCVII.

De tantas perfeiçoens a natureza

(Variant of Sonns. 17, 131, and 153).

With such perfections Nature gave her care
 To form, gent Dame ! your figure's fair design,
 Yours bin a Beauty in this world divine,
 Divine in graceful geste and airiest air :
 Of sort your Beauty shows beyond Compare,
 In you so many graces purely shine,
 No Dame so 'surèd that she deem her digne
 To feel, you present, she can call her fair :

Toiled human Nature, till she could no more,
 To frame a model of such charm and grace,
 When deckt with graceful charms your shape she bore :
 And, more to glorify that form and face,
 After she framèd you at once she swore
 Ne'er more to forge for Soul so fair a Case.

CCCVIII.

D'amores de huma inclita donzella

(Variant of Sonn. 137).

Smitten with love of inclyt Damosel
 The God of Love his very self did see,
 Confined, in fine, the more he'd fain go free
 From charms all conquer, all to yield compel :
 Never saw mortal world such Bonnibel,
 When Nature gathered in this perfect She
 Graces that garrèd Love such wound to dree,
 Laces ne force ne fraud shall countervail :

O seld-seen loveliness, O lovely lure !
 Loveliness potent e'en to subjugate
 The very Love-god in his sovran reign :
 Look if a Human of so feeble strain
 Can, with his little force, bear force so great
 When Love's own force so little could endure !

CCCIX.

Em hum batel que com doce meneio

(Petrarch, I. 170).

In a slight Barque that softly, gently swaying
 Parted gold-rolling Tagus' wavy flow,
 I saw fair Ladies, liefer say I so
 Fair Stars around one Central Sun a-ricing
 The Maids Nereian delicately playing
 Wi' thousand lays and liltings sweet and low
 In sport the beautiful array would row
 (An err I not) for better honour paying.

O lovely Nereids ! who with songs a-lift
Haste that serenest vision to enjoy,
Which on my life-tide wills such Ill to wreak ;
Tell her how passeth (look she !) passing swift
Fleet-footed Time ; how tedious mine annoy,
For Time be ready-strong and Flesh be weak.

CCCX.

Que fiz, Amor, que tu taõ mal me tratas,

(By the Duque de Aveyro?).

What did I, Love, thou shouldst me so maltreat ?
I not being thine why shouldest will me ill ?
And why, if holden thine, thus spoil and spill
My wretched Life-tide made one long defeat ?
If bound to abet that cruel Nymph's deceit,
And thou must haste her esperance full to fill,
To whom shall I bewail what Ills thou will,
What life shalt give me after taking it ?

And thou (Unpitiful !) to my gloire and fame
Mortal oblivion dost for boon return,
Aye disregarding so unguarded flame !
But since thou come not to thy lover's claim,
Uncoming never shalt thou tidings learn
Of him who ever calleth on thy name.

CCCXI.

Se ao que te quero desses tanta fê,

(Probably by Camoens, for a friend).

If in "I love thee" thou as much confide
 As be thou prodigal of heart-felt pain,
 My sighs of sorrow were not sighed in vain,
 Nor had I vainly for thy favour cried.
 But since thy harshness all belief denied
 To woes conditioned by thy coy disdain,
 With thee Unreason hath more might and main
 Than all the tender love in me descried.

And since thou ever broughtst me Death so near
 With that Unlove which ne'er be mine behovèd,
 Yes, I will die, but know thy gain be dear !
 Asked o' thee daily mortal hearts commovèd
 "Ah why hast murdered, Ladye cruel-ferè !
 The one who loved thee more than life he lovèd?"

CCCXII.

O Tempo está vingado à custa mia

(Connected with Nos. 5 and 150).

Time is avengèd (costing me so dear)
 On time, when Time I wont so cheap to rate ;
 Sad whoso was of Time in like estate
 That Time at every time spent free o' fear !
 Chastised me Time and Obstinacy sheer
 Because wi' Time I did miscalculate,
 For Time hath so untimely left my fate
 Now hope I nothing from good timely chear.

Times, hours and moments swiftly, surely past,
When I could profit of my Time and tide,
With hope that Time my tormentrye outlast :
But when in Time I ventured to confide,
As Time hath various motion, slow and fast,
I chid myself that Time I mote not chide.

CCCXIII.

Quem busca no amor contentamento,
(Sufistical).

Whoso Contentment seeks in Love to find,
Finds what his Nature deemeth suitable ;
But Substance, balancing twixt Good and Ill,
Is but a leaflet whirling in the wind.
Who to such Mobilè hath self resignèd
E'en his own glory holds not at his Will :
In constant quality ne'er 'tis equable,
Since for his torment 'tis of fleeting kind.

Thus find we Love displaying, day by day,
In single Subject two contending Foes,
Which be, peraunter, thus of Fate ordainèd :
Now one way straying then on other way,
Or to the lover's lucre or his loss,
But ne'er one moment to despair constrainèd.

CCCXIV.

Se a ninguem tratais com desamor,

(Cf. Ode IV. 3 and 4).

An with Unlove you deign no man to treat,
 Nay, love you general loving to repart,
 Showing to each and every self-same heart
 Plenisht wi' gentle chear, wi' love replete :
 Me fro' this day entreat with hate and heat,
 Display me coy disdain, do cruel smart ;
 Then shall I haply hold in whole and part
 Me only holdest for thy favours meet.

For an thou deal sweet doles to every wight,
 'Tis clear thy favour won he, he alone
 To whom thou showest anger and despight.
 Ill could I weet my love thy love has won
 If wone another love within thy sprite :
 Love owns no partnership : No ! Love is one.

CCCXV.

Gostos falsos de amor, gostos fingidos,

(Written in absence, probably in India).

False Gusts of Love, feigned Gusts for ever feigning,
 Vain Gusts by narrow limits limited,
 Great Gusts the while in Fancy born and bred,
 Small Gusts when all the gain was lost by gaining ;
 Wasted ere won, forlore before the attaining,
 E'en at the first beginning finishèd ;
 Changeful, inconstant, hotly hurrièd,
 Appearing, disappearing, waxing, waning :

I lost you losing all my hope to see
Aught of recovery ; now I hope no higher
Than with your Sovenance see you cease to be
For if my Life-tide and my Fancy tire
O' Life so far fro' you, more tireth me
Remembering days when mine was my Desire.

CCCXVI.

Com o tempo o prado seco reverdece,
(By the mystic, Balthazar Estaço ?).

Wi' Time the wilted meadow waxeth green,
Wi' Time in glooming grove the leaflet lies,
Wi' time the mighty stream more gently hies,
Wi' Time grow fat and rich fields poor and lean :
Wi' Time this day is stormy, that serene,
Wi' Time this bay-wreath blooms, that laurel dies
Wi' Time hard painful Evil fleets and flies,
Wi' Time our vanisht Weals again are seen :

Wi' Time shall niggard Fate a change bestow,
Wi' Time high station falls annihilate,
Wi' Time returns it higher still to soar.
Wi' Time shall all things come, shall all things go,
Only the passèd Time who ganged his gait
Wi' Time a present Time becomes no more.

CCCXVII.

Aquelles claros olhos que chorando

(Written in India?).

Those brightly beaming Eyne with tearful stain
Bedimmed I saw the while fro' them I hied,
What do they now? Who shall to me confide
An for an absent aught to care they deign?
If they in memory hend or how or when
I saw from joyaunce self so wide and side?
Or if they figure the glad time and tide
(That happiest day) when I their sight regain?

If count they hours and how each moment flees?
If in one instant many years they live?
If they confabulate with bird and breeze?
O happy Visions! blessèd Phantasies
That in this absence thoughts so sweet can give
And know to gladden saddest reveries!

CCCXVIII.

Ausente dessa vista pura e bella

(Written in India?).

While from that pure belle Vision driven afar
Which erst made life-tide ever glad and gay,
Now on my absent Life such agonies prey
As did your presence every bane debar:
Cruel and direful call I that dure Star
Which drives my joys fro' you so far away,
Banning a thousand times the hour, the day,
The curst beginning of such angry jar:

And I so tortured in this absence wone,
Doomèd by destined, ever-cruel Power
A dule so singular in this world to dree.
Long had I patience far fro' me out-thrown
Nor less my Life, by force of this same stowre,
Did I not cherish life your sight to see.

CCCXIX.

Saudades me atormentão tão cruelmente,
(Written in India ?).

Repining pains me with so fierce intent,
Repine for pleasure past and weal bewray'd ;
So much of Evil ne'er my doom was made
Sans reason, sithence I can self absent :
For Love I saw me whilom all-content,
For Love I willèd life by pain waylaid ;
'Tis right I see mine error so well paid
As now, when present griefs and pains torment.

For well deserved I, faring far fro' you,
To unsee you, Ladye ! nor you see me more,
That with my life-tide I defray my due :
But, as my Spirit doth its sin deplore,
Bid me not weep lost lot, and grant I view
With gladdened eyes one softening glance some hour.

CCCXX.

O dia, hora ou o ultimo momento

(Written in India?).

The day, the hour, the moment of that hour
Which ends a life-tide Destiny so mismade,
I view already Esperance waylaid,
Nor Thought shall trick me with her snaring power.
Shifts full of tristesse, Severance full of stowre,
Faring that saw me forfeit, soon as said,
What my long service merited be paid ;
O ! how by changing Change can all deflower !

No more I hope to sight the things gone by,
I see that Parting, now prolonged so long,
Hopes of returning to my heart deny :
My little tale is tattled by the throng,
Right well I weet 'twas mine to verify
Such long-drawn Partings to short life belong.

CCCXXI.

Se para mim tivera, que algum dia

(Written in India? Cf. Canz. XI.).

Could I for self expect that some one day,
Moved by the Passion which my torments vent
You mote a something sense of sentiment
For one who seeth rest none other way ;
Mine Ills for Glories I to heart would lay,
And hold as pleasures whatso pains have shent ;
And, in the midst of Discontent, content
Sweet Memory's orders I would fain obey.

Woe worth the day ! What thoughts my sprite be firing
O' things that hasten faster to entomb me,
For pay of summer-madness so notorious !
What serves my purpose this so fond desiring,
When your deserving and my Destiny doom me
To doubt such glory that can dub me glorious ?

CCCXXII.

Oh fortuna cruel ! oh dura sorte !
(Imitation of Camoens ?).

Ay, cruel Fortune ! Ay, dure lot of woe !
Labour that placed me in so parlous state,
No disillusion now will I await,
For Death's the only cure my care shall know :
" Art blind ? " (quoth Love) " so stark thyself to show
'Gainst one who fareth ever aggravate
While doing thee service, and disconsolate
With heart sore harmed by thy swashing blow ? "

But now as Destiny wills me worst of will
Ay cruel Fortune mine ! O Amor, grant
As least of guerdon leave to wail my fill :
For in such travail, woe so puissant,
Ill could I (lacking it) console mine Ill,
Now that none other boon of thee I want.

CCCXXIII.

Perder-me assi em vosso esquecimento

(Metaphysico-amorous, by Camoens?).

Thus from your Thought to lose me nills consent
My very Being by your charms o'erthrown ;
Yet I, so being a being to you beknown,
Or e'en consented, now shall rest content.
But when you careless deign such Coyness vent
On one who merits every kindness shown,
Tho' ne'er my spirit shall the offence condone,
Far more offendeth me your meritment.

That you bear blame endureth not my Will,
You to myself I 'trusted, Ladye mine !
Sans aught of unbecoming blot or tache.
Then show your Countenance pity for mine Ill,
As Love there wones with every Grace, in fine,
And all perfection doth to you attach.

CCCXXIV.

Se alguma hora em vós a piedade

(Written when going to India?).

If haply rue you, in some happy hour,
Your deme of torments that so long tormented,
Love shall denay Consent that fare contented
Far from your dearest eyes my pine-full stowre.
Fro' you I fare me, but the Will whose power
Your form fro' Nature on my soul depainted,
Bids me believe this absence feigned and fainted,
But how much worse when I its truth discourse !

I must go, Ladye ! and fro' you begone,
 My tristful tears shall take revenge in kind
 On eyne whose daily bread were you alone.
 Life I'll surrender by its pains undone,
 For here my Memory me, in fine, shall find
 Ensepulchrèd in your Oblivion.

CCCXXV.

Já tempo foi que meus olhos traziam
 (Not by Camoens?).

Time was mine Eyes delighted to unfold
 Some gladsome tidings to my mind's Intent ;
 Time was when every sense and sentiment
 Rejoiced to savour what to me they told :
 Love and Love-longings throngèd then to hold
 A general meeting in my breast content,
 While on her firm foundations Esperance leant
 And glosing quiddities turned out a-cold.

That Nymph of mine then waxing less humane
 Smote Lovewith careless glance, a two-edged Sword,
 O saddest Ill ! O cruel Feliciane !
 Complaints with Jealousy, meseems, accord,
 Yet—no for certain ! nor is such my bane :
 My Faith in justice speaks this bitter word !

CCCXXVI.

Quão bem aventurado me achára,

(Imitation of Camoens?).

With what high blessing me had Fortune blest
 Would Love such favour on my lot bestow,
 And thus, while least of boons he willèd show,
 With show of greater would content my breast.
 Entire and parfit Weal had I possest,
 Did not my longings long more Weal to know ;
 But now (when seen you) I deserve to owe,
 At least, the object of my longing quest.

Yet these Desires with this exceeding Dare
 Were born of me when 'twas my Sort to sight you,
 And wax they stronger, Dame ! with every sight.
 Desire fro' Fancy's hand I strave to tear,
 For 'tis my firm belief 'twill only flyte you,
 But thrives it evermore the more I fight.

CCCXXVII.

Si el triste coração que siempre llora,

(Spanish : written during first exile?).

If the triste heart that Weeping e'er must dree,
 Yet lacks what maketh Weeping meritorious,
 Could 'joy already joys of fight victorious,
 Won in Love's warfare worse'd by victory ;
 If, now enshadowèd by the greeny tree,
 I feed of Phantasies the flock memorious
 Well mote I 'joy Joy's height I hold most glorious
 Could I one moment my Pastora see :

Then, neither Air, with airy sighs besigh'd
 For Love, could deal my Dolours increment
 Nor fount-full eyelids feed this founty tide.
 But, to despoil me of all jolliment,
 A passion bids from her I absent 'bide
 Who ne'er is absent fro' my Soul and Sent.

CCCXXVIII.

Do estan los claros ojos que colgada

(Spanish : written in exile?).

Where be those clearest orbs that wont to bear
 In suite and following my surprizèd sprite?
 Where be those cheeks with rosy splendour dight
 Surpassing roses of the rarest rare?
 Where be the red red lips so debonnair
 Adorned with teeth no snow was e'er so white?
 The tresses starkening golden metal's light
 Where be they? and that dainty hand, ah where?

O lovely all ! where hidst thou evermore
 That I may never see thee, whom to see
 My great Desire destroys me every hour !
 But look no longer on this vainest plea,
 Still in my spirit I my Ladye store,
 And ask where hidest thou fro' sight of me !

CCCXXIX.

Ventana venturosa, do amanecer

(Spanish : for a friend ?).

Thou winsome Window ! whence the Morns dispread
 My Ladye's splendour with Apollo's glow,
 Mote I behold thee fired with such lowe
 As that such splendour in my spirit bred !
 For an thou see what Ills I sufferèd
 And feel the dule aye firing soul so woe,
 Why to my longing eyes the Couch ne'er show,
 The flower-bed flourishing with tears I shed ?

If nothing move thee now my painful plight,
 Leastwise commove thee sight of that small gain
 Gained when joyaunce thou deniest my sprite.
 Now since thou connst it, Casement unhumane !
 E'er Day my dule discoure to mortal sight,
 Grant I behold my Nymph, my suzerain.

CCCXXX.

De piedra, de metal, de cousa dura,

(Spanish : a conceit).

With stone, with metal, substance cold and dure,
 My Nymph enclothes her soul, the dure, the cold,
 The locks be woven of the cold dure gold,
 The brow is whitest marble's portraiture :
 The eyne are dyed with smaragd's verd' obscure,
 The cheeks granadoes, and the feigning mould
 Of lips is ruby none may have in hold ;
 The snow-white teeth show pearly lustre pure :

The hand be youngest ivory and the throat
Of alabaster ivy-clipt, whereon
The veins are skeins of lazuli rutilant :
But what in all of you most awèd I note,
Is seeing, albe all of you be stone,
You bear embosomed heart of diamant.

CCCXXXI.

Al pie de una verde e alta enzina

(Spanish : a little Idyll).

At foot of lofty holm, in verdant shade,
Awakèd Corydon his viol's sound,
O'erhung by felting ivy, spireing round
The bole, and flaunting to the branching head.
He sang the love he bore that lovely maid,
May Amaryllis, who his bonds had bound ;
The birds go coursing o'er the boughen-ground,
A chrystal fountain playeth through the glade :

To him draws Tityrus near in reverie lost,
Driving his weary flock wi' hunger spent :
This was the Shepherd-friend he lovèd most,
Who sang the sorrows which his heart had rent :—
Nor alien speech for grieving Soul hath gust,
Nor grief of alien grieveth Heart content.

CCCXXXII.

Amor, Amor, que fieres al coitado

(Spanish : copy corrupt).

Love ! Love ! who joyest aye the wretch to smite
 Which for thy love did service many a year,
 Thy service bearing, maugre snares so fere ;
 In fine, fine never looked-for hast thou dight.
 With lonesome Dolours, with a care-full Sprite
 Ensnared, thou payest service bought so dear,
 Cases so strange, unheard by human ear,
 For thee enduring like no mortal wight.

Who deems thee godhead he's gone mad I vouch,
 Who holds thy justice fails in equity,
 For least he gains who serves thee long and much.
 Let thy believers deem the worst of me,
 I judge from whatso see I and I touch
 And hardly trust I what I touch and see.

CCCXXXIII.

Fermoso Tejo meu quam diferente

(Attributed to three other writers).

My lovely Tagus ! with what different Sent
 I saw and see thee, me thou sawst and se'est :
 I see thee turbid, me thou seest triste,
 I saw thee limpid, me thou sawst content :
 Changed thee a Freshet, flooding vehement,
 Which thy large valley faileth to resist :
 Changed me her Favour dealing, as she list,
 Or life contented or life discontent.

Now that in evils be we partners twain,
So be 't in welfare ; ah ! mote I but see
We two were likest in our bliss and bane !
When a new Prime shall bloom with brightest blee
What erst thy being was shalt show again :
I n'ote if what I was again shall be.

CCCXXXIV.

Memorias offendidas que hum só dia

(On the death of a lover).

Offended Memories ! that no single day
Unto my brooding Thoughts a rest have lent,
My taste of torments may ye ne'er prevent,
Whom you offend he fended you alway.
If well ye will me, look how ye bewray
The dainty blossoms of that sentiment
She left, when I to eternal Exile went
From her fere Death undid to cold dead clay.

She left me pining for my past offence ;
She stole my single, sole-remaining cure
Which could warray all woes that worse my sprite.
Where shall my losses look for recompense,
When on my sorrow doth my Luck assure
It ne'er shall lend my life one moment's light ?

CCCXXXV.

Lembranças tristes, para que gastais tento
(On the death of a lover).

Ye tristeful Souvenirs ! why this vain intent
Of over-tiring heart so tired by Fate ?
Rest ye contented seeing me in such state,
Nor fro' me seek ye greater meritment.
I fear you little whatso pangs ye vent,
Wont in my wonted woes to gang my gait ;
I feel mine Evils weigh so weighty weight,
No Weal my hapless me can now content.

In vain I labour when to harm I sought
One who has lost his hopes in long-drawn strife,
One dead to all he once desired see :
From overlosing I to lose have naught,
Sauf this already worn and weary life
Which, for my sorer loss, survives in me.

CCCXXXVI.

Quando descançareis, olhos cansados !
(Probably written in India).

When shall ye rest you, Eyne that look for rest !
Since Her who lent you life no more you view ;
Or when shall view you wishing long adieu
To your misfortune's immemorial quest ?
Or when shall hard-heart Fate vouchsafe behest
My ruined Esperance in my soul renew,
Or when (if every Hope be lost to you)
With by-gone blessings can ye make me blest ?

This pine shall do me die right 'well I ween,
Wherein my hoping were like whistle o' wind ;
Then nowise hope I my desire be dight :
And when so truly the sore truth I've seen,
Come every possible pain for me design'd
As naught affrights me what each day I sight.

CCCXXXVII.

Memoria de meu bem cortado em flores,
(Probably written in India).

Memories of Joyaunce ! nipt in budding flow'r
By the frore fingers of my fere Misfate,
Vouchsafe`a gracious rest my cares abate
In my Love's ever restless, ceaseless stowre.
Suffice me Ills and Fears that present low'r
For ever threatening Chance unfortunate,
Without return of long-past happy state
To affront with dolours every happy hour.

I lost in single hour what I in time
So large, so slowly minuting, had gain'd :
Dreams of this glory fly ye, far go flee.
My life needs perish in this desert-clime
For here I 'm fated with mine Ills to end
Not one but thousand lives, hard Memory !

CCCXXXVIII.

Do corpo estava já quasi forçada,

(Variant of the immortal No. 19).

Enforced by greater force well-nigh had fled
 Its frame that gentle Soul to Heaven due,
 Rending her noble webs of Life she flew
 For faster 'turning to her patial stead.
 Still flowering, blooming, ere her root had spread
 In Earth she hated with a hate so true,
 Self she uprooted and departing drew
 Fro' Death a sweetness for that journey dread.

Pure Soul, who self to mortal world hast shown
 Free from its fetters which the lave enlace,
 For few short hours exchanging fair long years :
 Of thine, thou leftest 'lone in woe to wone,
 Move thee high Pity, while so slowly pace
 These hours made slower by our tristful tears.

CCCXXXIX.

O dia, hora em que naci moura e pereça,

(A Threnody : certainly by Camoens).

Die an eternal Death my natal Day,
 May Time that hapless date unknow, unlearn ;
 May 't ne'er return and, if it need return,
 Blackest eclipse the bright Sun overlay !
 Fail of his splendour Sol's resplendent ray,
 Earth ! show relapse to chaos' reign forlorn,
 Air ! rain thou blood ; all monster-births be born
 And may the Mother cast her bairn away !

Then shall the peoples in amazed distress,
With cheeks tear-stainèd, bosoms horror-fraught,
Expect a shattered world eftsoons to sight.
Fon race ! on similar fancies lay no stress ;
For on this Day to light a life was brought
The most unhappiest life e'er brought to light.

CCCXL.

Transumpto sou, Senhora, neste engano,
(To a Lady fain of gifties).

I am translated, Ladye ! by your snare,
And snaring-practise mote to me be sparèd ;
Hardly can mortal man by you be snarèd
Who could from other yous unsnarèd fare.
Now well I weet me, 'twas at cost of care
When you for nothing save sweet gifties carèd,
But, as your judgment hath of me declarèd,
This year's expectancy goes vain and bare.

Of Love I treated long, but now my sight
Easily seeth Feignery and its aim ;
For so doth seem, gent Dame ! whate'er you show.
Your very cunning help you to this sleight,
Claim fro' me only what I care you claim
Or else 'tis uphill way you please to go.

CCCXLI.

Ondas que por el mundo caminando

(Spanish : written in Africa ?).

Waves that encircle all the globe, with flow
Onborne for ever by the legier breeze,
Bear, in your bosoms borne, my reveries
Where bides who, whereso biding, bodes she Woe
Tell her I only heap on woes a throe,
Tell her my life may not one moment please ;
Tell her Death nills to slay my tormentries,
Tell her I live yet every Hope forgo.

Tell her how lost when found anew you me,
Tell her how in my gain you lost my Sprite,
Tell her how lifeless cruelly slew you me.
Tell her how came you me the Smit to smite,
Tell her how undone did undo you me,
Tell her how saw me only hers your sight.

CCCXLII.

Sobre un olmo que al cielo parecia

(Spanish).

Percht on sky-climbing Elm, that showed nude
Of bloom and leafage, saw I saddest show—
A lone and widowed Bird who whelmed in woe
More solitary made the solitude :
O'er a clear Fount that sea-ward path pursue'd
With mournful dulcet murmur bent she low,
And with her plungèd plume disturbed its flow
And drank the water seen it muddy-hue'd.

The cause that cast her down in grievous care
Was the lone Turtle's sense of severance :
Behold how Severance mortal griefs can bear !
An love and parting have such vehemence,
And to unreasoning Bird so deal despair,
Say what shall sense he that hath sent and sense ?

CCCXLIII.

Cançada e rouca boz por que bolando

(Spanish : written by Camoens ?).

Weary harsh-sounding Voice ! why take not flight
And where lies sleeping my Florinda wend ;
And there of all things whereto I pretend
Why not, O happy Voice ! enjoy delight ?
Go soft, and sighing in her ear alight,
And unheard tell her, though she ne'er attend,
I dree such Evils only Death can end
And I am singing when to die I'm dight.

And tell her, though her counterfeit I hold
Here to my 'biding I would see her hieing,
Would she not find her lover lifeless-cold.
But ay ! I n'ote what say you save I'm dying,
Because so near her beauties to behold
Yet ne'er beholding what I die for 'spying.

CCCXLIV.

O capitão Romano esclarecido,

(Alluding to Albuquerque and Ruy Dias?).

The Roman Capitayne so famed of yore,
Sertorius, second never found in fight,
Such lofty model to us mortals dight
That ne'er was heard of, ne'er was seen before.
Sith for a soldier who his oath forswore,
Doing a villein deed of base-born wight,
He dealt so terrible and so dread requite,
Wherefore his Many feared him ever more.

What made the Chief that Legion decimate?
For that it failèd do the duties owe'd
To grim and grisly, hard and horrid Mart.
O clear example! Captain forceful great,
Who upon Roman men the lore bestow'd
Of soldier Science, of invincible Art!

CCCXLV.

A Roma população proguntava

(Apology for marriage : by Camoens?).

Happed of the Roman populace to speer
A certain curious Wit, a careless Wight,
Wherefore in general do the kye delight
To pair at certain seasons of the year?
Whereto as Folk discreet, which would appear
Responsive soaring to an eminent height,
They by a single phrase threw notable light
On the dark theme and showed what held they dear.

This was the intention :—" Brutes may not intend
How fair fruition and what weighty worth
Have Hymen's fetters binding man's desire :
But brutaller Bestials they who e'er pretend
In flesh a pleasure find, find joy on Earth,
Leaving their Souls to feed the Eternal Fire.

CCCXLVI.

Com o generoso róstro alanceado
(One of the last written by Camoens).

With sign of lance-thrust on his generous face,
And smircht his Royal brow with dust and blood,
To Charon's gloomy bark on Acheron flood
Came great Sebastiam—shade in shadowy place.
The cruel Ferryman, seen the forceful case,
Whenas the King would pass opposing strode,
And cried "None tombless o'er this flood e'er yode
For all Unburieds on the shore must pace."

Commoved the valorous King with kindled ire
Replies : "False Greybeard! haply wouldst assure
None past yon side by force of golden ore?
Durst thou with Monarch bathed in Moormangore
Chaffer of funeral pomps, of sepulture?
From one less wealthy o' wound thy fee require!"

CCCXLVII.

Quando do raro esforço que mostravas

(On the brave death of a young soldier).

When thy rare Valiancy in battle shown
 To gather warfare's largest fruit ne'er failèd,
 Fate shore thy flowering age, whose feats prevailèd
 O'er the short year-tale thou couldst call thine own.
 Set in its helmet-frame thy face outshone
 When visor-veilèd Mars, Amor unveilèd :
 If oped thy Sabre serried squads assailèd
 Thy geste of Beauty Beauty's eye-glance won.

No steel of foeman, no ! could doom thee bleed ;
 'Twas Vulcan's deed, the god whose forceful might
 Enpierceth surest harness part and part :
 But he, for pardon of his fault shall plead,
 He deemèd, seeing thy bravery beauty-dight,
 Thou wert a son of Venus sire'd by Mart.

CCCXLVIII.

Quam cedo te roubou a morte dura

(Of D. Alvaro da Silveira slain and unburied ?).

How soon hath stole thy life Death sore and dure
 Illustrious Spirit wont to soar and stye ?
 Leaving thine outcast, clay-cold corse to lie
 In strangest albe noble sepulture !
 Fro' Life, whose duraunce here may not endure,
 Already bathèd in the Foe's red dye,
 Raised by thy Valour's forceful hand on high
 Thou winnest Immortal Fields where Life is sure.

The Spirit joyeth happy time éterne ;
The Corse, that earthly grave could not contain,
Earth bade her feathered children bear their prey.
Thou leftest every heart to pine and yearn ;
Thou soughtest honourèd death on Honour-plain :
Our Tagus bare thee, Ganges bore away.

CCCXLIX.

A ti, Senhor, a quem as Sacras Musas
(To his uncle D. Bento de Camoens?).

To thee, Senhor ! whose Soul the sacred Muses
Feed with a portion of their food divine,
Not they of Delian fount nor Caballine,
Which be Medeas, Circès and Medùses ;
But the gent bosoms wherein Grace infuses
Arts which to heavenly laws o' grace incline,
Kindly of doctrine and wi' Love benign,
Not they whom blinded Vanity confuses ;

This feeble offspring, and the latest bearing
Of mine intelligence in weakly way,
To thee a warm affection proffereth.
But an thou notice it as over-daring,
Here for that daring I would pardon pray,—
Pardon my Heart's affection meriteth.

CCCL.

Tu, que descanso buscas com cuidado,

(On the Redemption).

Thou who with restless Hope to rest thee tried
 Upon this mundane Life's tempestuous Main,
 Hope not fro' travail any rest attain,
 Save rest in CHRIST, the JESU crucified.
 If toil for riches bring thee sleepless tide,
 In Him is found immeasurable gain ;
 If of true formosure thy Soul be fain,
 This Lord espying in His love shalt 'bide :

If worldly pleasure or delight thou seek,
 The sweets of every sweet He holds in hoard,
 Delighting all with joys o'er Earth victorious.
 If haply gloire or honours thou bespeak,
 What can more honour bring, what bin more glorious
 Than serve of highest lords the highest Lord ?

CCCLI.

O gloriosa Cruz, O victorioso

(Of Dom Sebastiam's Banner? Cf. Sonn. 243).

O glorious Cross ! O Cross for aye victorious !
 Trophy that every mortal spoil containeth ;
 O chosen signal which to worlds ordaineth
 A Panacea marvellous and memorious !
 O Living Fount that Holy Water raineth !
 In Thee our every bane its balm obtaineth,
 In Thee the Lord, " Almighty " titled, deigneth
 Assume of Merciful the Name most glorious.

In Thee was ended dreadful Vengeance-day,
 In Thee may Pity bear so fairest flower
 As Prime that followeth Winter's injury.
 Vanish all foemen flying from Thy power ;
 Thou couldst so potent change in Him display
 Who never ceased what He was to be.

CCCLII.

Mil vezes se move meu pensamento

(Imperfect : Here Jur. ends).

For times a thousand mine Intent was bent
 To praise that forehead huèd chrystalline,
 Those ribbèd tresses shining golden Shine,
 The clear mind passing man's intendiment ;
 Which, wi' the softest, suavest movement, rent
 (Such was its might) the breast-plate diamantine ;
 Those sovereign Graces and that Air divine,
 That honest pride with sweetest accent blent :

The Roses lying in a waste of snow

Those pearls of Morning-land, a chosen row,
 Bedded in rubies smiling douce and gay :
 The light those glorious Eyne on us bestow,
 Shown by your gladdening smilet ever gay,
 Is light from Heaven, a paradisial ray.

CCCLIII.

Queimado sejas tu e teus enganos

(Braga, No. 300 ; Storck, 348).

Burn thou and burn wi' thee thy snaring Bane
 Love ! cruel fellow felonous and fell,
 Burnt be thine arrows, burn thy string as well
 And Bow, the weapon working so much pain :
 Thy covenanted promises prophane,
 Thy wheedlings honiedier than Hydromel,
 All, all may see I, when wi' gall they swell,
 Brent by the blaze wherewith thou burnest men.

I leave thee now, those eyën-strings untying,
 To sight the orbs wherewith my sprite hast tied,
 For well sufficeth thee such vengeãnce.
 But like the Wight of desperate wound a-dying,
 Ill shalt thou die if well the hurt thou hide
 Losing the single medicine—Esperance.

CCCLIV.

Senhora, quem a tanto se atreve

(Braga, No. 304 ; Storck, 349).

Dame, whoso dareth hie to such a height
 He serve you, cherish you in Sovenance,
 Knowing such memory be sans esperance,
 The dues he claimeth bin ne little ne light.
 This Sprite holds more than what these Hands indite,
 Yet never hoping happy change of chance,
 Nor wishing other fair deliverance
 Fairer than Love-debt to your service dight.

To hope for mighty chance from Aventure
Would to your meritment but work offence,
And thus you pay the pains I underwent.
I hold impossible my Care to cure,
And still remain my sense and sentiment
In bond of debtor to your Formosure.

CCCLV.

Angelica la bella despreciando

(Spanish : Ariosto, XVIII. 165 ; Braga, 308 ; Storck, 350).

Angelica, the bellabone, misdeeming
Whatever joys Time placed upon her way,
Flouted with jeering laugh all men, that May
Kingdoms and knightly value scant esteeming.
Only of self and beauteous self aye dreaming
Hied upon Frankish-land her steps one day,
Where saw she lonely under a tree-shade lay
A hapless infant with his life-blood streaming.

She who had spurnèd Love and Love's behest,
She who to all so cruel showed, so dure,
Within her sensed the boon of softening breast.
Thus seeing Meddòro doth her hele secure
And hence Love turnèd ill to good the best :
In fine Love-chances all bin Aventure.

CCCLVI.

La letra que s'el nombré en que me fundo

(Spanish : to Luisa : Braga, 309 ; Storck, 351).

The leading letter on my building-ground
 Cometh the chiefest in my weary way,
 Justly the same was L, so men should say
 Its light on lowly Earth, is loveliest found.
 Thus eke the V, that formeth second sound,
 Voweth to Death all eyne her Light survey ;
 Then showeth Y that yearneth to warray
 And maketh dying hour most joyous Stound.

Next cometh sign of S that doth sustain
 The Sovran Being in whose form consist
 Virtue and grace and gifts as many and high,
 In fine all finisheth A, alluding plain
 At end, at end, to me the wretch so triste
 Whom Amor doomèd for her love to die.

CCCLVII.

Luiza, son tan rubios tus cabellos

(Spanish : Braga, 312 ; Storck, 352).

Louise ! thy tresses wear so ruddy hues
 Sol but to see them would his car detain ;
 And, while their splendour gars his shine to wane,
 Would lose his radiance, not thy vision lose.
 Blest who, by worth empower'd, their glory views,
 Blester the hand that could one tress obtain,
 But blestest he who doth his Soul maintain
 Only on glorious lights these locks diffuse.

Louise ! when shine and shimmer so immense
Of hair that lighteth all the Loves wi' lowe
(And Love of other love claims recompense) ;
Tho' scant I merit thou such gift bestow
Still claims to see one tress my sighting sense
To pay my weeping and to pay my woe.

CCCLVIII.

Se, senhora Lurina, algum começo
(Another Icarus : Braga, 338 ; Storck, 354).

If any fain begin, my Dame Lurine !
A song commensurate with your due of praise,
He first would note your hard unfavouring ways
As highest honour to my pen 'twould mean.
For if in hope to praise I intervene
And to your world inspirèd self would raise,
The Thought inspireth me with such amaze
That makes me, certès, more your worth misween.

This soaring you-ward, whom such gifts exalt
Of so high ardour, of so ardent flame,
Melteth my pinions boldly fugitive ;
And if I fall in Ocean of default,
I to my failure give fair name and fame
But who your Value's claim shall dare to give?

CCCLIX.

Tristezas ! Com passar tristes gemidos

(Jur. MS. ; Storck, 355).

Tristesse ! wi' tristest moans and groans I wone
 Thro' day, thro' night to Phantasy appealing :
 In this black cavern extreme sorrow feeling
 To see my life-tide suchwise overthrown :
 Hidden like shadows fly my years, and flown
 Leave naught of fruitage that can work my healing,
 Save but to see them passing, whirling, wheeling
 With Fortune's whirlgig till no sense I own.

In such imaginings, in tristest way
 My Soul turns giddy, nor I sense in Sent
 If I with any one say words I say ;
 And, if of anything my Thoughts take tent,
 I cannot say, while so my woes torment,
 An fare I sane of sense or fare I fey.

CCCLX.

Dexadme, cantinelas dulces mias

(Spanish : an Adieu : Storck, 356 and 439).

Leave me, ye douce melodious Lays o' mine,
 Leave me, ye rustick Pipes of sweet accord ;
 Leave me, clear Founts and leas of greeny sward,
 Leave me, glad Garths all shadow and sunshine :
 Leave me, ye Pastimes of my pride-full syne
 Leave me, ye Dances round the festal board ;
 Leave me the Pleasures flutes and flocks afford,
 Leave me, ye Slumbers 'mid the sleepy kine.

Leave me, ye Stars and Moon and eke thou Sun,
Leave me to mourn where tristest shades dismay me,
Leave me sans joy 'twixt Pole and Pole to run ;
Leave me, sweet Prizes that to death betray me :
Yea ! leave me all in fine and leave me none
Save Dule and Dolour which are dight to slay me !



LONDON :
WYMAN AND SONS, PRINTERS, GREAT QUEEN STREET,
LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS, W.C.

In compliance with current
Copyright law, Cornell University
Library produced this
replacement volume on paper
that meets the ANSI Standard
Z39.48-1992 to replace the
irreparably deteriorated original.

2005

Cornell University Library

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME
FROM THE
SAGE ENDOWMENT FUND
THE GIFT OF
Henry W. Sage
1891

A-133668

16/3/1900

CAMÓENS.

THE LYRICS.

PART II.

(SONNETS, CANZONS, ODES, AND SEXTINES)

ENGLISHED BY

RICHARD F. BURTON,

And imprinted for the Translator at London in October, 1884.

LONDON :

BERNARD QUARITCH,

15 PICCADILLY.

1884.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

A.134624

WYMAN AND SONS, PRINTERS,
GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS,
LONDON, W.C.

1000 1200 1300 1400 1500 1600 1700 1800 1900 2000

CANZONS.

Lyrics

T
,

CANZON I.

Fermosa, e gentil Dama, quando vejo

(Of his young love).

I.

Beauteous and gentle Dame ! whenso I see
That head of gold on snow, most lovely sight,
That gracious mouth with dainty dimple drest
And chrystal neck on bosom silvern-white,
For self I only crave one Crave of me,
Nor more of you than sight of so fair geste.
Then I myself protest
Yours before God and Man ; there ever burn
By mine own tear-drops burnt ;
And, loving you, I learn
Love for the Self that love of you hath learnt :
And Self by only Self so lost I view
In my self-jealousy for love of you.

II.

If I, peraunter, live in Discontent
And with enfeebled Spirit for-that bearing
Sweet pains I labour to intend in vain,
I fly my very self yet fly I faring
You-wards; and bide so blithe when gained my bent,
I mock the memories of my passèd pain.
Of whom shall I complain
If you to deal me life this wise elect
In sufferèd miseries,
Save I myself subjèct,
Myself which merits not so precious prize?
But this, e'en this, my own I may not call,
The pride-full pleasure to become your Thrall.

III.

An Love against you sin in wilful way
On side of low desires, that have for end
Some plan nefand, some villeiny indign;
If I to more than seeing, in fine, pretend;
These be the frails of Flesh, a thing of clay,
Not of the Spirit deathless and divine.
An so high Thought be mine
I soar beyond my sight, or sin I list,
My plea be sight I see:
But when I would resist
Desire so daring in her vanity,
I seek new powers in your presence pure
And self enamour with your Formosure.

IV.

Of delicate Eyebrows drawn in darkling line
Love fashioned the Bows that deal the blow,
And took for bowstring hanks of beauteous hair :
And, as all suited that in you doth show,
He made his shafts of rays that rained your eyne
Wherewith he smiteth all who sight them dare.
 Eyne so supremely fair
With arms of vantage suchwise Amor arm
 Wherewith to slay the Soul :
 But if be great the harm
The hurt's high glory makes it sound and whole ;
And bin his murtherous arms of such a sort
One owes him dearest debt when all a-mort.

V.

Tears, sighs and singulfs, pensive reverie,
Whoso of these complaineth, lovely Dame !
Mimicks the misery he for you should feel.
Who loves you how can hold he loftier aim
Beyond outbreathing all his tormentry,
Weeping and feeding Thought with soft intent ?
 Whoso lives discontent
Must nowise seek relief of rueful case,
 Nay ! he high vaunt should weet :
 Let him with gladsome face
Suffer his woes that grow he Sorrow-meet :
Whoso complaineth suffering lover-woes
Plaineth because such glory he unknowns.

VI.

Of mode that if, percas, the Fancy fall
In fleshly weakness, of her own Consent,
'Tis that such knowledge ne'er to me was known,
Therefore not only reasons I invent
For Love, I pardon all his pains withal ;
Nay, more I thank him with my benison.

 This Fay deserves be shown
What grace and favour to those eyne 'pertain,
 And the douce Smile's dear prize :
 But ah ! that ne'er we gain
With gain of Paradise other Paradise ;
And thus my sore perplexèd Esperance
Satisfies self with goods beyond her chance.

L'ENVOI.

An I my remedy with reasonings plead,
 Know thou, Canzon ! 'tis for-that none I see,
And proffering words I 'guile appetency.

CANZON II.

A instabilidade de Fortuna.

(Of Love and Luck).

I.

Of Fortune's stable Instability,
Of pleasant blindings by the god born blind,
(Pleasant an mote they but their length prolong)
Lief would I sing, some rest for life to find ;
For as sore paining importuneth me,
Impòrtune all mankind mine irksome song,
And if the pleasant Past with present Wrong
In my frore bosom freeze my hardened strain ;
Insanity so insane
Shall be the surest signal of my woe ;
One slip in many slips may concert show :
Then, as I trust in Truths to heart I've tane
(An Truth to Ills I tell e'er condescend)
Let all the world Love's disillusion know ;
Love who with Reason now is friend to friend
Lest sin of lover unchastisèd end.

II.

Yea, Love made laws and brake with me his law ;
Yea, waxed he reasoning which whilere was blind,
Sole that Unreasons to my Soul he deal.
And if in any error Love I find,

Sense in sore dolence never yet I saw :
 Nor Love sans error ever deals love-weal.
 But that his fancy-freedom more I feel
 He fand a feignèd cause eftsoon to slay me :
 For thiswise low to lay me
 In such abysmal depth of hellish woe,
 My Thoughts did naught of outrecuidance know :
 I sought no loftier height that mote betray me
 Than what Love willèd ; and if Love ordain
 Be paid the Quit-claim I his daring owe,
 Know all that Love who doth my sin arraign
 My sin eke causèd and eke caused its pain.

III.

Those Eyne I worship, on the self-same day
 When to my humbler Thoughts they deigned
 inclining,
 Deep in my Spirit laid I reverent ;
 And then like Miser aye for more a-pining
 My heart as choicest viand I gave away,
 My heart to orders then obedient :
 But as there present wot they all I meant
 And of my longings aim and object knew,
 Or for some other cue
 My tonguediscovered (shameless Thought to think !)
 Dying of thirst-pangs by the River-brink
 I sit and fruitage of my service view ;
 But high it towereth when to pluck I strain me ;
 And sink the waters when I stoop to drink :
 Thus I in hunger and in thirst maintain me,
 Nor Tantalus dreeth pains have overtane me.

IV.

When her, who liveth in my Soul ensoul'd,
My base audacity to win essay'd,
I won her only in the form of wile :
The cloud that ever my fixt Thought o'erlaid
Figured her in my arms to have and hold,
Dreaming of longings nurst in waking while.
And, as my longings still my heart would 'guile
And of so precious prize warm Hope reveal ;
On Tantalus-pangs I feel,
Torments I suffer to a wheel fast bound,
With thousand changes whirling round and round :
Here sink I sudden when I rise to weal ;
And as I win so lose I all confiding ;
And so self-flying seek I self unfound ;
And so a vengeance binds me, aye betiding
E'en as Ixion firm in change abiding.

V.

When the sweet human Vision unhumane
My mortal Longings, holding shame in scorn,
Woody and of what I did took scanty heed ;
(For the blind Youngling of her Beauty born
Soon with the phrenzy of his madding cane
Punisht my sinful overdaring deed)
Beyond this suffering, my right-merited meed,
He sent me other torture to torment :
So never Thought intent,

From one part flitting unto other part,
Shall glut its greed upon this aching heart ;
I feed in Fancy yet am famine-spent
And with more feeding more enfamisht grow,
Lest of my torments lose I aught of smart :
Thus live I only for my painful woe,
A second Tityus, and myself unknow.

VI.

With alien loves I robbed and wills o'erthrew
(Triumphs to crafty guiling arts I owèd)
My feigning bosom ever self maintain'd :
I 'guiled and lured them in so false a mode,
That, when my bidding could their souls subdue,
I slew my victims with the love I feign'd.
But soon the penalty which Right ordain'd
Love in his vengeance forced me feel my fill,—
Compelled me climb the hill
Of harshest treatment dealeth me your ire,
Weighted with rolling rock of long Desire,
That dasheth downwards from my height of Weal :
Again the seat desired I would attain ;
Again I fail, in fine, of fight I tire.
Marvel not, Sisyphus ! if so I strain
Perforce upclimbing slopes of pine and pain.

VII.

Thiswise my Summum Bonum offereth self
To my an-hungered Longings, that I fell
The loss of losing so high boon the more :
E'en as the Miser when his dreams reveal

The treasure trove whereby he win him pelf,
Slaking his thirsty greed with golden ore ;
Then waking hurries he the buried store
To dig, the wealthy mine his dream design'd :

But all he hopes to find
His fortune turneth into charrèd coal :
Then only greater greed invades his Soul,
Failing in dearest hopes of all his kind :
Love all my senses lost in similar guise ;
For ghosts, which nightly make the Hades goal,
Had feared with less of fear the triste abyss,
Ne'er had they known the bliss of Paradise

L'ENVOI.

Canzon ! no more : I n'ote what now to tell :
But that less dearly I pay my tormentrye
Command the Cryer cry what caused me die !

CANZON III.

Já a rôxa manham clara

(He sees his lover in the beauties of Nature).

I.

Now Morn the rosiest-bright
Hasted her Orient portals wide to ope ;
And from the mountain's cope
Discoured the Darkness that oppresses flight,
Sol, urging ceaseless flight,
Longing for fair Aurora's gladding face,
Following with fiery pace
(Borne by the Coursers travails try and tire,
And o'er the herbage dank cool dew respire)
Clear, joyful, luminous spreads him over space :
Birds with night-rested wing
From bough to bough in morning-joyaunce spring ;
And with suave-sounding douce melodious lay
The approach of Day, Day's happy heraults, sing.

II.

The Morn, fresh, belle, amene,
Her brow unveiling, every holt and height
Robeth in verdant light,
Clear-tinted, soft, angelical, serene.
O the delicious teen !
O high effect of Love omnipotent !
Who deigneth his Consent

Whereso I lief would fare, or fain would stay,
Ne'er fade fro' sight of me that Seraph-ray
Wherefore I live content in dreariment.

But thou, Aurora pure !
For such high blessing bless thine Aventùre,
Which gave thee guerdon of so high effect,
To show reflected all that Formosure.

III.

The Light so sweet and live
Shows to these eyne her Light by whom I'm slain,
With locks, a golden skein,
No gold shall rival howsoe'er it strive.

This Light shall eath outdrive
The thick Obscure of sent and sentiment
By softest reveries shent :
These dew-drops, pearling delicatest flowers,
Bin of my wearied eyne the tear-full showers
I weep with joyaunce, when such woes torment :

The feathered songster's chaunt
Is but my spirit making long descant
And still proclaiming the geste peregrine
With sounds divine that worlds in wonder haunt.

IV.

E'en as occurs to those
Soon to see Night o'erdark their dearest Days,
Before the dying gaze
Some saintly Vision comes its charm disclose :
'Tis so to me who lose
This life, my Ladye : which be you alone :
This sprite that hath her Wone

In you (the while from prison forth she flies)
Beholds your Beauties showing all the dyes
Of fair Aurora, fairer, rosier grown.

O happy parting-pain !
O high-exalted Glory sovereign !
If my desire endarken not the light ;
For what, in fine, I sight gives life again.

V.

But my force natural
Which on this purest vision self maintainèd,
Fails me with ease unfeignèd,
As Suns are fain to fail this earthen ball.
If want of strength you call
Dying in this so tristful, painful plight,
The blame to Love be dight
Or to yourself where fares he whole of heart,
Who in such long-drawn Severance garred me part,
That Life by cark and care may fly the light.

For an my Life atone,
A thing of matter, only flesh and bone,
This Life I lose Love did to me consign ;
Yet I'm not mine : if slain the sin's your own.

L'ENVOI.

Canzon of Cygnet, sung in hour extreme !
On the hard grave and cold
Of Memory, thee I leave commùn to hold
With fittest Scripture for my sepulture :
For now the obscure shades my Day enfold.

CANZON IV,

Vaõ as serenas agoas.
(Of his Lover in Coimbra.)

I.

The gentle waters flow
Mondego-dale down-flowing,
Nor rest soft railing till with brine they blend :
There 'twas began to grow,
Little by little growing,
My woes beginning never more to end.
There first my vision kenn'd
In this amenest scene,
Where holds me Death in hold,
That brow, snow gilt wi' gold ;
Sweet pleasant laughlet, glance of eyes serene,
Geste of so delicate grace
That in my Spirit limned shall aye hold place.

II.

In this enflowerèd land,
Gladsome, fresh-aired, serene,
Glad and content for self lived I alway ;
Peace in my war I fand,
Aye boastful of the teen
Dealt me by many eyes of radiant ray.
From one to other day

Hope told her tale oft-told :
Long was the syne I spent ;
Life was all jolliment
For that it joyèd one such Weal to hold.
But now what can it 'vail
When of those lovely orbs 'tis forced to fail ?

III.

Ah, who me there had said
Of love so high-profound
I mote at any hour behold the fine ?
And who could e'er persuade
I mote fro' you be severed, Ladye mine ?
That from such time I tyne
All boon of Esperance ;
And see the fond vain Thought
In moment brought to nought,
Nor leave me anything save Sovenance :
But this shall aye be true
Till parting breath to Life shall breathe adieu.

IV.

Yet now the greatest Weal
I bear where'er I wone,
Wherewith to ward me in my sad decline,
Is that I ne'er could feel,
What time I was your own.
Your love could measured be with love of mine.
For the fere pain and pine

Our parting had in store,
To you the pang shall spare
My Sprite was doomed to bear :
For your least suffering I should suffer more
Than aught my soul hath shent.—
Let me, my Ladye ! die, live you content.

L'ENVOI.

Thou, Canzon ! shalt be fain
To fare in companie
With these clear waters through the meadows welling ;
And shalt for me remain
A cry, a sob, a sigh ;
That to the World such tale of sorrow telling,
(A tale so large, so long)
My tears memorious shall enbalm my song.

CANZON V.

Se este meu pensamento
(Of her beauty and of his torments).

I.

Could this my fond Intent,
E'en as 'tis sweet and suave,
Outspeak my spirit shaping self in cries ;
Showing what Ills torment
So cruel, asperous, grave,
To yours, my Ladye ! not to other eyes ;
Haply it mote some wise
Your bosom stony-dure
To ruth and blandness bend :
Then I my ways who wend,
A lonely sparrow humble and obscure,
Turnèd to Swan snow-pure,
With song canorous cleaving upper air,
In accents manifest
Would paint my pining and your precious geste.

II.

Would paint those glorious eyne
Which in their babes enhold
The Boy whose eyne are blinded by their rays ;
The locks of gilded Shine
Tressèd with purest gold
Whereto declineth Sol his dimmèd blaze ;

The head that aye arrays
Nature with choicest shows :
The well-proportionèd
Nostrils clean-cut, high-bred,
Fine as the leafage of the freshest rose ;
The lips so gracious
Perforce we praise though Praise for pardon pled ;
In fine, it is a hoard ;
Pearls are the teeth and golden every word.

III.

Right clear in you were seen
(O Dame right delicate !)
How proudly Nature rose to pride of place :
But I from scene to scene
Was doomèd to translate
Into my torture your all-gentle grace :
Only what dour dure case
Conditionèd your Unruth
Ladye ! my heart must hide,
Lest be in you descried
A " Would'-twere-not " which perfect gifts undo'th.
And if one ask, forsooth,
" Why art thou done to Death ? " I had replied :
" I die because so fair
Is she, I feel unfit to die for her."

IV.

And if, peradventure,
Madame ! my words offend you,

Of you inditing things unfelt by Sent ;
And if your formosure
Earthward so condescend you,
Stooping to conquer man's Intendiment ;
On such a base had leant
Whatever song I sing,
Of purest Love the lays ;
That so display your praise
A heart transfigured by long suffering.
And where men judgment bring
Of Cause by caused Effects, my sore distress
There would declare sans fear :
Shall see my provenance whoso lendeth ear.

V.

Rathe would I then display
Eyes full of yearning woe,
And sighs that draw with them my very Sprite ;
Gaiety feigning gay ;
Steps melancholy slow ;
Speech that forgetteth speech as soon as dight :
With self a constant fight,
Then for a pardon plead ;
A fear when falsing brave ;
A search for weal I crave ;
And of not finding it a coward dread ;
And learn in final stead
That all the fine for which with speech I strave,
Are tears and passion-pine,
Are fancy-freedom yours and dolours mine.

VI.

But, Dame ! who shall compare,
Whate'er his words express,
Your doucest beauty with my bitter pain :
And in sweet song declare
That boast of highest stress
Love in my spirit deignèd to ordain ?
Such force hath not the vain
Power of human Wit
So heavy weight to endure,
Unless their aid assure
A glance of pity, some sweet counterfeit,
Which would convert defeat
Into delight, and temper Care with Cure,
In fine, would turn despite
To gust of praises in your name indite.
L'ENVOI.
Canzon ! say thou no more, and if thy verse
Feebly thy pain express,
Ask they no more or haply shalt say less.

CANZON VI.

Com força desusada

(Autobiographical : written at Goa ? Ternate ? Banda ?—
Some Oriental Island belonging to Portugal).

I.

With furious force seld-shown
Scorcheth Sol's fire eterne
An Islet couchèd far i 'th' Eastern Main,
Of stranger wights the wone,
Where Hiems grisly-stern
Gladly regreeneth all the brumal plain.
There men of Lusus' strain,
With blades a-thirst for blood,
Seigniory hold supreme :
Girt by a sea-like stream
That ever ebbs and flows with Ocean's flood,
What growth of herbs it breedeth
The kine conjointly and man's eyne full feedeth.

II.

Here 'twas mine Aventùre
Willèd the greater part
Of life I pass, a life no life of mine ;
E'en that my sepulture,
In hands of horrid Mart,
With marquetry of blood and memory shine. '

An Love had such design
That, this my life instead,
Some memory of me,
Survive, some history
Mote by some beauteous Eyne be fondly read ;
My life, my joy, my luck
For so sweet memory lief I'd give in truck.

III.

But this my waking dream
Was by hard Fate design'd
But to mislead and falsing Hopes confound.
Now cease my thoughts to deem
That I in Death shall find
What in so long a Life I never found.
Now lost is every ground
Of my firm confidence,
So lost that desperate,
Seeing my sad estate
Even of Death I forfeit esperance.
But O ! would Fortune give
Gift of Despair true life some day I'd live !

IV.

Naught of what sights I saw
Can now compel me cower,
Since of Despair protection I forwent,
Came other cause to adaw ;
For ne'er had I the power
To light these flames that keep me ever brent.

If deem they I resent
Doubts of forgetfulness,
O would my parlous plight
Such wise befriend my sprite,
Leaving some terror on my thoughts to press !
Whoe'er hath seen such snare
That Esperance there survive nor fear her care ?

V.

Who hath what he may tyne
He only Fear can feel ;
But triste the mortal who can tyne no more !
Your fault 'tis, Ladye mine !
That my poor life to kill
One hour sufficeth of your sight forlore.
You doomed me to deplore
Hope and her false annoy :
And what doth more appal me
Ne'er did such worth befall me
I could such joyaunce find to find you coy.
A worth so mean, so slight
Can never merit pain of such delight.

VI.

With me was Love so fain,
So bland or scantly stirrèd,
As now I know him to my detriment.
No penalty bears more pain
For one who knows he errèd
Than to deny him merited chastisement.

Happeth such accident
To wretch on bed of death
When, in Despair of him,
Humours his every whim
The Leech, who granteth all he passioneth :
So granted Love my prayer—
Hope, and desire, and heart to greatly dare.

VII.

And now I come to give
'Compt of my passèd weal
To this long life-tide, Severance so immense.
Whose Fancy could conceive
My fault was so unéal
That it deservèd so grave penitence ?
Look if your conscience
Allow that lache so light
Dame ! pay so painful fee.
Look is 't not usury ?
But an so long sad exile to me dight
To you give aught Content,
Ne'er end its tortures which this heart torment.

VIII.

River ! so pure, so fair,
And you O palmy trees !
Wont for the worthy Conqueror weave a crown,
And which to boor avare,
Pleasing all while to please,
Yield divers fruitage single bole hath grown ;

So ne'er to you be known
Time's all-injurious blight ;
Safe in your shelter dwell
The yearnings here I tell,
Long as Sol lendeth Lune the boon of light ;
That man teach brother-man
How 'tis that Severance shorts not Life's short span.

L'ENVOI.

Canzon ! This banishment shall lend thee life,
Rude voice, Truth's naked bruit,
Till Time to Echo shall thy tones permute.

CANZON VII.

Mandame Amor que cante docemente

(How his love began).

I.

Love bids I sing in song of sweetest strain
What hath imprest his influence on my Soul,
Prejudging thiswise solace might be sent me ;
And, that I find Contentment bred of bane,
Saith He when eyes so fair my spirit stole,
Singing such fortune should by rights content me.
This excellent mode of snares to circumvent me
I might have counted Love's debt-interest,
Had he not changed behest,
Repenting, and by tortures darked my wits :
Yet dare I doughtier flight,
Holpen by Beauty of whose charms I write :
And if my theme be higher than me befits,
My Bel Vezers I hail
Whose might exceeds Love's force to gar me fail.

II.

Unknowing Love I wont in freedom fare,
Spurning his bended bow and great beguiling,
When Life maintainèd was by wiles alone.
A Love all-guiling, which but feigned to snare
A thousand alien Wills for greater wiling,

Caused me to scoff at hearts by guiles o'erthrown.
Sol trod in Taurus, Prognè home had flown
And Flora wreathèd Achelous' horn ;
 When Love one Easter-morn
Loosèd those ribbèd locks of thridded gold
 To the sweet Winds' coy play ;
Those Eyne out-scintillating lively ray ;
And seed of Roses sown on snowy mould ;
 With smile so gallant-bright
That e'en a Diamant-corslet mote undight.

III.

Some Sweet (I know not what the Sweet) respiring
I thrilled with novel admirable fear,
For felt a Feeling things no feeling know :
There garrulous birds, loud praises ever choiring,
Showed in their singing fire not ordinaire,
Burning, as my desires, wi' living lowe.
Forgot the chrystal founts to spring and flow
Flamed by the vision of that pure fair sight.
 With bloom the Greenth was bright
Where past she touching Earth wi' her feet divine ;
 The boughs obedient bow'd,
Or jealousing the shrubs whereon she trod,
Or for-that all things bowed before her shrine.
 In fine no entity
But what at her much marvelled, I at me.

IV.

For when I viewed thro' her intelligent grew
Intelligence-less things, I felt a-fright

To think what action mote for me be plann'd.
 My lack of knowledge now I truly knew :
 Here only knowing, for Love left me sight
 Enow to see what power he held in hand.
 Then Love such vengeance 'gan fro' me demand
 He changed my human nature till 'twas grown
 Hard as the cliffy stone
 And hilly harshness past into my breast.
 O Difference passing strange,
 That senseless Mountain's being so could change
 To one who human judgment erst possesst !
 Look ye how sweet a cross,
 Gain you a general profit fro' my loss !

V.

This wise a-losing every sentiment
 My rational Part, I felt a sore affray
 To see mere Appetite my wits subdue.
 But, in my Soul, extreme intendiment
 For so sublimest Cause, would ever say,
 'Twere well that Reason Reason overthrew.
 Thus when I saw her vanishing my view
 The loss of Reason Reason did restore ;
 And in sweet Peace galore
 Both in one subject dwelt with foe elect.
 O the rare unity !
 Who will not judge most high and heavenly
 That Cause whence cometh so unused Effect,
 Which so a heart can season
 Transmewing Appetite to shape of Reason ?

VI.

Here sensed I Love his finest art display,
As saw I Sense insense the insensible,
And saw I self myself's perdition prove ;
And sensed, in fine, my Nature self deny :
Therewith I learnèd all was possible
To her fair Eyne save only boon of Love.
But when with fastly failing sense I strove
In lieu of senses that had taken flight,
One ne'er I knew did write
Upon my soul, with writ of Memory,
Most of my by-gone quest,
Jointly impressèd with that dearest geste,
The cause which causèd so long history.
An I have truth related
Writ it not I, I but from Soul translated.

L'ENVOI.

Canzon ! who haply read
Ne'er heed he what thou sayst of those fair Eyne,
For what thou hidst unconn'd ;
Our human Senses (this wise him respond)
May not in judgment sit on things divine,
Save by a Thought intense
When Faith enforceth frail intelligence.

CANZON VIII.

Mandame Amor que cante o que a Alma sente,

(F. y S. makes this the first draught of No. 7).

I.

Love bids I sing my Spirit's sense and sent,
Case heretofore unsung by Poet's song,
Nor ever happenèd in mortal view.
This wise he partly pays me for my wrong ;
For in self-praise he would I represent
How well to lose me in the World I knew,
I am his Partner, none will deem me true :
Yet such my pleasure is to approve and praise me,
And by such praise upraise me,
As captive captured by that lovely Sight,
That all impediment
The glory of my griefs hath shent and rent,
Griefs charged with peregrine and suave delight ;
My song, I see full lief,
Shall more of marvel win and less belief.

II.

I lived exempt from lace of blindfold Love,
Yet so to prison-life did I aspire,
It bred a loathing for my liberty.
My natural Longings lit for me the fire

Of some sweet Hope in happy thought inwove,
That mote for madding Youth win high degree.
The Year returnèd to his infancy
And Earth re-donned her raiment glad and gay,
 When Amor deigned display
The loosèd tresses of the thriddèd gold
 On Summer's breath to stream ;
Those Eyne outscintillating lively beam,
The seed of Roses sown on snowy mould ;
 The mien so grave, so glad
That bade me jointly hope and bide y-drad.

III.

Some Sweet (I weet not what the Sweet) respiring,
I thrilled with novel admirable fear,
For e'en unfeeling beings felt the spell :
There garrulous Birds, loud praises ever choiring,
With song disordered and in shrillings rare
Were fired with like desires my soul did quell :
Forgot the chrystal Founts to spring and well
Flamed by the vision of that pure fair sight.
 With bloom the Greenth was bright
Where past she pressing with those blessed feet.
 The Boughs obedient bow'd,
Or jealousying the shrubs whereon she trod,
Or for-that all things bowed her sight to greet ;
 And Day and Air and Wind
She quicked with spirits of continuous kind.

IV,

And when I saw thro' her intelligent grew
 Things unintelligent, whispered Phantasy

What marvels she might show the intelligent mind.
 Fro' my own law I saw her set me free,
 Deprived of every sentiment I knew,
 And Life transformed to Life of other kind.
 She came with Love's almighty might to bind
 My sense and all its uses to bereave.

I weet not how Love gave,
 'Gainst power of Nature and her use and ure,
 E'en to the trees, the mounts,
 Roughness of hairy herbs and flushing founts,
 That owned the presence of a sight so pure :
 Alone remained I shrunk
 By power of marvel to a rough rude trunk.

V.

After my spirit lost all sentiment
 Of human, one Desire would not depart,
 But all my Reason it-ward overbore.
 Then One (I know him not) affirmed my heart
 That for such lofty thought, so dulce intent
 'Twas reason Reason be fro' me forlore :
 Thus as I saw my Reason lost the more,
 By that same loss I gainèd gainfullest gain.
 In such sweet peace the twain
 Both in one subject dwelt with foe elect.
 O Case most strange and new !
 For high and great I prove to mental view
 The cause, whence cometh so sublime effect,
 Which so a heart can season
 That reasonless Desire take rank as Reason.

VI.

After I yielded to appetency,
Or into longings of my flesh nigh changèd,
Sylvestran, solitary, unhumane,
I fared so fain to see myself estrangèd
That seemed me all things, whatso I could see,
Might claim a pardon save my loss and bane.
Draining this honeyed draught of snaring strain
In lieu of senses lost and aye forsped,
I saw Love-sculpturèd
Deep in my soul a noble Shape most fair ;
Grave wit withouten guile,
Gentleness, graceful geste and gracious smile ;
And, as such gifts could not contain in her,
Goods, in such endless store,
Convert to singing from my lips outpour.

L'ENVOI.

Canzon ! if thee they doubt
What of that clearest Geste thou dost design,
For what thou hidest unconn'd ;
Our human senses (thus to them respond)
May not in judgment sit on things divine,
Save by a Thought intense
When Faith enforceth frail intelligence.

CANZON IX.

Tomey a triste pena

(Letter to a Lady).

I.

I took sad pains, whilòme
A prey to my despair,
Of praying you note what pains I undergo ;
Seeing how me you doom
Ever the blame to bear
For wrongs you wrought me and for debts I owe.
Yet own I that I know
In part a cause I gave
To whatso Ills I sight,
For my Desire in plight
I pledged to promises of words so brave ;
But ne'er could I suspect
You nurst intention of such ill effect.

II.

An your forgetfulness
Doom me for aye to pine,
As show the signals you are wont to show ;
In this live torture-stress
All memories I resign
Save what this Reason teach you to bestow ;

Look ! you so deal me Woe
Treating me day by day
With your cold dalliance ;
The while vain Esperance,
Wherein I vainly deemed my riches lay,
Memories must e'er renew,
Since to such memories all my gloire is due.

III.

And would you now agnize
This truth as truth more pure
Than Gold that glittereth in Araby ;
E'en willed you otherwise,
This doom so dour and dure
Would change to soft by easiest degree.
I, who mine innocence see
Ladye ! in this my case,
Lief to an arbiter
For sentence would refer
Who should the justest cause of Justice trace ;
Did he, in fine, not dread
You for my death and me for you do dead.

IV.

Writ in your lot I viewèd
A harsh enhardened sprite,
And writ in Soul of him you gar to live ;
And there for aye renewèd,
Even with more despight,
What sad deceptions aye did undeceive ;

For ere fro' me you reave
The pains of sent and sense
'Gainst Ills I underwent
Enlists Intendiment
Two doughty Kempès armed for my defence,
With gems of richest ray,
A light to lend me and to lead my way.

V.

'Companied by these Squires
At post I 'wait sans fear
Whatever fatal Destiny ordain :
Yet, gi'en my spirit tires
At some time, far or near,
I may from pain of paining self unpain :
And e'en if Destiny deign
(This bestest Hope I store)
Doom me to pains more dread ;
With fears all banishèd
The more they come the less I'll cry " No more " !
In fine such force have I
Nothing shall change me though the Death I die.

L'ENVOI.

Canzon ! if now thou nill
Believe such dire Unruth,
Fare thee and there thou shalt behold my truth.

CANZON X.

Junto de hum seco, duro, esteril monte,
(Autobiographical).

I.

Hard by a sunparcht, dure, sterile Mount—
A treeless, bald-head, shapeless nuditye—
By Nature hated and of kind unkind,
Where beast ne'er dens, whereo'er no birds may fly,
Nor pearleth chrystall rill nor bubbleth fount,
Nor palm-frond sweetly rustleth in the wind ;
Whose name the Many-headed have design'd
"Felix"—an unfelicitous antiphrase—
By Nature's quaint decree
Situatè near the site
Where stand departed by the deep Sea-bight
Abassian shores from asperous Araby,
And Berenicè rose in olden days,
Upon the Western brink
Where Suns enfiring Earth beneath her sink :

II.

The Cape is sighted, from whose head is view'd
That Africk shore which trends from Austral bound
And makes a boundary "Aromatick" clept :
"Aròmata" whilere ; but whirling round
The wheel, an ill-composèd jargon rude
Of its own Blackmoors other title gave.
Here, in this Sea that loves with hasty wave

Through gorge and gullet e'er to rush and race,
Led me and held me unlied,
My hard-heart Adventure.
Here in this seld-seen, salvage, asperous, dure
Part of the World she willed Life so brief
E'en of its little leave a little space ;
So might the Life I led
In shattered pieces o'er the World be spread.

III.

Here woned I wasting days in darkling Ill,
Woeful, enforced, evil, solitaire,
Wi' toil and travail filled and ires and woes :
Not having only (no !) to me contràyr
Sea-life, sun-scorching, waters raw and chill
And ugly climate's gross and gravid air,
But eke my Thoughts, the wanderer's primest snare
That mocks the very nature of his mind,
'Gainst me I saw in strife ;
To Memory's ken they bore
Some dream of fleeting short-lived, by-gone gloire
The World had shown me when I lived my life ;
Only to double Ills wherewith I pined ;
Only to prove there be
For man full many an hour of gree and glee.

IV.

Here with such thankless Thoughts did I remain
Wasting my time and life ; while to such height
On Fancy's wing they flew, then failed and fell
(O, look ye could such fall for me be light !)

Down, down fro' visioned bliss and dreamery vain
To Wanhope never sighting day of Joy.
Imagination turnèd here to annoy
And improvisèd yammer, sob and sigh
That tare the echoing air.
Here my Soul prison-hent
Saw her quick fleshly Casing torn and rent
By dolours girded, driven to despair ;
A butt exposed to dread artillerye
Of Fortune's proud misboon,
Pride-full, inexorable, importune.

V.

Nowheres had I to lodge, nowheres to lie,
Nor aught of Esperance where my weary head
Might rest a moment and enjoy repose :
All was one sorrow, all things suffering bred,
Yet not to do me dead (no !) but to aby
Untamèd Destiny's will and chosen ill.
Oh ! how this seething Sea with groans I still !
These Winds, my wearied accents vex and tire,
Would seem their wrath t' inrein :
Only the Heavens severe,
Planets and Fate and Fortune ever fere,
Of my perpetual losses gat their gain ;
Proving them potent, wreaking all their ire
On Atomy terrene,
An earth-born, earth-bred Worm, so wee, so mean.

VI.

An from such Labours could my lot befall
To learn for certain that at any hour

Rememberèd me those lovely Eyes erst seen ;
And if these mournful words I here outpour
Could reach and touch those ears angelical
Of Her whose sight my light of Life hath been ;
Who turning somewhat on herself my teen
And in her Mind revolving, with all haste,
 The times, that now are naught,
 Of my douce erring ways,
Of my sweet evils, and the stormy days
For her I suffered and for her I sought,
And (albe late) if by some pity graced
 Some touch of ruth she'd own
And self condemn that had o'erharshness shown :

VII.

This could I only know forsure, I'd feel
 A Something restful 'waits remaining life,
To soothe my sufferings and to glad my woe.
Ah Ladye ! Ah Ladye ! in what riches rife
Are you ? that here ferforth from every Weal
By mere sweet feigning sustenance you bestow !
Attonce, when Fancy deigns your shape to show,
Fly all my pitiful toils, flies all my pain,
 Only remembering you
 I fare with strength secure
And e'en Death's stoniest stare I dare endure ;
And Hopes around me gathering hope renew,
Whereby my bended brow, made smooth and fain,
 Makes grief, however grave,
Melt into yearning reveries soft and suave.

VIII.

Here ask I (with my soul such thoughts obeying)
Of love-born breezes breathing low their sighs,
Ladye ! what news fro' where you bide they bore ;
Of birds, thence winging, you did they espy ?
How fare you, Fairest ? what your lips were saying ?
Whence ? How ? Wi' whom ? What was the day,
the hour ?
There my tired Life-tide bettereth of its stowre,
Taking new spirits bravelier to warray
Fortune with toil and grieving,
Only once more to view you
Only once more to serve you and to lo'e you.
Time saith he all will end wi' single cleaving :
Yet the fond longing Love, who long delay
Ne'er suffereth, shows him bent
Old wounds to open and anew torment.

L'ENVOI.

Thus live I ; and if any ask of thee
Canzon ! why nill I die ?
Thou mayst reply him " 'Tis because I die ! "

CANZON XI.

Vinde cá meu taõ certo Secretario

(Autobiographical, No. 2).

I.

Come here ! my confidential Secretary
Of the complaints in which my days are rife,
PAPER,—whereon I gar my griefs o'erflow.
Tell we, we twain, Unreasons which in life
Deal me inexorable, contrary
Destinies surd to prayer and tearful woe.
Dash we some water-drops on muchel lowe,
Fire we with outcries storm of rage so rare
That shall be strange to mortal memory.

Such misery tell we
To God and Man and eke, in fine, to air
Whereto so many times did I confide
My tale and vainly told as now I tell ;
But e'en as error was my birthtide-lot,
That this be one of many doubt I not.
And as to hit the butt so far I fail
E'en if I sinnèd here cease they to chide :
Within mine only Refuge will I 'bide
To speak and faultless sin with free intent.
Sad he so scanty mercies must content !

II.

Long I've unlearnt me that complaint of dole
Brings cure of dolours ; but a wight in pain
To greet is forcèd an the grief be great.
I *will* outgreet ; but weak my voice and vain
To express the sorrows which oppress my soul ;
For nor with greeting shall my dole abate.
Who then shall grant me, to relieve my weight
Of sorrow, flowing tears and infinite sighs
Equal those miseries my Sprite o'erpower ?
But who at any hour
Can measure miseries with his tears or cries ?
I'll tell, in fine, the lore for me design'd
By wrath and woe and all their sovenance ;
For other dole hath qualities harder, sterner.
Draw near and hear me each despairing Learner !
And fly the many fed on Esperance
Or wights who fancy Hope will prove her kind ;
For Love and Fortune willed, with single mind,
To leave them hopeful, so they comprehend
What measure of unweal in hand they hend.

III.

When tro' man's primal grave, the mother's womb,
New eyes on earth I oped, my hapless star
To mar my Fortunes 'gan his will enforce ;
And freedom (Free-will given me) to debar :

I learnt a thousand times it was my doom
To know the Better and to work the Worse :
Then with conforming tormentize to curse
My course of coming years, when cast I round
A boyish eye-glance with a gentle zest,
 It was my Star's behest
A Boy born blind should deal me life-long wound.
Infantine tear-drops wellèd out the deep
With vague enamoured longings, nameless pine :
My wailing accents fro' my cradle-stound
Already sounded me love-sighing sound.
Thus age and destiny had like design :
For when, peraunter, rocking me to sleep
They sung me Love-songs wherein lovers weep,
Attonce by Nature's will asleep I fell,
So Melancholy witcht me with her spell !

IV.

My nurse some Feral was ; fate nilled approve
By any Woman such a name be tane
Who gave me breast ; nor seemed it suitable.
Thus was I suckled that my lips indrain
E'en fro' my childhood venom-draught of Love,
Whereof in later years I drained my fill,
Till by long custom failed the draught to kill.
Then an Ideal semblance struck my glance
Of that fere Human deckt with charms in foyson,
 Sweet with the suavest poyson,
Who nourisht me with paps of Esperance ;
Till later saw mine eyes the original,

Which of my wildest, maddest appetite
Makes sinful error sovran and superb.
Meseems as human form it came disturb,
But scintillating Spirit's divinest light.
So graceful gait, such port imperial
Were hers, unweal vainglory'd self to weal
When in her sight, whose lively sheen and shade
Exceeded aught and all things Nature made.

V.

What new unkindly kind of human pain
Had Love not only doled for me to dree
But eke on me was wholly execute?
Implacable harshness cooling fervency
Of Love-desire (thought's very might and main)
Drave me far distant fro' my settled suit,
Vext and self-shamed to sight its own pursuit.
Hence sombre shades phantastick born and bred
Of trifles promising rashest Esperance ;
 While boons of happy chance
Were likewise feignèd and enfigurèd.
But her despisal wrought me such dismay
That made my Fancy phrenesy-ward incline,
Turning to disconcèrt the guiling lure.
Here mine 'twas to divine, and hold for sure,
That all was truest Truth I could divine ;
And straightway all I said in shame to unsay ;
To see whatso I saw in còntrayr way ;
In fine, just Reasons seek for jealousy
Yet were the Unreasons eather far to see.

VI.

I know not how she knew that fared she stealing
With Eyën-rays mine inner man which flew
Her-ward with subtlest passage through the eyne
Little by little all fro' me she drew,
E'en as from rain-wet canopy, exhaling
The subtle humours, sucks the hot sunshine.
The pure transparent geste and mien, in fine,
Wherefore inadequate were and lacking sense
"Beauteous" and "Belle" were words withouten
weight ;

The soft, compassionate
Eye-glance that held the Spirit in suspense,
Such were the magick herbs the Heavens all-wise
Drave me a draught to drain, and for long years
To other Being my shape and form transmew'd ;
And this transforming with such joy I view'd
That e'en my sorrows snared I with its snares ;
And, like the doomèd man, I veiled mine eyes
To hide an evil crescive in such guise ;
Like one caressèd and on flattery fed
Of Love for whom his being was born and bred.

VII.

Then who mine absent Life hath power to paint
Wi' discontent of all I bore in view ;
That Bide, so far from where she had her Bide,
Speaking, which even what I spake unknew,
Wending, withal unseeing where I went,
And sighing weetless for what cause I sigh'd ?
Then, as those torments last endurance tried,

That dreadful dolour which from Tartarus' waves
Shot up on earth and racketh more than all,
Wherefrom shall oft befall
It turn to gentle yearning rage that raves?
Then with repine-full fury fever-high,
Wishing yet wishing not for Love's surcease;
Shifting to other side for vengeance,
Desires deprived of their esperance,
What now could ever change such ills as these?
Then the fond yearnings for the things gone by,
Pure torment sweet in bitter faculty,
Which from these fiery furies could distil
Sweet tears of Love with pine the soul to thrill?

VIII.

For what excuses lone with self I sought,
When my suave Love forfended me to find
Fault in the Thing beloved and so loved?
Such were the feigned cures that forged my mind
In fear of torments that for ever taught
Life to support itself by snares approvèd.
Thus through a goodly part of Life I rovèd,
Wherein if ever joyed I aught content
Short-lived, immodest, flaw-full, without heed,
'Twas nothing save the seed
That bare me bitter tortures long unspent.
This course continuous dooming to distress,
These wandering steps that strayed o'er every
road
So wrought, they quencht for me the flamy thirst

I suffered grow in Sprite, in Soul I nurst
 With Thoughts enamoured for my daily food,
 Whereby was fed my Nature's tenderness :
 And this by habit's long and asperous stress,
 Which might of mortals never mote resist,
 Was turned to pleasure-taste of being triste.

IX.

Thus fared I Life with other interchanging ;
 I no, but Destiny showing fere unlove ;
 Yet even thus for other ne'er I'd change.
 Me from my dear-loved patrial nide she drove
 Over the broad and boisterous Ocean ranging,
 Where Life so often saw her extreme range.
 Now tempting rages rare and missiles strange
 Of Mart, she willed that my eyes should see
 And hands should touch, the bitter fruit he dight :
 That on this Shield they sight
 In painted semblance fire of enemy.
 Then ferforth driven, vagrant, peregrine,
 Seeing strange nations, customs, tongues, cos-
 tumes ;
 Various heavens, qualities different,
 Only to follow, passing-diligent
 Thee, giglet Fortune ! whose fierce will consumes
 Man's age upbuilding aye before his eyne
 A Hope with semblance of the diamond's shine :
 But, when it falleth out of hand we know,
 'Twas fragile glass that showed so glorious show.

X.

Failed me the ruth of man, and I descried
Friends to unfriendly changèd and contràyr,
In my first peril ; and I lackèd ground,
Whelmed by the second, where my feet could fare ;
Air for my breathing was my lot denied,
Time failed me, in fine, and failed me Life's dull
round.

What darkling secret, mystery profound
This birth to Life, while life is doomed withhold
Whate'er the world contain for Life to use !

Yet never Life to lose
Though 'twas already lost times manifold !
In brief my Fortune could no horror make,
Ne certain danger ne ancipitous case
(Injustice dealt by men, whom wild-confused
Misrule, that rights of olden days abused,
O'er neighbour-men upraised to power and place !)
I bore not, lashèd to the sturdy stake,
Of my long-suffering, which my heart would break
With importuning persecuting harms
Dasht to a thousand bits by forceful arms.

XI.

Number I not so numerous ills as He
Who, 'scaped the wuthering wind and furious flood,
In happy harbour tells his travel-tale :
Yet now, e'en now, my Fortune's wavering mood
To so much misery obligeth me

That e'en to pace one forward pace I quail :
 No more shirk I what evils may assail ;
 No more to falsing welfare I pretend ;
 For human cunning naught can gar me gain.

In fine on sovran Strain
 Of Providence divine I now depend :
 This thought, this prospect 'tis at times I greet .
 My sole consoler for dead hopes and fears.
 But human weakness when its eyne alight
 Upon the things that fleet, and can but sight
 The sadding Memories of the long-past years ;
 What bread such times I break, what drink I drain,
 Are bitter tear-floods I can ne'er refrain,
 Save by upbuilding castles based on air,
 Phantastick painture fair and false as fair.

XII.

For an it possible were that Time and Tide
 Could bend them backward and, like Memory, view
 The faded footprints of Life's earlier day ;
 And, web of olden story weaving new,
 In sweetest error could my footsteps guide
 'Mid bloom of flowers where wont my youth to
 stray ;
 Then would the memories of the long sad way
 Deal me a larger store of Life-content ;
 Viewing fair converse and glad company,
 Where this and other key
 She held for opening hearts to new intent ;—
 The fields, the frequent stroll, the lovely show,
 The view, the snow, the rose, the formosure,

The soft and gracious mien so gravely gay,
The singular friendship casting clean away
All villain longings, earthy and impure,
As One whose Other I can never see ;—
Ah, vain, vain memories ! whither lead ye me
With this weak heart, that still must toil and tire
To tame (as tame it should) your vain Desire ?

L'ENVOI.

No more, Canzon ! no more ; for I could prate
Sans compt a thousand years ; and if befall
Blame to thine over-large and long-drawn strain
We ne'er shall see (assure who blames) contain.
An Ocean's water packt in vase so small.
Nor sing I delicate lines in softest tone
For gust of praise ; my song to man makes known
Pure Truth wherewith mine own Experience teems,
Would God they were the stuff that builds our
Dreams !

CANZON XII.

Nem roxa flor de Abril,

(Her fresh young beauty compared with the Planets),

I.

Red Rose in April-reign
Painter of smiling field and coverture,
'Mid other thousand tane,
Ne'er was so grateful gift to Damosel
Courteous and gay and belle,
Her mother's care and boast, the pure of pure,
As to me showed that artless formosure
Nature so loves to lend her
That she makes Saturn in far sphere surrender.

II.

No rustick natural Spring
Untaught by excellent craftsman-hand to flow,
But by art-fashioning
Of Heaven derivèd from the rugged stone,
E'er so glad sight hath shown
To hunter panting in the noony glow,
As care in me did full contentment grow
When viewed that careless mien
Which ee'n can irous Jupiter serene.

III.

Fruit that sans training hand
Dependeth bounden to its natural place,
Which freak of Fortune fand
For him who sees it dyed blood-red, milk-white,
Ne'er dealt him such delight
As deals to me that unadulterate grace,
The brightest charm of beauty's form and face,
That head-veil spurning art
Would turn to carlish herd the war-god Mart.

IV.

The Morn who gracious glows
And rising rains from hyacinthine hair
Lily and daisy and rose,
Sans aid of ornamental artifice,
Ne'er shows so sweet device
As shows that splendid glow of eyen rare
To him who views them purely, ferly fair ;
And innocent smiles suffice us ;
Wherefore Apollo maketh Tage Amphrýsus.

V.

The Mounts, whose kingly brows
Trees in their tangled holts and haughs o'erstrew
With round embowlèd boughs,
Glad growth no dextrous handiwork could train,
Grace of so lofty vein
Vaunt not in natural shades of verdant hue
As in these orbs so clear, so pure we view ;
Large store of esperance
Love's love and Venus' venom to enhance.

VI.

The birdies' simple song
 A musick lacking trick of tone and time,
 The green ramàge among,
 Ne'er sounds so sweet, nor brings him such delight
 Who, 'neath the treën night,
 Hears it and wings his Sprite for higher clime,
 As this sweet talking in mine ear doth chime,
 This lore-light Nature-lit,
 These wits that plunder Mercury's wand and wit.

VII.

Freshets that freshest flow
 And from the forest-fount so clear derive
 Tombling fro' high cliff-brow,
 And with their pearl-lets 'namelling the green
 Of tenderest shine and sheen,
 And 'scapes our sight, soft-murmuring, fugitive,
 Ne'er gave such gladness as the Graces give
 Stored in that sovereign light
 Which rustick Dian hath a courtier dight.

L'ENVOI.

Seeing this light (Canzon ! that durst so dare !)
 All fall and prostrate wait
 Saturnine Saturn, Jove of sprite irate
 Fere Mars, fair-faxt Apollo, Venus fair,
 And Mercury and Dian and every Sterre.

CANZON XIII.

O pomar venturoso !

(To an Orchard on the Zézéré River ; with a chapel of
the B. Virgin).

I.

Fair Vergier apple'd bright,
Where Nature-craft we see
With cunning human art at odds contend ;
And in so sweet a site
Superior subtlety
Of Genius showst, nude charms withouten end !
No Judgment may pretend
(Be it blind, or high and rare)
To judge if greater part
Or Nature 'twas or Art
Or earth or heaven lent thee most of care ;
For joys thy glad terrene
Joyaunce of purest air the most serene.

II.

In thy delicious weight
The Mount his pleasure showing,
Fends fro' thy skirts Zezerè's rushing waves,
So proud thou contemplate
His chrystal purely flowing
Which blent with Pera bounds thy feet and laves.
Thy painture hath such braves

That gar Apelles pale ;
Enigmas intricate,
With myrtles animate
We see, which Scopas' self to carve would fail :
In thee with peace internal
An holy pleasure holdeth place eternal.

III.

The Garths of far-enfamèd
Babel o'er earth besung
Be now a miracle by worlds unpraise'd !
Tho' Glory's voice proclaimèd
Their hanging heights were hung
(Thus àntique Fame) in air unstable raise'd :
Nor any view amaze'd
Alcinoüs' Paradise ;
Nor pens that learning vaunt
Mæcenas' gardens chaunt,
Planter of peregrine humanities ;
But whereso fly she, Fame
Speak of thee only and thy gifts proclaim.

IV.

For, if in olden term
Bright pomes of glowing gold
Deckt garths and orchards of the Hesperides ;
And 'spite the deadly Worm
(Their ward) alone the bold
Alcides darèd strip the dooming trees ;
Thou with more power to please

Teachest the pure chaste Sprite
Her wished-for weal to win,
To fly foul envy-sin
(Those golden pomes! Time never bring them
 blight !)
In fine with charity
Conquering Hell to ope Eternity.

V.

Meanwhile of Aventùre
By Time for thee foretracèd
Heaven grant thee Joyaunce which shall never wane ;
That show thy scene so pure
With greater glory gracèd
A figured reflex of the Heavenly Reign ;
That long as Heaven sustain
This globe of sea and land,
His grace of highest degree
His Noblest Mystery,
Which death and doom from mortal spirits bann'd,
Bide in our Souls ensoul'd
And with more palmy Palms more triumphs hold.

VI.

Then joy thou long unshent
The boons of favouring Fate,
Thy Maker's Mother dealt, here fitly fane'd :
That aye with thee content
From Her sublime estate,
Joy to her servants' souls and sents be deign'd ;
And each and all be sain'd

For nobler qualities
Than Nestor, wisest wight ;
That so the world shall sight .
Their years exceeding fabled centuries ;
And with the longer Life
Endure their Memories in all honour rife.

L'ENVOI.

Canzon ! sith more enfamèd
Ne'er by thy praise can be
This Mount's delicious stations here proclaimed ;
Haply Love's deity
Who giveth governance to thy numbered strain
For will to sing them Life eterne shall deign,

CANZON XIV.

Quem com solido intento

(An unfinished imitation of Luigi Groto, showing that like
Causes do not produce like Effects).

I.

Whoso with stable mind
Woos Nature and in Nature's mystery wise is
All lore that Athens prizes,
Cast he to furious wave and fickle wind :
To forge my pains and bind,
A new Philosophy,
Born of experience, Amor to me taught.
From laws of antique Time it fares distraught ;
For Love and Nature disagree in me ;
Hence schools of sages never could attest
In subject Nature-made,
What lofty grade Love opèd in my breast.

II.

Birds winnow air serene,
The herds of Proteus in the waters thrive ;
And men are born to live
Within this world, a world so meanly mean :
Me all things inconvene
In all I bide reparted ;

My mouth's in air ; my wit on earth is cast :
 Love fills the first and Fancy feeds the last ;
 My heart consumes with flames for aye enhearted :
 But from these eyelids tear-floods ever flowing
 Have workings so contràyr
 In hostile humour flare the flames still growing.

III.

Love erst through eyen-sight
 Of Lovers' hearts the gateway safest gain'd :
 That Law now lies prophane'd ;
 For whenas shone those eyne my heart to smite,
 I loved an unseen sight,
 And like the Spingard's flash
 I saw Love's figure ere his cause was seen.
 Whoso Desire with Hope would link in lien
 Blind guide he blindly takes, a low vile lache,
 But in this soul exempt from worldly law,
 I see Hope lying dead
 Thus bides Desire in stead new life to draw.

IV.

Vainly Reflection saith
 " Like seeks his likeness : Like his like adores " ;
 And flies, unloves, abhors
 Each mortal man coy melancholick Death :
 I chase a fair Unfaith
 Who 'neath man's figure nurst

A diamant-heart, a breast of steely plate :
Who raveneth for my blood while I would sate
With fiercest death-throes her inhuman thirst :
This wise, in all things utterly different,
 Whither Fate lead I run
And if by Death undone I die content.

V.

Falls he in worse defect
Who deemeth Science certain and secure,
 That manifest Cause be sure
Aye to engender self-conformed Effect.
 Won me one dight and deckt
 With charms, whose maiden snow,
Reviving fires internal burns me alive :
For this my Fair one, fere and fugitive,
Snow gi'en she be, is surely fieriest lowe :
Whence I infer secure (and cease the phrase
 Vain, lightsome, lie-begot)
Snow sometimes melted not in flames that blaze :

VI.

Right well Effect we sight
Surcease with cessant Cause whence it depends ;
 Yet flame the more accends
Sustained by standing in the Source of Light.
 But in the living sprite
Limns every trait and line

Love, with his nightly thought, his dreaming day
And, when Apollo leaves the sunshine-way,
In sombrest shades I view that Nymph divine.
Then if sans daylight Love his eyesight feed
 Blind ! whoso holds untrue
Night's blackest hue can course of Love impede.

VII.

Erreth who overbold
Preacheth the Part be greater than his Whole :
 Love so enholds my Soul,
That in a Soul of mine I hide ensoul'd :
 From boast so brave is bred
 The dread of losing Her :
And, albe fear to many a heart that sinks
Depaint in phantasy Chimæra and Sphinx
Of future evils hostile stars may stir,
I see in self, for secret yet unknown,
 When 'joy I most content,
Only from welfare hent is terror grown.

VIII.

'Tis held for manifest
That like his Subject seemeth Accident ;
 But I still sense each sent
Of thinking, colour, laughter, human geste :
 And whenas all the rest
Of Life-tide is forlore

In this my tormentize 'so hard, so coy,
I live to 'noyance and I die to joy ;
And live my Senses when my Soul's no more,
That full assurance feel my parted Sprite
Combine, for painfuller paining,
Parting, Remaining, Life with Death unite.

L'ENVOI.

Wherefore, Canzon ! infer I and believe
That or all wonted form be disarrangèd
In Nature's firmest law,
Or that my Nature saw its shape all changèd.

CANZON XV.

Ine he isto ? Sonho ? On vejo a Ninfa pura,
 (Platonic : Of a Dream and its waking).

I.

What? Do I dream? Or see that Nymph all-pure
 Ever in soul I see?
 Or limns Desire for me
 The weal each hour all vainly would secure?
 Ill can the night's Obscure,
 Loving cold sombre shade,
 Send me in fairest dreams that clearest Light
 Which shall not day be made
 By power of glancing rays wi' radiance firèd.
 O loved Sight long desirèd
 O' that douce Nymph, that Star enquickening sight !
 Long o'er this Ocean haveI steered my barque,
 (Sans look of lodestar) voyage drear and dark.

II.

In these fair eyne my Sprite, by very pride
 Upraised, to hide was fain,
 When did the Heavens ordain
 My banisht Spirit must wi' me abide.

The surest way you espied
The highmost height to view,
And Cause of this Effect you showed my soul.
Thus Beauty's mortal hue
Born from Above its seat Above resumes ;
Thus lights which Heaven illumes
There from the skies derive, there seek their goal :
Then, as such vision can with God unite me
Why, O my Soul ! to this your Soul deny 't me ?

III.

An would you lead me prisoner part by part
Fair-faxèd wavy Hair !
Web me the golden snare
Wherein clipt Vulcan Cypria and her Mart.
And sith your gentle art
Robeth in bloomy sheen
Earth where your delicate sole vouchsafes to tread,
How oft, these marvels seen,
I wisht me a flower 'mid these flowers grown ?
For, seeing me trodden down
By the white feet that make the snow blush red,
Haply mote I transform me to the flower
Wherewith fair Flora cooled fere Juno's stowre.

IV.

But where (O dear Life mine !) where be thou fled
Lighter and fleeter than
In shady glade e'er ran
The Hind by hurt of gridèd arrow sped !

An for such Parting dread
 Mine Eyes ! ye oped to light,
 May everlastingest sleep your eyelids close,
 Ere that such blight ye sight,
 Losing that lovely, so beloved a snare !
 Now to my deep despair
 You sight full clearly for increase of woes
 In this light vision, fugitive relief,
 There be no longer Ill than Weal so brief.

V.

Happy Endymion, whom the Deëss dear
 Who guides the nightly race
 Enclaspt in dream-embrace !
 Ah ! who fro' Dream so sweet to wake would care ?
 Sole thou, Aurore avare,
 Whenas thou smotst my sight,
 Cruel ! couldst victim me for envy pure.
 But an fro' this sad sprite
 Hope willèd thee subdue the gloom forlorn,
 Know ! thou wast vainly born :
 For from these Eyne to melt such mists obscure
 Perforce must I present, to sight that ceast,
 Other Sun, other Day-dawn, other East,

L'ENVOI.

If light my Planet showers
 Revive me not, Canzon ! with soft sweet powers,
 Like rain-flowers wilted in the short sunshine
 Thou'lt sight a Life which melts in tearful brine.

CANZON XVI.

Por meyo de humas serras muy fragosas,

(A country piece : imitation of Gaspar Gil Polo's *Rimas Provenzales*).

I.

Mid serrièd Mounts, a broken, cliff-lipped height,
Girt by a growth of forest old and hoar,
Waking the rugged rocks with rëflect roar,
Flow these perennial fountains of delight :
The stream Buïna hight and eke its vale
 (A far-famed dale,
 For-that its mead
 Is 'namellèd
 With freshest views
 Of verdant hues),
Show a so goodly sight, such views amene,
The scene exceedeth every fairest scene :

II.

We sight its currents ever onward urging
Regaling daisy, making grasses shine,
As swift they seek the waters Neptunine
In varied veins, deriving and converging :
With thousand silvern shells the golden strand
 Liès glitterand ;

Here birds go winging,
By thousands singing,
While fledgelings play
On every spray,
Whose softest concert of song-melodies
Serenes the winds and gentles every breeze.

III.

From this bough Nightingale shrills loudly sweet,
From that respondeth Linnet's lively strain ;
Dame Partridge, who in holt hath refuge tane ;
Hearing the hunter flusheth fast and fleet—
Fleeter and faster than the wanton wind—
For she would find
Some safer ground ;
But 'ere 'tis found
The while she hurries
And chuckling scurries
Faster the fatal bolt behind her flieth,
Wherewith she wounded droopeth, droppeth, dieth.

IV.

Here from one branch to other Prognè flits,
Showing a bosom red with blood undried,
There seeking provaunt for her hungry nide :
Merry Coturnix luring call repeats
To the deft Birder who his toils extendeth ;
For he intendeth

By snare' and sleight
To harm and fright
The evil-fated,
Whenas amated

By sparsely scattered grains of golden corn,
Into the foeman's hand she fall forlorn.

V.

Here Challander trolleth from the crucified vine ;
The Ring-dove moaneth, chattereth the Stare ;
The snowy Culver fast from nest doth fare
The Throstle percheth high on olive-tine :
Outtroop with murmurous hum the honey-bees,
And haste to seize
Their dewy store,
All fresh and frore,
O'er meadow sheen
Adorned with green,
Whence they the fragrant golden Drink distil
Given to mankind by Aristæus' skill.

VI.

Here from the leafy Vine in lucent suit
Hang grapey bunches mirroring the sun :
Offer frondiferous Trees themselves, each one
Bearing the burthen of his several fruit :
The leaping fishes clearest waters cleave,
And e'en upheave

The stony pellets,
The conchs and shell-lets
Rubicund,
Which the jocund
Wavelets bear flood-wards with their rattling flow
And, surging soft, o'er blanchèd strands bestrow.

VII.

Here 'mid the fangèd ranges start for flight
The Calydonian beast, the stag, the deer,
Nor can their swiftness stay their panick fear
Whom their own sounding falls of foot affright.
Flies scudding Rabbit, tricky Levret flies
Her form, that lies
Beneath the bracken,
Where comes a trackin'
The light-foot Lyme ;
And many a time,
Ere by her fervid enemy overtane,
She leaves her follower following in vain.

VIII.

Resplendent gleam snow-white and purpling flowers:
Wherewith Favonius 'namels hill and dale ;
Here lovely Hyacinth shall never fail
Nor lose the memories of his old amours ;
Still on his bloomy petals graven lies
" Ay," sign of sighs :

Here, eke, doth Flora
Ever restore a
Fresh store of Roses,
Loveliest posies
With Lilies blent and sweets of myriad Daisies
And Zephyr wooing her with joy amazes.

IX.

Here, als' Narcissus in the liquid glass
Again is lured by his lovely lure :
In it the boughs that fringe the coverture
Are limned by Nature, Art may ne'er surpass ;
Adonis Cytheræa's charms enjoying,
Gladsome toying
In his bloom,
Is changed by doom
To Anemone,
On Eryx she
Left as example what shall be his lot
For whom all by-gone loves her love forgot.

X.

Glad site so fair and fresh, so fit create
For Lovers' trysting, a true treasure-trove,
Lovers whom sharp enpiercing shaft of Love,
That blind-born god, have cast fro' high estate ;
And for o'ermusing by the tinkling wave
Their griefs so grave,

Their lost amours,
Seeing the flowers
With fragrance full
Shall pluck and pull
Nosegays, and thousand precious wreaths enweave,
And with the lovely Nymphs in love-pledge leave.

XI.

I wi' these flowers, as pledge of Love to hold,
A woven wreath before my goddess placed :
And, that right well I lovèd, well was traced
By "Love-me-well" our swains call Marigold ;
But yet as though 'twere only "Love-lies-bleeding"
Her all-unheeding
Cruellest will
(Beauty's prime Ill)
Made fully plain ;
With high disdain
She spurned my flower-gift not because 'twas mine,—
But for-that fairer blooms in her combine.

CANZON XVII.

A vida ja passey assaz contente,

(A Pastoral dirge on the death of D. Antonio de Noronha.
Here popular Editions end).

I.

Hereto I lived my life enow contented,
Free roved my will, my thoughts had free intent,
Withouten qualms of Love or Aventure :
But 'twas a welfare in one moment spent ;
And, to my pains, I see clear represented
Life gives no storèd goods that long endure.
In by-gone Days abode I most secure
From Amor and his bate,
Seeing so happy state
Wherein I fancied Amor had no part ;
Now wot I not what art
To him enthrallèd me with such a force,
That while Death stays his course,
Espoir of future weal forlorn have I,
Woe's me ! how slow doth sad Life minute by !

II.

How often here I heard, when sad and lone,
Felicio mine and thousand other swains
Vainly complaining of my cruelty !
While turned I deafer ear to plaints of pains

Than the deaf adder or the deafer stone,
Judging their Love-suits vainest vanity.
Now for such freedom so high fee I pay,
My will, my wish, my whim,
I see all yield to him,
To one who may not, though I call, respond ;
One now I view in bond
Of Earth's cold bosom, one my cries would move,
And he is he I love
'Tis he who conquers, I who conquered lie.
Woe's me ! How slow doth sad Life minute by !

III.

What boots thee, cruel Love ! my sacrifice
Of torment add new title to thy name ?
Or what constrained thee to such cruel gree
That in so hasty way my Soul thou claim,
To sorrow doomed no suffering may suffice ?
But an thy Nature, Love ! be cruelty
Suffice thy use that I such harshness dree
As thou with others usest ;
Yet, as thou only choosest
To see me dying for thine own content,
When most thou wouldst torment
Thou wouldest direr pangs still more torment me,
Yet ne'er that Death be sent me
Lest such an Evil forth from me should fly.
Woe's me ! how slow doth sad Life minute by !

IV.

Where shall I find me aught affording weal ?
And on whose name shall call when none responds ?

Who shall to present care a cure present ?
No weal there bin but what fro' me absconds ;
Nor view I any who shall welfare deal,
When he my bestest welfare fro' me went.
Ne'er saw I mourning Maid so malcontent,
Amor did so maltreat,
But who could hope to weet
Some cure that Time and Life shall bring for care :
I only live to bear
An Ill so grievous grave, so desperate,
Which hath e'en heavier weight,
For-that it maketh Life uneath to die.
Woe's me ! how slow doth sad Life minute by !

V.

Sweet flowing Waters ! Meadows ferly fair !
Shade-sombre Forests ! rugged highland Rock !
Where I when wholest-hearted came and went ;
Fresh Flowers ! and likewise thou my gentle Flock !
The dear companions of the days that were,
Leave me not, pray 'e, now my pains torment.
And if mine Evils touch your sense and sent,
Aid me to 'bate their wrong,
For dumb is now my tongue,
And Patience vanisheth ferforth of ken.
But when (ah hapless !) when
One day, one hour shall see me fare contented,
And thee to sight presented,
My Swain ! and bind two souls with single tie ?
Woe's me ! how slow doth sad Life minute by !

VI.

But know I not an 'twere foolhardy stress
This strain of Soul that would with thine unite,
Which was so coyly fro' my heart outcast.
Amor shall free me from this parlous plight ;
For there, when seeing this my sore distress,
I hold e'en thou shall hold thee 'venged at last.
And if in thee endure the Love that past
And that fair Faith so pure,
I feel securely sure
A friendly welcome there fro' friend to find.
Of me, then, learn mankind
The whole of heart shall pay Love's dearest cost ;
And pay her uttermost
The Soul that sees not Love with grateful eye.
Woe's me ! how slow this sad Life minutes by !

* * * * *

CANZON XVIII.

Mandame Amor que cante docemente(Jur.'s *ineditas* begin : same subject as Nos. 7 and 8).

I.

Love sends me order sweetest song to chaunt,
The song he deignèd press upon my sprite,
With preconceived purpose to redress me,
And that with evils I contentment vaunt,
He saith that captured by those eyne of light
To boast such capture should suffice to bless me :
Well saith he : but I shrink so high to raise me,
For view I clearly, when I'd write my tale,
My lowly Genius fail,
And the fair vision so high value owe
That claims it Orpheus' song ;
For, an his singing hurried groves along
Would not my singing her some miracle show ?
Yet will I work my best
And, Dame ! aid you this slave who hears you hest.

II.

'Twas in the Season when the verdure lush
A-field returneth ; whenas sweet-suspiring
Zephyrus cometh leading Prime the belle ;
From springs and fountains clear pure waters gush

And, mid the flowers of seed-tide, wail untiring
 Their àntique wrongs Prognè and Philomel
 My Luck (which meant her sight I loved so well)
 Better to show me weal in bestest part
 Loosèd, with pretty art,
 Tresses that meshèd me in tangling net
 To the coy wind's soft breath ;
 Those eyne whose lively light all 'lumineth,
 That airy brow and gesture delicate,
 Which unto Earth gave He
 For peace to mortals and for war to me.

III.

From Appetite, alluring, excellent,
 Spirits of holy mould began outspread,
 Who with their pity fillèd all of air ;
 The Birds beholding light so lucident
 Awe-stricken, each one unto other said :—
 “ What light be this ? what radiance new and rare ?
 The Founts, inflamed by charms beyond compare,
 Slowèd their waters shining purest sheen ;
 Resilient rose the green
 Prest by the fairy feet of airy tread ;
 The boughs low bending down
 I felt in every bosquet greener grown ;
 And if she only moved from stead to stead
 The Winds in peace were stillèd,
 By very musick of her movement thrillèd.

IV.

When to the senseless saw I senses lent
 By her, I musèd what mote hap to me,

A man, a sensuous thing of flesh and blood ;
I knèw my knowledge was of scant extent,
And this much only knew, for I could see
Fro' me my spirits in a flood outpourèd ;
While power so puissant in her own was storèd
It changed to human nature's softest strain
The Mounts, whose rugged vein
Fro' them distrained, past into my breast
O parting passing strange !
For mountain-hardness human sense to change,
The sense that ever lay in me repress :
Look ye what sugred snare !
Gain ye a common good from bane I bear !

V.

My human Being being already lost,
I lost the reasoning part that in me lay,
Yielding the lave of Life to appetite ;
But Sense adawed and by such changes tost,
For so divinest Cause began me say
'Twere only reason Reason lose the fight,
For only losing could such loss restore :
In sweet peace evermore
Each fared wi' foeman in one frame subjèct :
O goodly concert this !
Who had not deemèd deals celestial bliss
The Cause that causeth so sublime Effect,
That so man's heart can season
Till its gross Appetite becomes its Reason.

VI.

Here sensèd I Love's finest gramarye
Seeing him sensing things insensible,
And of mine every sense forlore to esteem me :
In fine I felt my Nature self deny ;
Whence sight assured me all were possible
For her fair Eyne sauf one,—with love to see me :
Then, as I felt my senses fail and flee me,
In lieu of senses that had fled my lot
One wrote (I know him not)
Upon my soul with writ of Memory
And, with her gentle gest,
Most of this process on my soul imprest,
Which gave a cause to so long history :
If well did I relate it ;
I write it not, from spirit I translate it.
L'ENVOI.
Canzon ! If doubt they one fair Sight have power
(Such power !) the soul to stir
Say, " look on me and then believe in her ! "

CANZON XIX.

Crescendo vai meu mal d'ora em ora,
(To a Dame living in the Country).

I.

Increase mine Evils, crespive hour by hour,
And deem I Fortune dooms my life to cease,
Against my welfare so she guides her wheel :
Then if Life fail me may my pains increase,
However, cruel Dame ! increase they more,
Some fine must find, in fine, their fierce Unhele.
What gainest thou to lose me ?
What locest fair to use me,
If at the cost of single love-glance lent
Thou canst my life content ?
And if thou deal me grace of remedy
The self-same Being shalt thou cease to be ?

II.

If the coy pains, the tortures thou hast dealt,
Had dealt thee joyaunce, e'en a little part,
I'd live contented and enjoy my paining ;
For sith I labour to content thy heart
Woe would delight me with a joy ne'er felt :
But clearly note I how Deceit unfeigning

Those lovely Eyes discour, (If haply seen some hour)
Making the smallest matter of my teen.
Ay me ! right well I ween
Thou, Ladye ! for my destined lot and sort
So dure condition doomest me support.

III.

Tygre or any fere irrational
With all his harshness owneth Love-liesse
And for it peaceful haunts his forest-wone :
The Birds, be they of greater size or less,
All with an inbred Instinct natural
Own the love-feeling Nature wills they own :
But thou so perfect in perfection,
Of such fair honest strain,
Of so divine a vein,
Of so much galliardise and gentle gree,
Hast naught save cruelty !
Meseems with reason these thy ways be meet,
To win thee title "cruel Anaxarete."

IV.

An be't thy deme I undeserve to serve thee
For mine unworthy worth to win such prize,
Deceives thee, Dame ! opinion error-fill'd ;
For an thou have so gracious galliardise,
I have a faithful love that doth deserve thee,
Nor aught my merits to thy merit yield.
But little boots me on such base to build

Whose Fate of foes is worst ;
To love thee I'm enforst ;
All thy great merits but my love enforce ;
Yet, more Love's forceful course
Confirms my faithful will and confidence,
The more thou bafflest me with coy pretence.

V.

What 'vails thy gentle joyaunce-dealing sight ?
What can avail so lovely Dame be thou
If all be drownèd in thy selfish worth ?
The freshest floscule gemming greeny bough,
Whose unseen blushes Time shall wilt and blight,
Gaineth but nothing from the gift of birth ;
Gold naught availeth hidden deep in earth,
Tombèd in his proper mine
Till miner shall refine ;
Nor Pearl embedded in her ugly shell
Doomed on dark sand to dwell,
For, till by man's companionship besought,
Her worth be worthless and her charms be naught.

VI.

So doth consummate superhuman grace,
A grave and modest favour Angel-bright,
Forfare all value when thou 'sdeign the showing ;
The golden tresses framing brow snow-white,
The flower-like cheeks, the years in pride of place,
Mateless thou wastest on Life's desert air.
O fair Ingratitude, no mercy knowing !

What claims of thee the field ?
What joys doth country yield
That gar thee lavish youthtide's boon supreme
On those the gift misdeem,
Thou giv'st large-handed gift to me denay'd,
In fine, thou giv'st them light and giv'st me shade.

VII.

See with how speedy wing Time flies at speed,
See with what course to run thee down he goes,
And with what silence hastes to fatal fine ;
To 'joy thy person is his primest heed ;
For, whenas withered hangs the bloomèd Rose,
Sans price and value lingereth still the Spine ;
I own thee of her charms that charmed our eyne
If Time could so deflower them,
Time can again empower them :
And if the ruin of noble Prime she rue,
Prime shall her green renew ;
But an thy fresh young season be forlore,
Hope no return, it greeneth nevermore.

VIII.

An Nature made thee bloom so brightly fair,
If she with perfect grace thy form endowerèd,
War not with her against misaventure :
See now thy season all its flowers hath flowerèd ;
Be not so niggardly, to self so spare ;
Fain must we cull our fruits when fruits mature ;
And, if thou wilful wilt thy formosure

Thou wastest so mispent,
Whenas thou shalt repent,
Time, as he runneth with a loosèd rein,
Backs not to start again ;
Nor state of man shall Fortune label "Felix,"
To grow, and eke regrow, like fabled Phoenix.

IX.

How can I ever hope thy ruth to see,
When thou, with fere intention unhumàne,
In case so cruel canst thyself oppress ;
Clear shows the disillusion of my bane :
Whoso for self nill liberality
Ill to his neighbour shall he deal largèsse.
Withal this wheel of dure and dour distress
I hope ungeared to sight
And at some hour run light ;
For-that with Time the beast that haunts the hills
Something of softness thrills ;
And e'en the haughty steed his rage subdues
And, tamed by Time, submits for man to use.

X.

If to torment my Soul thy Soul content,
An such thy fitness for such cruel feat,
Yet Hope shall ever 'bide in me secure :
Time makes Grenado grow to sugary sweet,
Time breaks to bittocks hardest Diamant ;
Soft water drilleth stone however dure :
Who knows but what shall grant me Aventùre

I see that Time deign deal
My Soul-desirèd weal?
The sky's bright mirror e'en in brumal tide
Mists do not always hide ;
And, though Tornado may torment the wave,
Time quells the squall and gentles gales that rave.

XI.

An for whatever travail, small or great,
Ladye ! we look to win commensurate weal,
And if we honour merit as were due,
Of constant love, of fay sincere I feel,
The fruitful harvest justly I await :
If aught offend thee which in me thou view
My life go wasted, ne'er itself renew
In such a fair demand,
Since Love so deals command ;
And if or Fate or Fortune deign decree
That I be loved of thee,
Nothing of larger glory covet I ;
And if not, for thy sake 'twere life to die.

L'ENVOI.

Canzon ! thou goest lost, but more his weal
Is lost who gives thee to the withering Wind ;
For he hath feeling and for Ills doth feel
And naught of feeling for the lave can find
I weet we let the wretch no Leach can hea,
Wail pangs of body and weep pains of mind ;
Therefore I bid thee go and where thou go
Tell all my torments and Love's guerdon—woe.

CANZON XX.

Bem aventurado aquella, que ausente

(Same subject as No. 16; in "Rimas Provenzaes").

I.

Happy the mortal who retirèd lives
From crowding business, noise and tumult-press,
Sees from afar loss, insult and distress
Th' unworthy world to silly worldling gives :
His cares encurbeth he with Reason's rein,
An alien
From all the cares
That breeds and bears
Our human life
Which, ever rife
In poisonous pleasures of Man's covetize,
Kindles the brands whereon he burning lies.

II.

He batteneth not on hopes of Fortune's hoards,
Raised where the falsest Hope unduly elates ;
Vile seem to him and low the intimates
Of Kings, of Princes and of noble Lords ;
As wealth abounding ever rateth he
His Poverty,
The foe that foils
All toils and moils

Ne'er consenting'
Discontenting ;
And that he see his heart in life secure
Careless and fearless, wills he to be poor.

III.

He spurns with valorous soul and gallant breast
Ambitious flights that daze the Spirit's gaze ;
He 'sdeigneth thoughts which vainly rise and raise
To vainest phantasies by care opprest ;
These things, as pèrverse ills, afar he driveth,
And so liveth
For-that Life
Torn by strife,
Worn by caring,
Weary, wearing,
And blown by frolick Fortune's every breath
Is Life unlively ; nay, 'tis Life-in-Death.

IV.

Ne'er breaketh gentle sleep the sovenance
Importunate of weal and coming woe ;
Secure he seeth changes come and go,
Free from all fear, exempt from change and chance ;
And, albe Life appear to him so brief,
He lives unliel
Of longer lease ;
His joys ne'er cease
For ever deeming
Wealth is teeming :
For Life that raceth goods of Life to chase
Finds itself wasted, lacking growth of grace.

V.

He fareth not with friends that hide the fone,
He 'fronteth direst perils prudent-wise,
A constant spirit, in his tranquil guise,
He joys with loyal hearts secure to wone ;
And, when the raging of the tyrant Main
 Warreth insane,
 Fires accending
 And pretending,
 With strange swelling
 Wrath indwelling,
To wreck Earth's dearest peace in general jar,
He rests and laughs at th' elemental war.

VI.

He hears no martial trompet's fearful roar
 Affrighting forceful hearts with harshest strain ;
 He feareth not the soldiery cruel vain
With swords which ever thirst for human gore ;
Nor yet the bullets from the spingards springing
 Ringing, pinging,
 As a-sky
 Thick they fly ;
 But descending,
 Unseen wending,
Amid the many come they one to wound,
One in such cases e'er fon-careless found.

VII.

And though his freeborn Thought intelligent
 'Prison his sight and rule his chosen law ;

And though another's Will his own adaw,
Withal enjoyeth surest Liberty
His Thought aye free,
That electeth
What subjecteth ;
For the painful
Snarings baneful
The which from private prejudice proceed
To none the lordship of man's self concede.

VIII.

Now he upraiseth high from lowly earth
Experienced Thought to things beyond the sky,
And blaming life and self he fain would die
To win such treasure of exceeding worth :
Now with soft "Ahs" he cleaveth through the cloud ;
Groaning loud,
Death addressing
"Thou hard blessing !
Come thou nigh me
Nor deny me
A blow so fatal that my Life would reave
And thee the truest Life I would believe."

CANZON XXI.

Porque vossa beleza a si se vença,
(To a fair friend recovering health : imperfect).

I.

For-that your loveliness self-conquest see
 You have such marvels shown,
 That be you fairer grown
With the past rigours of this malady ;
Thus in her season the pale hueless Rose
Regreens her hue and with more lustre glows ;
Thus, past the horrid hours of wintry gloom,
Prime flaunts his flowers dight with brighter bloom ;
Thus in due course the sad eclipsèd Sun
Emergeth clearer, radiant race to run.

II.

Now Sol to see your welfare shows his gladness,
 And, erst in sables clad,
 Robeth him gay and glad
While mobled Night displayeth less of sadness ;
The withered fields you force to flower, Senhora !
Whenas her sorrow flowerless mourneth Flora ;
The very elements joyèd fain and lief
That whilom felt and sore bewailed your grief ;
The shiest Bird sings happy madrigal ;
All self engladden, or you gladden all.

III.

Gladden you, Earth and Heaven ! these lamping eyes
Lit wi' so lovely light
Which, by their marvel-might,
Give Earth her blossoms and give Stars to skies :
To Tagus, better blest by Adventure,
Give you that beauty's all-fair portraiture,
Which bin a treasure of more wealth untold
Than richest sand-beds rolling finest gold :
Ladye ! we see you all enrich and deem
Yourself the richest, in all wealth extreme.

IV.

Seeing your welfare Love himself makes fête
And Health, in honest pride,
Showeth a fairer side,
Donning your wealth of charms that all amate :
The Graces, garlanded with thousand flowers,
Crown you for only goddess of Amours,
And give you all your April gave the Three ;
For to the Graces primest Spring you be ;
And, sith you gladden all with health renew'd,
All waxeth gladsome nor may change intrude.

* * * * *

O D E S.

O D E I.

Detém hum pouco, Musa, o largo pranto
 (Endymion and the Moon : himself and his lover).

I.

Awhile the large complaining, Muse ! withhold
 Love opeth in thy breast ;
 Nay, robe in raiment gay with gleamy gold,
 And be our vows address
 To Her, whose gracious hest
 Wills all the world illume,
 Lighting to bright of day the nightly gloom !

II.

O Delia ! thou who, billowy clouds despite,
 Shedding thy silver ray
 Such wise dost influence the obscure of night
 Love may not find his way,
 Nor e'en in soul pourtray
 Love's love to thy divine
 Favour, that gars me rage and senses tyne !

III.

Thou, who with Stars of lightest, brightest sheen
 Dost coronal and crown
 Thy lovely cheeks, thy candid front serene ;

And deckest field and down
With roses by thee sown,
With daisy, dainty birth
Thy heavenly humour shed o'er vernal Earth !

IV.

Then, Delia ! seest thou from thy heavenly sphere
Chastities theft-o'ertane,
Sighs, singulfs, " Ahs," and voice of song and tear ;
And wills of similar strain,
These yearning aye in vain,
Those, mourning cruelties,
Offer their own dear lives for sacrifice.

V.

Erst came Endymion to these wooded Mounts,
Their high-hung welkin eyeing,
The while thy name, with eyne convert to founts,
Invoked he vainly crying,
Aye sueing, praying, sighing,
Thy Beauty grant him grace,
Yet not one hour he fand of ruth a trace.

VI.

For thee of snowy flock a Shepherd grown,
In forests solitaire,
And, 'compained by Thought and Thought alone,
He speaks the herds that fare
To all true Love contràyr,
But not (as thou art) dure ;
Where he lamenteth sore Misaventùre.

VII.

For thee conserveth Ilium's fountful site
Gardens of cooly gloom ;
For thee keep Pelion and far Erymanth-height
Roses of purpling bloom ;
And gums of choicest fume,
Of this our Orient,
Conserveth Happy Araby right content.

VIII.

Of whatso panther, tygre, leopart
The bowels 'ured to stowre
But sense the terrors of thy grided dart,
When the tor's highest tower,
Remote and strange and dour,
Thou climbst in light-foot way
So ferly fair that Love by love canst slay ?

IX.

Thine ear did aye the chaste young Mother's crying
Thou bright Lucina ! hear,
Her force enforcing and new sprite supplying ;
But to that Lover drear
Ne'er wouldst thou lend an ear,
Nor for one moment deign
To see him suffering less of pain and bane.

X.

Ah ! fly me not. Ah ! haste thee not to hide
From Lover naught shall daunt !
Look thee how sighs and murmurs Ocean-tide,

How Atlas old and gaunt
His shoulders arrogant
Compassionate doth incline,
Hearing these dolent, feeble accents mine.

XI.

Most tristful me ! my plaint what profiteth
When my complaints I throw
To one whose lifted hand would do my death
As of some cruel foe ?
But where leads Fate I go,
Fate so my weird fulfils,
She only teaches this, this only wills.

XII.

O long the syne since Heaven unsnared my snare !
Yet with more obstinate gree
And madder daring every day I dare ;
Despite a will born free
Folly I cannot flee ;
For this wherein I wend me
With snare of Esperance still doth hold and hend me.

XIII.

O how far better for my fate had been
A sleep thro' Night eterne
For these sad eyne, which so had never seen
The cause of dule so dearne ;
To fly (ere came such turn)
One more than erst unkind,
Fiercer than She-bear, fleeter than the Hind.

XIV.

Ay me, who ever burn in living lowe
 Wi' thousand deaths by side ;
And when I die the most I live the mo'e !
 Thus did for me decide
 Ill-doom wherein I 'bide ;
 For, when it wills me dead,
To longer Life it dooms me, Death instead.

XV.

Secret-full Night, sweet friend I lief obey !
 These Roses (sith one hour
My plaint thou heardest) on thy fane I lay ;
 With this fresh amaranth-flower,
 Still trickling dewy shower
 And wet with rory tear,
Shed by the jealous Titan's fair white Fere.

O D E II.

Taõ suave, taõ fresca ; e taõ fermosa,
(A Canzon).

I.

So suave, so fresh, so fair ne'er yet uprose
In skies of Orient light
Aurora deigning deal us summery Spring,
And painting flowers in gracious wonted guise,
As came that false and feral Fairest when
In me she breathed such Thought of lively care,
That I mine I unknow.

II.

Ne pudick Daisy ne fresh opening Rose
On plain showed face so bright,
When radiant Sol is pent in Taurus' ring,
Amelling bowers with all-differing dyes,
As doth this Flower with down-cast eyne when fain
She would inure me sorrow's weight to bear,
A throe e'en now I trow.

III.

Fair fleet-foot Nymph, whose anger glows and grows,
Ne'er followed in her flight
Satyr, but what his softing heart could bring

Her breast to pity and Love's gentle guise,
However fast she fled and spurned this pain,
This bane, where showèd Love a bliss so fair
 Begun with prosperous show.

IV.

In fine, ne'er yet fair Thing so rigorous
 Nature with Being dight,
Her form, her hard condition rivalling;
Which doth my life-long agonies despise ;
And, with sweet gesture rife in soft disdain,
Raised sense and sent and life to height so rare
 That thanks for throes I owe.

V.

'Twas my fond Hope to hymn, in verse or prose,
 That vision seen in sprite
Twixt douce durèsse and mercy balancing,
Delices of beauty's first-fruits, rarest prize ;
But when my song would soar with heavenly strain,
My wits were blent and genius by the glare,
 The great and glorious glow.

VI.

In that high purity never shall disclose
 To worlds its veillèd light ;
In those angelic eyne o'ermastering
My Life, the lords that rule my destinies ;
And, in those locks that on soft breezes deign
Softly to wave and all my Life ensnare,
 I joy the while I am woe.

VII.

Parlous suspicions and repining throes
Wherewith would Love requite
His low desarts who forth fares wandering ;
Dolours and dreads, the spirit's tormentize,
Fierce cruel coyness which fro' me hath tane
The only remnant of my wonted fare
To all I lout me low.

L'ENVOI.

Thralled me whole-heart Love to eyne of her
Wherein my God I know.

O D E I I I .

Se de meu pensamento

(After Garcilasso).

I.

If an my Thought could show
Some cause with Joyaunce mote my soul assain,
As now of woe and throe
I have full right to 'plain,
Thou couldst console me, Lyre of saddest strain !

II.

And my voice weary grown,
That rang in other days so blythe, so pure,
Never such change had known,
So sad Misaventùre,
That turned it hoarse and heavy, dour and dure.

III.

Were I as wont to be,
Your praise had soared to the highest height ;
You, you my Hierarchy !
Had heard my Love's delight,
Now World-example of my painful plight.

IV.

Glad woes and liefest grief,
Days, hours and moments with contentment fraught,
To Memory ah ! how lief
Ye wone in soul inwrought
Where now reign torments baning every thought !

V.

Alas for fleeting joy !
Alas for gloire defacèd and displace'd !
Alas fere ills so coy !
What Life ye gar me taste !
How weighed by love's dull weight ! what wilful waste !

VI.

How could not Death abate
This Life ? How can this Life still, still endure ?
How opes not Death the gate
To such misaventùre
Which Time with all his care can never cure ?

VII.

But, that I bear my bale,
Subjecting Love more weightily would oppress :
For e'en to tell the tale,
Force faileth my distress
And all things weak me, all is weariness.

VIII.

Weal was indeed thy weird
Thou who prevailedst with sounding lyre
Orpheus ! till thou wast heard
By Rhadamanth the dire
And sawst with mortal eyne thy dear Desire !

IX.

The ghosts of Hades-gloom
Thy voice of musick had the power to please ;
The three dark Maids of Doom,
Man's ruthless enemies,
Saw themselves forced their furies to appease.

X.

Remained in wonderment
All Stygia's empery to hear thy lays ;
And with repose content
Fro' woe that seldom stays,
Sisyphus ceased his huge round stone to upraise.

XI.

Changèd his ordered hest
Pluto long customed torture-throes to deal ;
Stood still in rarest rest
Ixion's whirling wheel,
And feel in glory who their pains unfeel.

XII.

By the strange marvel movèd
The Queen, that ruleth Hades' shadowy host,
Restored thy well-belovèd
Fere, who life-lorn and lost
Had woned for many a day 'mid ghosts a ghost.

XIII.

Then, my Misaventùre
How may't not soften Soul of mortal strain,
Against my weal more dure,
Less human, less humane
Than wrath of Callirrhoë, Nymph prophane ?

XIV.

O coy with cruel scorn,
Hard-hearted Bosom and enstonièd
As any Tygress born
In Hyrcan wold and bred ;
Or in the rock's hard womb engenderèd !

XV.

Yet what say I, sad wight !
To whom entrust my plaints and trust in vain ?
Ye only (O Delight
Of the salt humid reign !)
Clear Nymphs, condolence of my sufferings deign ;

XVI.

And, trickt with golden ore,
Upraising tressèd heads of auburn shine
O'er waves that rear and roar,
With locks a-dripping brine,
All come ye forth to sight what state be mine.

XVII.

Come forth in company
Singing and plucking fairest flowers draw near !
Mine agony shall ye see ;
Ye shall my Love-tale hear
And answer tear and sob with sob and tear.

XVIII.

The lostest ye shall view,
And most unhappiest Body e'er was born ;
That self did erst transmew
To tears, whose state forlorn
Hath no surviving care but aye to mourn.

O D E I V.

Fermosa fera humana,
(To a venal fair in Lisbon).

I.

Fair Human unhumane,
Against whose haughty heart and hardened breast,
The might all-sovereign
Of vengeful Amor's conquering behest,
Each griddè arrow-head
He had in quiver but to break hath sped :

II.

Belovèd Circe mine !
Albe not only mine yet loved the more ;
To whom I did assign
My lovèd Liberty, man's liefest store,
Bit after bit I yielded,
And e'en had yielded more had I but held it ;

III.

Sith Nature in despight
Dealt thee of Reason particules so contràyr,
That with such beauty dight
Flaming in various fires thou art fain to fare,
Yet burning self in none
Longer than Earth is lit by single Lune ;

IV.

Then on thy Triumph thou go'st
Dight with the spoilings of the Love-forshent,
Fro' whom thou robst the boast
Of human judgment, reason, sense and sent
Almost to all affying
Favours thou bidest unto all denying ;

V.

For so thou joyest seeing
The Youth, who nightly comes in steel confine'd,
The tempest-tumult dreeing,
Whenas descendeth Jove in water and wind,
At door his mistress keeps
Closed on his pleasure till for pain he sleeps.

VI.

How canst fro' fear refrain,
Fear lest so coying, sdeignful dalliance
Nemesis (wont to rein
Mad pride and farthest flights of esperance)
Visit with vengeful ire
And 'gainst thee Amor's fiercest anger fire ?

VII.

See Flora fair and lief ;
Rich with the robberies of a thousand sighs,
Still wailing for the Chief
Who there, at last, in Thessaly vanquisht lies,
And was so famed by Fame
Rome gave him altars and a saintly name.

VIII.

See her in Lesbos born,
Whom highest psaltery garrèd honour-rife ;
An for her sake forlorn
Were many, yet she lost her dearest life,
Down-leaping stones whose stain
Is being latest cure of Lover's pain.

IX.

She, for the chosen Youth
In whom the threefold Graces showed their guile,
Whom Venus hid in growth
Of lettuce-garden for her loving while,
Wi' Death's cold ague paid
The lives for many miserable made.

X.

And, seeing herself so left
By him for whom she left so many a Fere,
She rusht, of hope bereft,
To fling her down the Leap infamely dear :
For Unlove's evil knows
'Tis gain of Life when Life away it throws.

XI.

" Take me, fierce waves ! nor spare :
Take me, since other left me lorn and lone ! "
She spake and cleaving air
Down sprang in wrath from high altarial stone.
Lend aidance thou, suave
Love ! aid thou, heavenly Bird that swayst the wave !

XII.

Take her on either wing,
Unhurt, unperilled; Boy compassionate !
Before her form she fling
In these fere waters olden flame to 'bate.
A Love so high is digne
To live and aye be loved for peregrine.

XIII.

Nay ! Reason bids she be
For she-wolves fancy-free who Love would vend,
'Sample, wherein they see
That all who prisoners take be tane at end :
Thus doth the deme record
Nemesis, deeming Love of all be Lord.

O D E V.

Nunca manhãa suave

(To an unvenal Fair : last of the Edit. Princ.).

I.

No Morn so clear, so bright
Dispreading radiance o'er the terrene Round,
That followeth gruesome night
With darksome tempest glooming seas profound,
E'er gladdened Ship that saw herself fast bound
For the dread deeps of brine,
As me the lovely lightings of those eyne.

II.

That charm of Formosure,
In every eye-glance shining brightest sheen ;
Whereby the shades obscure
Don light and every meadow dons new green ;
Whene'er my thoughts see melancholick scene,
She and her living spell
Grief's every darkling cloud fro' me dispel.

III.

My breast, wherein you bide,
Were for so great a weal a vase too wee :
And when you turn aside,

Those eyne that scanty value deal to me,
Then, gentle Ladye ! Such a fire I dree
 Of life-consuming ray
As feels the Moth who lamp-ward wings his way.

IV.

Had I Souls thousand-fold,
For those all-lovely eyne fit sacrifice,
 All that could find a hold
My hand would hang to lashes of those eyes ;
And, in that clear pure Vision taught to arise,
 Each would (tho' small of worth)
In your Eye-babes behold renewèd birth.

V.

And you, who fancy-free
Now fare unheeding my so mournful moan,
 Circled by Souls of me,
Could not withdraw your eyne fro' where they wone ;
Nor could it be (amid them seeing your own)
 But that they show such grief
That must a single Soul make loving-lief.

VI.

Yet, as the burning breast
Can lodge one spirit only, fairest Faire !
 Enough one love you best
As though a myriad-fold your lovers were.
So shall the dolours of its ardent flame
 Work with such main and might,
You nill in cinders see your ownest sprite.

ODE VI.

Póde hum desejo immenso
(How Absence breedeth Desire).

I.

A Love-desire immense
Can so enfire the breast
Een the live Spirit melts with heat intense
Depuring every stain of terrene vest ;
And purifying Sprite so raised, so lit
Wi' deathless eyes divine
That make her read the line she sees not writ.

II.

For flames that heavenward tend
Sent forth such luminous ray,
That if exalted wish to weal extend
It seeth, as never saw it, clearest day ;
And there it views long-sought Original,
Live hues and grace refine'd
Of costlier kind than aught corporeal.

III.

Then, O, example clear
Of Beauty's portraiture,
Which from so far I note, and see so near

In Soul, this wish doth elevate and depure ;
Deem not mine eyes such Image ne'er may sight,
That form man ne'er could know
Were he not 'vantaged mo'e than human wight.

IV.

For an absented eyes
In you behold not blent
Compast proportions, and surpassing dyes
Of blushing purity, pudent, excellent ;
Charms which the speaking painture, Poesy,
Limned heretofore in lays
That mortal charms bepraise as mortals see :

V.

An they the locks ne'er sight
The vulgar 'title gold ;
And never see those eyne of brightest light,
The Sun's own treasures as we singers hold ;
Unless they sight that miracle of brow
To whom shall men declare
Owe semblance rare the Chrystal, Rose and Snow ?

VI.

They see attonce grace pure,
A light severe, elate,
Reflected ray of heavenly Formosure,
Soul-stamped and from the Soul reverberate ;
As chrystal-mirror, struck by solar beam,
That doth around it shed
The sparks it cherishèd in clearer stream.

VII.

And the grave mien they see,
With the glad lively vein,
Which be comminglèd with such quality
That one from other nowise can be tane ;
Nor can that gladness cease to breed a fear,
However soft and suave,
Nor sadness, howso grave, be aught but dear.

VIII.

Of Sense, unstained by guile,
They see high splendid powers
Sweetened by softest heart-delighting smile,
Whose fair disclosure clothes the mead with flowers ;
The Voice so low, so soft, the discreet words
Whose breath of musick binds
The hastiest winds and highest soaring birds :

IX.

The glancing of her eyes,
Felling whereso it fall,
Of which no genius fitly can devise
If due to Artifice or Chance did all ;
Presence whose graceful pose and pliant lines,
Whose gait, whose walk, whose geste
Teach Beauty, well exprest by Beauty's signs.

X.

That something n'ote I what
Aspiring n'ote I how,
Soul-vision sees when visible 'tis not,

But knowledge never had the power to know ;
Nor all that Tuscan Poësy, whose might
 Phœbus doth more restore ;
Nor Beatrix nor Laura showed such sight :

XI.

 In you this age of ours
 Ladye ! such marvel 'spies,
If Genius, Science, Art might own such powers,
Which to your beauty's excellence could rise,
Such as I saw to sore long exile driven,
 Such as afar I see.
These wings to Thought of me Desire hath given !

XII.

 Then if Desire refine
 A soul such flames inflame,
Thro' you it win some particule divine ;
I'll sing an unsung song to hail your name
That Bætis hear me and the Tyber vaunt :
 For, our clear Tage I view
With somewhat sombre hue roll dissonant.

XIII.

 Enamel now the dale
 No flowers, but spike and spine
Its forms deform ; and seemeth me there fail
Ears for my singing, for your beauties eyne.
But, work whatever wills the World's vile will,
 The Sun within you beaming
With brightest streaming light black night shall fill.

O D E V I I .

A quem darão de Pindo as Moradoras,
(To D. Manoel de Portugal, friend and poet).

I.

For whom shall weave the Mays on Pindus woning,
Lere-taught and fairest-fair,
Bloom-wreaths to deck the hair
With bay triumphant or with myrtle green ;
With glorious palm who never may misween
Her boast of high renown,
Whose spiring height no mighty weight bows down ?

II.

To whom shall offer, lapt in delicate skirts,
Her roses ruddy Chloris,
Her shell-lets snow-white Doris ;
Those land-born blooms, these buds of Ocean-bed,
Aureate and argent, white and nectar-red,
With dance and choir and song
Where lovely Napeæ meet the Nereid throng ?

III.

To whom shall offer odes, canzons, and hymns
Fro' Theban home Amphion,
Fro' Lesbos-land Orion,

Save as your offerings, by whose wit we see
Unto our long forgotten poesy
Honour and gloire restore'd
Dom Manoel de Portugal, my Lord !

IV.

Following the footprints trod by bygone spirits,
High, gentle, royal race,
You with kind honour grace
My lowly genius, high in zeal and bold.
You for Mæcenæ I enfame and hold,
And consecrate your name
Will I, if aught of power my verse shall claim.

V.

My rough rude Cantos (that new life bestow
On many an honoured tomb,
On palms Time robbed of bloom
Won by our Lusitania's sons, in war sans-peers,
As hoarded treasury of the future years)
Seek you, my song's defender
From Lethe-law that gars all fame surrender.

VI.

In this your tree with honour dight and glory
A stem of strength renowned
My blooming ivy found
Stay for my worth hereto esteemèd mean :
For higher climbing here 'twould rest and lean ;
And you with it shall rise
High as you raise its branchlets to the skies.

VII.

Ever had mortal Genius peregrine
 Fortune and Chance for foes ;
 That high as he arose
By single arm on wings of Fame upborne,
So with that other arm man's hate and scorn
 Weighed down his flight, to dree
The vile oppression of Necessity.

VIII.

But high-exalted hearts of empery digne,
 Commanding aventure,
 Were pillars aye secure
Of the "Gaye Science" : such Octavian,
The Scipio, Alexander, Gratian,
 Whom deathless we behold ;
Such you our century goldening with your gold.

IX.

Then long as o'er the world sonorous lyres
 In world-esteem abound,
 For doct and jocund sound ;
And while our Tagus and our Douro bear
Breasts dear to crisp-haired Mart, and Phœbus fair,
 No fall your fame befall
My Lord, Dom Manoel de Portugal !

O D E V I I I .

Aquella unico Exemplo,

(Recommending D. Garcia d'Orta to Viceroy Count of Redondo).

I.

That sole and single sample
Of Hero-daring, godlike bravery
Which merited, in temple
Of Fame eternal, sempiternal day ;
Great son of Tethys, who for years full ten
Scourgèd the miserable Trojan men :

II.

No less of glory gainèd
For herbs and medicinal policy,
As dextrous and long-trainèd
In prowest exercise of soldiery :
This wise the hands that death to many gave
Gave life to many, strong to slay and save.

III.

Nor disregarded aught
That fere and doughty Youth no fear could tame ;
Of arts to mortals taught
By beardless Phœbus for the languid frame ;
And if a dreadful Hector could he kill
Eke deadliest wounds were healèd by his skill.

IV.

He with such arts was dight
By his half-human Master wise and old,
Whence grew so strong his sprite
In virtue, science, counsels manifold,
That well knew Telephus, wounded by his steel,
The hand that harmed was the hand to heal.

V.

Thus you, O excellent
And most illustrious County ! Heaven's own gage
Given us to represent
For present ages past heroic age ;
In whom transmewed your forbears' memories,
Honours and glories to new life arise :

VI.

Albe your thoughts be bent
On warfare busied, with hard campaign,
Or with sanguinolent
Taproban or Achem who haunts the Main,
Or with our hidden foe, Cambayan fere ;
Who each and every quakes your name to hear :

VII.

Yet aid that olden lore
Learned Achilles held in high repute ;
Look ! that becomes you more
To see how fruiteth in your days the fruit
Set by that Hortulan (Orta), lief to show
New herbs and simples herbalists unknow.

VIII.

Look ! in your Viceroy-years
An Hortulan produceth many an herb
Fro' fields the Hindu ears,
Which e'en those witches of their wits superb,
Medea and magick Circe, never saw
However learned the twain in Magian law.

IX.

And see, how heavy-fraught
Wi' years and burthen of experience-lore,
An old Man science-taught
By Muses haunting learned Ganges-shore,
In Podalirius' subtle sylvan spell
Chiron (Achilles' master) doth excel.

X.

The same implores with stress
Your aid his valued volume not voluminous
May see the light of press,
And rain on physick radiance new and luminous ;
And surest secrets to our ken betray
Hid from all Antients of the classic day.

XI.

Thus may you not deny
One who your kindly aura would secure :
For an your name soar high
In bloody warfare with the Turk and Moor,
Aid one that aideth man with Death to fight ;
And with the hero Greek's your name be hight.

O D E I X.

Fogem as Neves frias

(The Seasons, a Morality : Horace, Odes IV. 7).

I.

Frore snow-wreaths fade away
From the tall mountains, when their greens re-show
Dark trees in Prime's array ;
Now emerald herblets grow
Weaving a thousand hues for meads that glow.

II.

Bland Zephyr breathes desires ;
And now his shaft to sharpen Love has tane ;
Prognè her woe suspires,
Philomel plains again
And skies bin love-sick seeing Earth's young plain.

III.

Now beauteous Cytherèa
Comes girt by nymphly choir she loves to guide ;
Comes, eke, white Pasithèa
In naked beauty's pride
By the twin Sisters aye accompanied.

IV.

And while 'tis Vulcan's care
The Cyclops' forges (as he wont) to heat,
Plucking pied daisies fare
The Nymphs, who singing sweet
O'er Earth a-tiptoe skim with tripping feet.

V.

Downs from her ruggèd hill
Dian, now wearied of the coverture,
Seeking that glassy rill
Where Fortune's doom so dure
Robbed from Actæon's form man's use and ure.

VI.

So pass as passing breath
The greeny Springtide and the Summer dry ;
And Autumn entereth ;
Then Winter froze draws nigh
Who like the lave shall, certès, age and die :

VII.

Shall blanch to wan and pale
Yon sun-parcht Mountain robing sleet and snow ;
And Jove with rains that rail
Shall foul the fountain's flow ;
Seamen shall fear Orion, ferest foe :

VIII.

All passeth to the Past
Consistent quality Time never won :
Our Life, not made to last,
Fades and so fast shall run
The course hath ended ere 'tis well begun.

IX.

Where be the sons of Troy,
Pious Æneas, Hector brave and bold ?
The strong years could destroy
Thee, Croesus ! famed of old
Nor thee availed aught thy hoarded gold.

X.

Thou heldest whole content
In heapèd ore and pride of treasure vain !
O false Intendiment !
Whereof at cost of bane
Thou didst believe sage Solon's counsel sane.

XI.

What Goods we here procure
Endure not, howso firm, and fixt and high :
What Good shall aye endure
Is of another dye,
Short-lived Life for hour of Death lays by.

XII.

For naught in fine, avails
Against one terrible ending, Night eternal ;
E'en the chaste Deëss fails
To illume wi' light supernal
Hippolyte, whelmed in sombre shades Avernall.

XIII.

Nor Theseus' hero-might,
By dint of cunning rede or hardihed,
Could free the daring sprite
Of Pirith from the dread
Lethèan dungeon trod by misty Dead.

O D E X.

Aquella Moço fero

(Excusing his love for a slave-girl).

I.

That Youth so fierce and fere
Whom in the Pelethronian caverns trainèd
The Centaur-sage severe ;
Whose breast of force unfeignèd
Was fed by draughts fro' dug of Tygress drainèd :

II.

Her Babe in wave of Styx
The Mother bathes presàging future sure,
That steel shall ne'er transfix
The Hero-bosom dure,
Which for itself makes self the strongest mure.

III.

She hardeneth flesh and bone,
That of all weapons 'scape he bane and blight :
Blind ! who had never known
There may be wounds of sprite
More torturing far than what robs life and light.

IV.

For while his arm of wrath
The Trojan targe and harness tore in two,
There fand he sudden scath
Of steel-point ground anew
By the one Boy who all to all can do.

V.

There self he saw the thrall
Of the fair thrall he servèd and adore'd ;
There live he saw his fall,
In lowe that lively roar'd
For she had waxt the Ladye of her Lord.

VI.

Now the soft lyre he plies
Wi' hands the mighty Pelian spear had sway'd ;
There sings to sound of sighs,
Not as the Greybeard bade
But as the Boy his eyne so blindèd made.

VII.

Then how shall mortals blame
One who a victim to the hopes and fears
O' Love from birth became ?
Who e'en in cradle-years
Was doomed to bear the wound each mortal bears ?

VIII.

Whose childhood was design'd
To be subjected aye by stronger hest,
And, for a lover blind
From earliest days imprest,
Was doom'd to bathe in tears his tender breast ?

IX.

Gi'en wound, parforce, he dree
By herbal powers or points that never swerve ;
An Love be served that he
His lovely servant serve
Say then for whom my Star shall me reserve ?

X.

That form of sculptured grace ;
That airy swaying gait, that compast mien ;
That delicate clear-cut face,
That form which gars us ween
Beauty from Art may learn, on Art may lean,

XI.

How, then, can fail his Fate
To conquer one who owneth eyes to see ?
Whom shall not penetrate
That geste's sweet subtlety
He claims no praise for faring fancy-free.

XII.

They whose high-priviledged breasts
Destiny deckt with science' brightest shine,
Humblest obéyed the hests
Of the vain Boy sans eyne
Struck down by phrenesy and rage divine.

XIII.

The far-famed Hebrew king,
Who more than others learnt Love's lovely lore ;
Nay, who false offering
To alien Love-gods bore,
If much he knew and had, but erred he more.

XIV.

And the high Sage who taught
Sophia's secrets pacing wisdom's place,
To low-born Leman, bought
By Hermias (eunuch base),
Raised those altars only gods should grace.

XV.

Raised altars to his love
That high philosopher, by Love bemused,
Fame aye shall him reprove ;
He cries he is ill-usèd
And of a lèse-divinity accused.

XVI.

Now from his wone he flies,
Now shall long exile dreadful sin atone.
But O ! what griefs arise :
Right well such sin hath shown
That learnèd hearts be not of steel and stone.

XVII.

Nay, in the mightiest mind,
In subtlest blood, in genius most elect,
Him we shall fittest find
Subject to be subjèct
Who bland Affection's brand doth most affect.

O D E X I.

Naquelle tempo brando

(The loves of Peleus and Thetis).

I.

In the soft Prime that shows
Of earth-born beauty fairest portraiture,
When Tethys in repose
From winter-toil recovers fair and pure,
Love wearied the breast
Of youthful Peleus doomed to love's unrest.

II.

With forceful flight in fear
His lovely Nymph had fled herself to save,
When in the rainy year,
Notus enraged upstirs the clear blue wave,
Heaping with hills the main
That kisses hill-heads studding earthly plain.

III.

The Youngling hope had nurst
In grief profound that weighèd down his sprite,
Some day when Phœbus first-
Showèd the vernal world his burning light,
Loosing the locks of gold
Which love-sick Clytie doth a treasury holds.

IV.

'Twas in the month when deigneth
Apollo 'twixt the heavenly Twins pass time ;
When Eolus unreineth
His Winds, that Earth's fair season of pastime
Quiet and silent prove ;
When all obligeth and all conquereth Love.

V.

The luminous day of May
Awoke man's bodily sense, by Love's behest,
To blind idolatry
'That most aggrieves and most contents the breast ;
Wherein the Boy born blind
A god approveth him to mortal mind :

VI.

Whenas that lovely Nymph,
Girt by half-goddess bevy venerand,
Within the chrystal lymph
Suitable bath for chrystalline body fand ;
Which in wave shadowèd viewing
She joyèd, oft and oft the view renewing ;

VII.

The bosom diamantine
Upon whose snowy fountain Love is fed ;
The gesture peregrine
Whose glories light upon the night-tide shed ;
The mouth, of grace a store,
Which Love with all his loves provoketh more ;

VIII.

The rubins red and bright ;
The pearls concealèd by the living rose
In gardens of delight,
On those so lovely cheeks Heaven grew and grows ;
And that diaphanous neck
Jealousing Daphne for Apollo's sake ;

IX.

The subtle glance that deign
Those eyne which dazzle Love wi' daze of love ;
Love, who in pride of pain
For aye refuseth from their sight remove,
For there he ever lies,
A Babe that sports with Babies of her eyes ;

X.

The threads released fro' plait,
Gold-threads far more than gold we covetize,
Where Cupid loves to net
Man's heart for ever 'tangled in their plies,
And where begins desire
Immeasurable, like unquenchable Fire.

XI.

The Youth, who Peleus hight
Had loaned from Neptune's lips a counsel shrewd,
Seeing Heaven on Earth alight,
Deëss to beauteous womanhood transmew'd,
Stood for a moment dumb
For Love forbade a word to utterance come.

XII.

In fine, when near he'd view
Who doomèd him afar such weird to dree,
Sight from his eyes withdrew
Love, who for purest love no sight could see :
Self he saw mute and blind
By force of Love who tyrants o'er mankind.

XIII.

Now would he ready make
For battle, now he dares provoke the fight ;
Then counsel would he take ;
Now tremblings shake him, then he thinks of flight ;
When with a second shaft
He feels his breast transfixt by Cupid's craft.

XIV.

Attonce the Youth aspires
To 'flame whence came the flame his bosom brent ;
And in high-flamed desires
The nearer faring more his eyne are blent ;
And sightless and deep sighing
At the fair Damsel speeds his arrow flying.

XV.

So 'venged was Peleus' grame
And, from the couple joined in lover-joy,
The great Larissan came
All hopes of Phrygian fancy to destroy ;
Whom fro' war's harm to save
His mother dipped in the Stygian wave.

O D E X I I.

Já a calma nos deyxou

(Same subject as Ode IX.).

I.

Now Summer-suns have left us
Flowerless the margent where sweet water flows ;
Now heat and drought have 'reft us
Of candid lily and of rubicund rose :
Far fly fro' fiery beams the birds, to hide
In cool asyla of the nook and nide.

II.

The tall-topt beeches sway
Whene'er the sea-breeze new refreshment brings ;
And dedal rocks make way
For liquid chrystal railed by murmurous springs :
The drops, fro' stones of snowy hue dispread,
Bedew the meadows pearl-enamellèd.

III.

Already tired of chase
The chaste Titanick May seeks copsey screen,
Where, strown in shadowy place,
She 'joyeth restful slumber on the green ;
And o'er her wealth of wavy fair-faxt hair
The forest raineth treasures rich and rare.

IV.

The skies no darkness gloomèd
Displayed their sempiternal starry light ;
And o'er the meadow bloomèd
Florets of gold and red and gleaming white,
Gladding the grove, and gladdening the mountain,
The sea, the tufted treen, the stream, the fountain.

V.

But when that Youngling's sign,
Jupiter's eagle for his god did reave,
In Zodiack's chrystalline
Visit of Clytie's lover shall receive,
The grove shall sadden, saddened wax the mountain,
The stream, the tufted treen, the sea, the fountain.

VI.

The main whose peaceful flowing
Invites his snowy Nereïdès to roam,
Right soon shall change to showing
A waste of spumy spray and fretted foam :
The fierce hot fury of the boreal blast
In wild upheaval all the Deep shall cast.

VII.

'Tis Nature-law that Time
(All-legier Time) shall thus his course permute :
Succeed to lovely Prime
Rich fruity Fall-tide ; snows succeed the fruit ;
And thus in line aligned shall Time recall
Summer and Winter-tide and Prime and Fall.

VIII.

All must, in fine, see change
Whate'er Sol vieweth, whatso gilds his light ;
None may securely range
Thro' what fair day-tide maketh glad and bright :
For man conditions change as change the years,
Calm-spells, and shifting states, and hopes and fears.

IX.

Only mine Enemy
To change her dour conditions never deigns ;
That all the world may say
She breaketh code of laws that all o'erreigns ;
She, only she, for ever nilleth see me,
Or to flee Love, or for my love to flee me.

X.

Right sufferable 'twere
She only for my slaying firmness show,
Were I not fully 'ware
That eke my Nature change must undergo ;
Since bear I ever heart withouten rest
Ever by glooming thunder-cloud oppress.

XI.

Ever I feel extremes,
The fears Love sends for lasting tormentize ;
Two ever-flowing streams,
Drawn from these eyne by Love who haunts her eyes,
Down flow, nor Summer-softness can create
Change for such asperous ill-conditioned state.

XII.

Sol, that serene and pure
For ever shineth on the 'splendent face,
Enwrapt in cloak obscure
Of sad oblivion masks his every trace ;
Leaving my wretched Life in wretched night
Never, ah never ! perst by Prime's new light.

XIII.

But, be whate'er may be,
For me shift Nature to all ban and bane ;
Die Love's inconstancy ;
Inconstant Fortune constancy maintain ;
Let every changeful thing against me range
Firm to mine incept I will never change.

O D E X I I I .

Fôra conveniente

(To Dom Antão de Noronha).

I.

It would convene I were
Another Petrarch or a Garcilass',
Or that I boldly dare
With largest pace to pass,
Where peaketh Holy Helicon or Parnasse ;
Or that my Sprite inspire
Apollo lending graces peregrine,
Or that in skies still higher
The Fountain Caballine
I seek, and drain what Draught makes man divine :

II.

Or, leastwise, could I rear
My rank to reckon me with them whose lays,
Here in our Lusian sphere,
Won wreaths of blessed bays
Fro' him who lordeth o'er the Lord of Days,
That I in fearless tone
Venture my Muse's message to impart
To yours, on whom alone
The Sisters nine of Mart
Lavisht perfection of their perfect art.

III.

To you, by whom increaseth
Our Lusian glory to so high degree,
That in sad Mantua ceaseth
Virgilian memory
And all her feats unrecks haught Hespery :
You who made harsh and hoarse
The Thracian lyre's sonorous melodies ;
Who could assume parforce
The Delphick exercise
And to Minerva's privilege could rise :

IV.

To you, whose exploits glorious,
In olden ages as in modern age,
Guerdon of bays victorious
He grants as meetest wage
Whoso hath feeling for Thalia's page ;
To you, whose fame I sighted
Through Garamantick Desert-wolds extending,
The light that Sun hath lighted
O'er 'nobled earth resplending
By you is quencht, a light in darkness ending .

V.

To you, the first Aurore
Which seconds Sol, and lights but little less,
And shall forget some hour
That such forgetfulness
Haply your growth continuous mote oppress :

By no means I confide
To show my labours, for of you I trow
You have for self affied
A worth the prowest prow,
And I to show it show I know not how.

VI.

Yet 'tis my wish and will
To obey your orders, for I see full plain
A name more honoured still
I by obeying you gain
Than sin I showing poor and scanty vein.

* * * * *

O D E X I V.

Tão crua Ninfa, nem tão fugitiva

(A Variant of Ode II. in Canzon form).

I.

Fair Nymph so cruel and so fain to flee
 Ne'er trod wi' foot of fay
The greeny grass, nor pluckèd flowers snow-white,
Loosing her shimmering locks of golden hue
To winds which knit sweet knots our eyne to tie ;
Nor aught so fair, so lovely, so discreet
 As this my fondest Foe.

II.

Whatso in living wight we never see
 Nor worlds can e'er display,
In her the primest show hath Nature pight
And with two lasting gifts did her indue,
Chaste Soul, fair Form, and while that dooms me die,
This, with its sweet and gracious charms replete,
 Softenth every blow.

III.

But this fair Feral thing, whose cruelty
 Stealeth my joys away,

Would pay offences that her praise indite
(Praise sung in manner of her worth undue) ;
For an the praised theme be thing so high
What shall I say that mote for her be meet,
In verse or prose so low ?

IV.

That light which robbèd Sol of radiancy
And blinded me to day,
That glance of Eyne which did me such despight
And from its bland and blessed treasures drew
That low sweet laugh which forced my sprite to fly ;
These drive desire to greet all pains and weet
A thrift in every throe.

V.

From the fair Eyne live fires came flaming free,
Whose soul-consuming ray
Fed on the fuel your disfavours light,
Burning my bosom-core with yearnings new ;
Whose end for greater grief must higher styne
With the false Esperance and the dear Deceit
I follow will or no.

VI.

This my-your Spirit, seeing captivity
Where God made free the way,
'Plains loud complaint of Eyne that stole my sight
And the clear peregrine beam with blame I view ;
But soon their gentle lights my rescue buy,
And your redeeming glances, gracious-sweet,
Make Soul unsay her woe.

VII,

Ne'er in this mortal world a She there be
Her Maker did array
With greater marvel 'mid his marvels dight,
Creature of such Creator digne as you :
God nills, my Ladye ! see you graceless-coy ;
This hapless soul He wills you fair entreat
Which risks for you o'erthrow :

L'ENVOI.

Biddeth me bear these rigorous Pains unmeet
The worth to Worlds you show.

SEXTINES.

SEXTINE I.

Fogeme pouco a pouco a curta vida,

Little by little flies my short of Life,
An it perchance be true that still I live ;
Flits fast fleet-footèd Time before these eyes ;
I weep the passèd ; and, the while I speak,
By pace and pace days pass fro' me and pass ;
Fast fares, in fine, mine age, remains my pain.

What noyous manner this of asperous pain !
When showed no single hour so long a Life
Wherein a single pace my sorrows pass.
What more amounteth an I die or live ?
Wherefore, in fine, weep I ? And wherefore speak
An I may never 'joy mine ownest eyes ?

O lovely, gentle, clearest of clear eyes,
Whose absence worketh me the painfulest pain,
What "but" and "if" abide in what I speak !
But an at finish of so long-short Life
You still inflame me with a lowe so live,
I will as welfare hold what ill I pass.

But well I weet that first the latest Pass
Shall come, and close for aye these tristful eyes
Ere Amor show me those for which I live.
Witness this ink and pen that tell my pain,
Ever inditing of so blight-full Life,
The least I passèd and the most I speak.

O ! wis I nowise what I write or speak !
For an fro' one to other thought I pass,
I see me 'prisoned in so parlous Life,
That if empowered me not that power of eyes,
Ne'er could I fancy whatso pen my pain
Could e'er transcribe, this pine wherein I live.

My Sprite continuous burns with lowe alive ;
Which, were 't not cooled and quencht by what I
 speak,
Had brent to cinders pen that told my pain :
But whatso direst dule I dree and pass,
It is entempered by my tearful eyes,
Whence, though Life fly, yet finisht not is Life.

I die in Life
 And yet in Death I live ;
I see sans eyes
 And sans a tongue I speak ;
And jointly ever pass
 Thro' glory blent wi' pain.

S E X T I N E I I .

A culpa de meu mal so tem meos olhos

(Of doubtful authorship).

The blame of all mine ills should bear mine eyes
 For giving Amor entrance to my soul,
 That so I forfeit inborn liberty.
 But who hath force to fly a bane so bland
 Which after placing man in fatalest ills,
 Guerdons with gift to lose for her his Life?

Forfares he little whoso forfeits Life
 For dure condition and for dove-like eyes ;
 Sithence of so fierce quality bin mine ills
 The smallest toucheth me in soul of soul.
 Ne'er let him self ensnare wi' show so bland
 In whomso lingereth love of liberty.

Robber is she that robs all liberty
 (And would to Heaven she pardon tristful Life !)
 She who her lying Love calls truthful-bland,
 Ay, rather enemies mine than friendly eyes !
 What harm had ever wrought you this your soul
 That so you harm it with such host of ills ?

Now greater grow with every day these ills ;
 Now perish all of antique liberty,
 To Amor be transformed this tristful soul ;
 Now every harm endure this harmless Life ;
 For all my losses pay me these mine eyes
 When seen (if seen) in others show of bland.

But how can anything in them be bland
When they be causers of so causeless ills?
'Twas Love's deception that my falsèd eyes
View, for most gainful loss, lost liberty.
Now have I nothing giveable save my Life,
An gave he not his Life who gave his soul.

What may he dare to hope who made his soul
Eternal captive of a Being so bland ;
Which, when she dealeth Death, declares 'tis Life ?
Parforce I loudly cry in these mine ills
" Mine Eyes, through you, by you when liberty
I lost, of you I will complain, mine Eyes ! "

Beweep, mine Eyes ;
For aye the harms of soul ;
Since ye give liberty
Unto a Being so bland
Which, to give more of ills,
Gives more of Life.

S E X T I N E I I I .

Oh triste, oh tenebroso, oh cruel dia,

O triste, O tenebrous, O terrible Day !
That burst the dawn-womb only for my loss !
How haddest power to part me from her sight
Wherefore I livèd with mine Ill content ?
Ah, would thou wert the latest of my Life,
Then had with thee begun my boast and glory !

But, as I ne'er was born to gain me glory,
Save glorious pain that groweth day by day,
To me the Heavens denay an end of Life,
Lest with my Life-tide end my let and loss :
And, that I nevermore enjoy content
The Heavens withdrew from sight o' me that sight.

Dearest, delicious, heart-delighting Sight,
Whence hung all trophies of my boast and glory,
Wherefore in woofullest woes I fand content ;
When shall it be that I shall see the day
Wherein I cease to see so grave a loss,
And when shall leave me this so woeful Life ?

How shall I long for length of human Life,
Parted from her of more than human sight,
Which bent to boast and brave my let and loss !
I see me wholly lost when lost her glory ;
My Night already lacketh all its Day ;
All see I saddest ; nothing gives content.

Sans thee I never more can see content,
I feel sans thee scant covetise of Life ;
Sans thee no more I see a gladsome day
Nor, thee unseeing, I desire the sight ;
Only in seeing thee was seen my glory,
To unsee thy glory is to see my loss.

I saw no grander glory than my loss,
When could my loss afford thee aught content :
Now what torments me most is grandest glory
Amor can promise me in mortal Life ;
Since he may never give thee back to sight
Which fand in only thee the light of day.

And as fro' day to day
But grows my loss,
I may not sans that sight.
Abide content,
And only loss of Life
Shall gain me glory.

S E X T I N E I V.

Sempre me queixarei desta crueza

Aye will I plain me of this cruelty
Love pleased on me to lavish whenas Time,
Despite my tristful horny-hearted Fate,
Cared for mine evil to procure a cure,
My sight departing from that all-dear Sight
Which made me happy in my hapless Life.

O that had followèd my life her Life,
So had I never felt such cruelty,
As seeing parted fro' my life her sight !
And God be pleasèd that the self of Time
Ne'er see in me (sans care to ken a cure)
A sprite despairing, whelmed by tristful Fate.

Nathless end now my triste and cruel Fate !
Now end my term, my lave, of tristful Life,
Which hath in naught save Death a perfect cure.
To let me live were cruellest cruelty,
Sithence must I despair that any time
I mote return to see that sweetest Sight.

Hard Love ! if only would repay such sight
What evils wrought me for thy sake my Fate,
Why wouldest see her torn fro' me by Time ?
And, if such will were thine, why leave me Life,
Left but to see such crave of cruelty,
When in unseeing see I only cure ?

Thou of my dolours wast mine only cure,
Thou douce, delicious, sight-delighting Sight :
Sans thee, what shall I sight save cruelty ?
Sans thee, what guerdon shall bestow me Fate
Save free consentment that conclude my Life ?
Yet of my death Fate but defers the time.

I find why flying wings were dealt to Time,
Who with his flying brings to many a cure ;
He flies for all, yet flies not for my life.
What thing of Life want I without thy Sight ?
And what can want my miserable Fate
Forbidding Time to end such cruelty ?

Ne'er can her cruelty,
Ne tedious Time,
Ne force o' Fate,
Ne fatal fault o' cure,
Gar me forget this Sight
In a' my Life.

S E X T I N E V .

Quanto tempo ter posso amor de vida

How long shall I be lief to live my Life
Unseeing that gladsome Light so rare, so fair,
O' those all-gracious, all-delightsome orbs ?
An Time long coming be, then come my Death
And part for ever from this hapless frame
This mine enamoured miserable soul.

Whenas her Eyne were made of this my soul
The light, the guide, the boast ! the fame, the life,
It was ordainèd Life should fly my frame.
Unseen the lovèd Sight so rare, so fair ;
Then why delays me now this dallying Death
When 'tis so long I see not those fair orbs ?

Ye clearest sunshine-rays ! ye radiant orbs
Who keep the tway-fold keys of this my sprite,
An I may never sight you, take me Death
For (you unseen) my days be Death-in-Life,
And (you unseeing) find I Death so fair :
May not one hour o' Life possess my frame !

Ever the fondest Hope sustains my frame
I yet return to see you, doucest orbs !
For, did not Hope re-tell a tale so fair,
My soul had fled her frame, my frame its soul :
Then, if to this and that you be the Life,
What can they have withouten you but Death ?

Fares tholing many a mode and form o' Death
Meanwhile this perishable tristful frame ;
And, if I tremble wholly to lose Life,
'Tis for I fear to lose you, lovely orbs !
This be the single hindrance why my soul
'Parts not to see another life more fair.

Thou gracious Light serene, so clear, so fair,
That dealst me jointly dole of Life and Death,
And with thy radiance limnedst in this soul
The rare perfections of a lovely frame,
Until resee' thy sight my tristful orbs
Ne'er shall in me be found the gust of Life.

Life lacking you is Death
And Death is Life ;
Sadness is ever fair
In these sad orbs ;
And weighs my soul
Upon my mortal frame.

APPENDIX I.

NOTES ON THE LYRICS OF CAMOENS.



Section I.—OF THE CAMONIAN SONNET.

Section II.—OF THE CAMONIAN CANZON.

Section III.—OF THE CAMONIAN ODE.

Section IV.—OF THE CAMONIAN SEXTINE.

APPENDIX I.

NOTES ON THE LYRICS OF CAMOENS.



"IF Camoens had not written his *Lusiads*, Portugal would have had a Petrarch"—say the Portuguese, and not only the Portuguese. They find in their "Proteus of Poets" the same music of words; the same perfection of form and technique; the same wealth of poetic idiom; the same purity and clarity of thought, and the same echo from the Provence-land.¹ But they also detect more flexibility of mould; more verve and truth to Nature; more repose and even more tenderness; with less glitter and antithesis; and with fewer of those conceits, fancies, and word-plays which are supposed to detract from the "dignity of the tranquil Sonnet." Hence they are fond of comparing No. XIX. of Camoens with No. XVIII. of Petrarch, one of several² which suggested the "threne"; and they point out that whilst the Italian descends to the regions of old astronomy, a farrago of classicism, the Portuguese, singing *De profundis*, from the depths of the heart what goes to the heart (not to the pericardium), appeals to the "man in men,"

¹ One specimen-line will suffice :—

El dous esguar e lo clar ves,
(The douce regard and favour clearly bright,)

might have been written by either bard.

² *E.g.* Petrarch, Part II. No. LXXV., especially the tercets.

to the common kinship of humankind. Hence Juromenha proposes to entitle his immortal fellow-countryman "Francis Petrarch Camoens." I should describe him as the greatest Petrarchist in Italianised, and the greatest Portuguese in Portuguese, poetry.

Upon this subject a translator may be called upon to express his opinion. It is hardly possible to look upon Petrarch as aught but the original, the master; and Camoens as the copy, the scholar, who in his Lyrics had so assimilated the genius of the Italian, had so *petrarchised* his poetical self as almost to obliterate individuality. We find all the "Rime" in the "Rhythmas" substantially reproduced, and often merely and purely translated. Every trick of verse reappears, every turn of consonance, assonance, and dissonance; of head-rhyme,¹ mid-rhyme, and end-rhyme; every stock *τύπος*, image and comparison; cold fire, hot ice, warm snow, soft marble, moist pearl, sweet wormwood, fount-full eyes and bleeding heart; bits of Bible; Fauns and Nymphs of sorts;

Chatter of Progne, Philomena's wail;

ruby and diamond; gold, rose and ivory (both loved blondes); and, briefly, the poetical baggage of that day and of most days. Even such pet words as "peregrine" and "chrystalline" are in common. If Petrarch (Part I. Canzon v.) quote Arnaut Daniel, Camoens (Sonn. ccxciv.) introduces a line of Petrarch (Canzon i. 16), and a verse from Boscam

¹ As a specimen of head-rhyme Percy and Guest quote the song of A.D. 1264:

Richard, thah thou be euer trichard.

But I prefer with Ritson, "the wretch," to make two lines. So at the end of the same:—

Edward,
Thou ddest as a shreward.

(Sonn. XLIII.). If the Italian bewray Avignon as Babel and Babylon, the Lusitanian applies the unsavoury comparisons to Goa. Briefly, the two Poets often read as one man. Yet it cannot be denied that Camoens borrowed with "new-dressing"; and that many of his loans were "quintessenced in a finer substance."

Petrarch, again, had the advantage of his follower in the musical instrument upon which he played. Italian, despite its "sameness and tameness" of cadence, is simply perfect for the Sonnet, the gift of Sicilian or pre-Dantesque poetry.¹ The chime and carillon of the "little sound" (*suonetto*) were reproduced without "bettering" in Portuguese, while English and German suggest the northern hurdy-gurdy. We readily realise the difference by comparing the first lines of the two Poets,

Voi ch' ascoltate in rime sparse il suono ;

with

Em quanto quis Fortuna que tivesse :

and we see the admirable art of Camoens when he attempts (Sonn. CI.) to echo his master in this wise,

Vós que escutais em Rhythmas derramado.

Finally, the peculiar Italian facility for elision, syncope, and crasis, the result of wearing down consonants and abating aspirates, makes the Petrarchian line fuller and richer than the Camonian. The latter

¹ All literatures begin with dialects, says H. Adolf Gaspary, whose work "*Die Sicilianische Dichterschule des XIII. Jahrhunderts*" (Berlin, 1878) amply deserves study. I cannot understand how Bouterwek tells us (Trans. p. 15) : "The form of the Sonnet was also known in the west of Spain and Portugal long before the imitation of Italian Poetry was thought of in those parts of the Peninsula." Does he mean that it came through the Provençal?

lends itself to translation; the former is well-nigh unapproachable.¹

Camoens, like Shakespeare, never printed his Rhythmas; and here the subject seems to call for a sketch of their birth and accidents. In 1595, fifteen or sixteen years after the Poet's death, D. Gonçalo Coutinho, who built his tomb, determined to publish his Lyrics, the chosen editor being the Licentiate Surrupita.² The imprimatur was issued on November 17, and on December 3 appeared the Editio Princeps, a small quarto printed by Estevam Lopez, Lisbon,³ and "directed" (dedicated) by the printer to his patron, "Coutignius." The Prologo (prefixed to my volume) proves the scrupulous honesty of the editor, who superstitiously retained palpable clerical blunders; for instance, a Sonnet is inscribed to D. Joan IIId, instead of IIId, as internal evidence shows.

The Editio Princeps contained only 65 Sonnets,⁴ 10 Cançons, 5 Odes, 1 Sextine, 3 Elegies, 3 Octaves (or Estancias), 8 Eclogues, and 76 Redondilhas. Despite the verses being "posthumous and incorrect," the book sold readily, and was followed in

¹ "The Sonnets, &c., of Petrarch" (London, Bell, 1875), is well known to the English reader, but must not be read with Petrarch. The translations are characterised by a truly barbaric wilfulness, and the Cançons are treated as if the translators had issued a declaration of independence.

² Jacinto Cordeiro, in his "Eulogies on the Portuguese Poets" (St. 48), calls him

Fernam Rodrigues Lobo Soropita

(Adam., I. 246). His "Poesias e Prosas" were edited, with Preface and Notes, by Camillo Castello Branco, Porto, 1868.

³ The Volume, now very rare, is amply noticed by Adam. (II. 270-76), and by Jur. (Vol. II. Pref. p. viii. and Vol. V. 415-420). The British Museum, I am informed by Mr. Aubertin, does not contain a copy.

⁴ Adam. (II. 276) makes the number 66; but the 58th was not by Camoens.

1598 by a second issue (P. Crasbeeck Lisbon), in which Estevam Lopes proposed to remedy the blunders of its predecessor. The reprint added 43 Sonnets (a total of 108), 5 Odes, 1 Elegy, and 20 Redondilhas, with the Letters, and the Satyra do Tornéio (Tournament Satire).¹ After a doubtful issue in 1601,² appeared the third (or fourth?) Crasbeeckian of 1,500 copies in 1607, and the Preface promised a Second Part, which was delayed till 1616. The editor, Domingos Fernandes, spent seven years in ordering the dispersed pieces, collected even from India at the expense of Bishop (Portalegre) D. Rodrigo da Cunha. This famous "Second Part" (1616) added 41 Sonnets,³ bringing up the number to 139, 2 Canzons, 2 Odes, 3 Elegies, 1 Octave, and 18 Redondilhas. Here appeared for the first time a 3-canto Poem entitled "Da Creaçam e Composiçam do Homem," a cold allegory ending in a sermon, which still cumberes the Camonian issues, though written by André Falcam de Resende, cousin of the famous antiquary, André de Resende.⁴

M. de Faria y Sousa, "Polyhistor," who boasts (p. 143) of his forty years' study, his thirty printed volumes, and his thirteen folios of rough notes (*en borradores*), began collecting Camonian Lyrics in 1621, published his four tomes (2 vols. fol.) with The Lusians in 1639, and left as many more on the Rhythmas; these were printed in 1685 and 1689 after his death. Without

¹ There is a copy in the British Museum, a small old-fashioned 4to, 7½ inches × 5, pp. 204, all in italics.

² Noted by Adam. and Quill. ("Life," II. 682).

³ Faria y Sousa (note Sonnet c., p. 191), declares that the "Second Part" added 36 to 66 (102); yet he found the common Editions containing 105.

⁴ Jur., III. 516. I translated Canto 1., and threw up the ungrateful task. Camoens never wrote a line of the stuff, which is more tedious than Phineas Fletcher's "Purple Island, or the Isle of Man" (1 Vol. 4°, 1633).

increasing the number of the dozen Odes, he added 67 Sonnets, making the total 264; with 1 Canzon, 3 Elegies, and 4 Octaves, including the martyrdom of Santa Ursula. And he thus excuses himself for not doing more: "In sundry other manuscripts found by me were Sonnets, Elegies, Octaves, Canzons, and Roundels bearing the name of our Poet; all, however, were so corrupt that, wanting means of restoring them (the originals not being there to enlighten me), and deeming it unright to put my hand to the work without such light, I have wholly omitted them."¹ Meanwhile, in 1668, had appeared Part Three of the Rhythmas, published by Dr. Antonio Alvares da Cunha, *littérateur* and academist; and printed by Ant. Craesbeeck de Mello (Lisbon, 4^o). It added 91 Sonnets from the MSS. Collection of Faria y Sousa; 4 Canzons, 3 Sextines, 10 Elegies, and 11 Redondilhas, some of them from the Poet's autograph.²

A notable advance was made by Joseph Lopes Ferreira, whose volume containing the Obras (folio: Lisbon, 1720) increased the number of Sonnets from 264 (3,599 lines) to 302 (4,231 lines).³ He neglected, however, to state whence he had derived the additional 38. Padre Thomáz José de Aquino, who had carefully examined the Arch-commentator's manuscripts when editing, for the Oficina Luisiana, the old and respectable house of M. M. Bertrand, the Lisbon reprints (1779 and 1782) of the 4-volume Paris Edition

¹ Rhythmas, Vol. I. p. 356, note on the last Sonnet (No. CCLXIV.), found in MS., and attributed to Dr. Alvaro Vaz. Also Jur., II. 486.

² Jur., II. Pref. xi. Also Vol. V. p. 429.

³ Yet four Sonnets were repeated: No. CI. was the same as CCXXVI.; No. CIII. as CCXVII.; No. CIV. as CCXVIII.; and No. CV. as CCXXXIV. So the Gedron Edit. (Paris, 1759), which gives 314-315 Sonn., contains only 301; no less than 13 being twice printed.

("Gedron") of 1759, added 4 Eclogues, which Diogo Bernardes, the "sweet singer of the Lima," is supposed to have appropriated,¹ and two more, one containing the death of "Natercia." According to Viscount Juromenha, who has adopted this text, the Edition is the completest before his own.

Viscount Juromenha gives a detailed account of the many *ineditas* added to his edition of the Obras.² His attention was drawn to the possibility of discovering lost Camonian lyrics by a MS. (XVIIth century) of Dona Cecilia de Portugal, which contained five Sonnets; and, looking over the National Library, he came upon a folio of pp. 296 entitled "Cancioneiro (song-book) wherein are the works of the poets of my time hitherto unprinted, and copied from the papers of the same who composed them: begun in India on the 15th of January, 1557, and ended in Lisbon in 1589 by Luiz Franco Correia, companion in the State of India and very friendly with Luiz de Camões."

This again supplied 34 Sonnets. The third find was a MS. or rather two MSS. bound in one cover, which contained "elegant extracts" from sundry poets, and these yielded eleven. Others of the same date (XVIIth cent.) proved to be "pottles of straw which here and there produced a needle." Thus Viscount Juromenha's Edition (1860-69) brought up the number of Sonnets from 301 to 352 (4,931 lines); the Canzons to 21, the Odes to 14, the Sextines to 5; the Eclogues to 16, and the Elegies to 29. It also printed for the first time the unfinished "Triumphos."

Lastly appeared the "Actualidade" edition. A

¹ I do not propose entering into this complicated and wearisome question, having touched upon it in "Life," &c., p. 33. See Adam., I. 268, &c.

² Vol. II. Pref. p. xii., et seq. Vol. V., loc. cit.

Daily of that name established at Oporto (Feb. 1, 1874) offered, by way of "Mensual premium" to its subscribers, cheap, correct and critical reprints of classics, *e.g.* Bocage, Garcia de Resende and other Quinhentistas (Cinquecentists), thus "breaking with the scandalous tradition of Ponson du Terrail and other abjects." Of these there are eight mean little 12-mos. coarsely printed on bad paper but necessary to the Camonian student.¹ The name of the editor does not appear in the volumes but it is well known that the work was by a *littérateur*, "luminous and voluminous," Professor Theophilo Braga.²

The "Critical Edition" brought up the Sonnets to 354; the Canzons to 19; the Sextines to 5; the Odes to 13; and the Octaves, including an unnumbered fragment, to 9. The Sonnets were ordered according to date of printing, not of composition;—a chronology would be unsatisfactory and arbitrary as the task of chronologising the Koran. The total is also divided into eight parts.³

¹ Porto, Imprensa Portugueza. Number (Vol.) 1 contains the Sonnets; Vol. 2 Canzons, Sextines, Odes, and Octaves; Vol. 3 Elegies and Eclogues; Vol. 4 Eclogues; Vol. 5 Redondilhas and minor pieces; Vol. 6 the Theatre; and Vols. 7 and 8 The Lusiads. The whole is entitled "Bibliotheca da Actualidade, Obras completas de Luiz de Camões, Edição Critica com as mais notaveis variantes, Tomo I. (&c.) Parnaso de Luiz de Camões. As usual in Portugal, it is most carelessly edited, and has not even an index of first lines.

² Besides the Vols. alluded to, twelve works (including re-éditions) by Snr. Braga are mentioned by my kind correspondent and fellow-translator, Dr. Wilhelm Storck (pp. xviii.-xix., Luis de Camoens, Buch der Lieder und Briefe. Zum ersten Male deutsch von Wilhelm Storck. Paderborn: Schöningh, 1880).

³ The first Part (Nos. 1-65) is the collection of Lawyer Soropita (Edit. Princeps). No. 2 (66-108) is the addition of Estevam Lopes (1598). No. 3 (Nos. 109-139 = 41) is from Domingos Fernandes (1616). No. 4 (Nos. 140-230 = 92) belongs to D. Antonio Alvares da Cunha (Edit. of Rimas, 1668);

After this much concerning the printer and publisher I propose to consider the Lyrics and their author. Camoens was a son of the buoyant and brilliant age of Merry Europe, when men enjoyed life and "love-making"; and when physical beauty, in either sex, was an object of worship to the priesthood of "Graund' Amour." Courtship, one of the fine arts, preserved the peculiarities derived from Provençal poetry and from the Sicilian Saracens who represented the Bedawi chivalry of the Desert.¹ The *fino amante* still believed in the "Barons of Love," Joy, Comfort, "Curtisie," Presence (the habit of seeing the beloved) and similar allegorical personages in the Courts of Donna Venus and Don Amor; he was a willing subject to the elaborate and artificial system contained in Las Leys d'Amor, Chaucer's Court of Love and Boscain's Court of Jealousy; in the Breviari d'Amor, the Arrêts d'Amour and the Curiae Dominarum, wherein fair women were judges and juries. Western Europe has well-nigh ceased to understand the very dialect of La Gaia Ciencia, and of all modern tongues our English is perhaps the poorest in terms of fondling and affection—hence the "little language."

"Messen" (En),² chivalrous as well as amorous,

F. y S. (No. 5) contributes in Edit. of 1685 a total of 67 (Nos. 231-296). No. 6 of 43 is from the Jur. Edition of Luiz Franco Correia (Nos. 297-338). No. 7 consists of 5 from Dona Cecilia (Nos. 339-343); and Part 8 (Nos. 344-354 = 11) is from the Jur. MSS.

¹ Even in those most material "Thousand Nights and a Night" we read of a "certain accomplished man who was never a day out of love." My coming version will prove this quaint mixture.

² "En" = Don (a contraction of Mossen, "my senior"?) is not Catalan nor Limousin (Provençal of Valencia), as supposed by Ticknor (I. 285, 287): it is used by all Troubadours from Italy to Aragon.

was compelled to worship and to write of "Madonna" (Na) in set terms. His motto was

Servir, amar, celar e soffrir.

He engaged in an "affair of heart" as in a campaign (*el amar es militar*); and his mistress was his "dearest foe" to whom, under her Senhal (pseudonym), he addressed the idolatrous expressions known as *Cor-tezia* and who, being partly abstract, often becomes a mass of contradictions. He must dwell upon her manifold attractions; her beauty, grace, manners and morale; her coyness, her disdain, and especially her fearful cruelty (the Hyrcanian tigress!) and he must compare her with Aurora, with the Morning Star, and with every choicest object in the mineral and vegetable kingdoms. The Bestiarium supplies him with picturesque allusions, especially to the Crocodile, the Salamander, the Basilisk, the Phoenix and the Elephant. His language must be perfumed with classicism: his ancient instances are Helen and Paris, Pyramus and Thisbe, Achilles and Narcissus, the latter, strange to say, becoming an indirect symbol of the Saviour—the "real Narcissus" of Doña I. de la Cruz. In mediæval days he must borrow from the Round Table; and, with the "Storie of Alexandre" he must mix up Biblical worthies, Adam and Eve; Jacob, Leah, and Rachael; David, Solomon, and so forth.

"Madonna" is a pattern to the world (without any individuality); she is so high and her vassal is so low that only Baron Truth can bridge over the great gap. Her slave bears her portrait in his heart (or soul); but tongue may not plead his cause though she, possibly, divines his feelings from his confusion of face. Only in dreams can he allow himself the least freedom. He must love with tears and sobs, fear and sorrow; in woeful prison, tortures and death; and the more he

suffers with the less reward the higher is his boast. Thus far it is pure Platonism, human love being a kind of initiation into higher mysteries (Phædrus). But man is man; and Messere, if he had been as true to Dieu as to his Dame, would be a Saint in Paradise; he prefers, however, to love her and to be a sinner with poorish future prospects. He fears nothing but *lauzengiers* and *parlatori* (evil tongues); and he hopes nothing but blank Despair—which, say the Arabs, is one of the two Contentments.

This "Provincialismus," being essentially artificial in love matters, had a narrow range and in any but the deftest hands was tame and cold in the extreme. Its chief merit was that high Ideal, that Religion of Honour which tempered men's hearts for great deeds: even we moderns can appreciate the lesson of these lines:—

Et que faire me convenoit
Que vaillant fusse en toute place,
Et que ma Dame le vouloit.¹

But presently the Provincials were succeeded by the Italians, perhaps the most matter-of-fact and unimaginative people in Europe. Then Petrarch gave the old theme new life by his objective realism, and Camoens infused into it his manly and practical spirit. This was, however, only the beginning of a change which in our days has carried us far enough.

It so happened that Camoens, like Dante and Petrarch, had his *Platonne*; and, while all three were otherwise much like other men, they made themselves typical in one matter. The elder Italian's mistress, Beatrice, was the spiritual amour of a safely married poet, and became an abstraction—Theology, or active Virtue. Petrarch's poetical heart (he left two illegiti-

¹ That Derring-do became me still,
Valour to prove in every place;
For so my Ladye willed her Will.

mates) was given to an honest housewife, who bare her spouse ten children, or one in every two years. Camoens, after showing his contempt for feminine favours offered to him, loved a Maid of Honour, a class unlikely to produce immortals, a girl about the palace, whose name we hardly know. The affair ruined him, and Ovid (*Tristia*, 207) explains how :—

Perdiderint cum me duo crimina, carmen et error.

The Arch-commentator contends that this affection was purely platonic, and perhaps it was: circumstances brought about an early severance; the feeling gradually became too impersonal to be impassioned, and ended, after the object's death, with being an "act of the intellect." It affects certain "mysteries," and these, I have said,¹ may have been echoes of Hafiz and the Sufis, who borrowed from Plato a doctrine probably learned during his thirteen years in Egypt. Human beauty is a reflection of the Divine. The torments of physical Love are the fires which purify Thought; and the "tears of love are smiles," ceaseless weeping being its water of baptism. Upon this trite theme no more need be said.

Camoens, like Goethe, was "always falling in love," which some would consider "a great virtue in his character," hence a succession of "Beloveds" appears in his Lyrics. Number One, who first taught him to lay aside his disdain of the sex (*Sonn.* VII., *Canz.* II. 6, and VII. 2, and *Ecl.* II. 36), belongs to the college days at Coimbra, and is pathetically associated with the Mondego's flowery banks (*Sonn.* CXI. 123; *Canz.* IV.). Certain passages read as if she were a Franciscan nun, or had afterwards taken the veil (*Sonn.* CXXIII., CXLIV). The second, "Natercia," or

¹ "Life," I. 103. Hafiz (A.D. 1318-88) was a favourite with the contemporary Shah of Hormuz Island and Coast.

Caterina, de Athaide, the "Dame of the Palace," is repeatedly named (Sonn. LXX., xcvi., ciii., Oct. iv. 12): from many expressions about false faith it would appear that she had given him cause for jealousy, possibly having married during his wanderings.¹ Then comes "Dinamène mine" (Sonn. clxx., &c.), to whom allusions are frequent: one of our Poet's "planchs" for the loss is exceedingly touching (Sonn. clxx.). The Arch-commentator suggests (note on Sonnet lviii.) that her name also was Caterina, that she was a woman of family banished for some indiscretion to the colonies, and that she was the "cruel friend" lost on her return passage (Sonn. xxii., xxiii.). I may add that she seems also to be called Nise,² that is Ines (Sonn. liii.), and that Braga (History, I. 293, &c.) holds her to have been D. Isabel³ de Vasconcellos, who at the age of fourteen or fifteen was wrecked in the *Sam Paulo* (Jan. 11, 1561). Presently the black girl steps upon the stage, and the Portuguese Apollo falls metaphorically into a low prison (Sonn. v.). Faria y Sousa (Note Ode x.) baldly terms her *a negra*, "a slave-girl of his own, not only a slave, but also a black, for, in fine, my Poet was of flesh": she may have been the *Luiza Negra* of the jocose verses addressed to Camoens by his friends.⁴ Then comes a Phyllis, the

¹ Sonnets xiv., xxv., xliii., lxxv., ciii., cxlvii., clxi., clxiii., cclxxxiii., and cclxxiv.; Ecl. iv., viii., ix., xii., xvi., xx., and xxiv., &c. The reader will remember that there were two of the same name and surname, and that Caterina, daughter of D. Alvaro de Sousa, married and died in 1551 ("Life," I. 11).

² This anagram was adopted in the tragedies of G. Bermudez.

³ Hence the anagram Belisa applied by Lope de Vega to Isabela. We shall find her in Camoen's Eclogues.

⁴ Jur. (V. 307-9) gives the whole *Elegia* of 20 tercets, ending with the quatrain quoted in the "Life" (I. 49), and

black violet (Ecl. xiii.), to whom Ode x is addressed; and, lastly, there is the Barbara escrava celebrated in certain *Endechas* (love-songs in hex-syllabic trochees)¹ which tell their own tale. But we need not render *negra* by "negress"; and there are "nigræ sed formosæ" in India who have captivated more than one white stranger.

That the manly Poet is not to be charged with universal platonism appears from at least four Sonnets, which speak distinctly as Shakespeare's No. xx.² One (xxx.) prays pardon for an overt act of what was then styled "villeiny"; another Sonnet (cxxx.) is explicit upon the subject of possession; No. cxxi. addresses a kinswoman loved not honestly (?); and No. cclvi. is inscribed to the "illustrious Gràcia," whose calling is unmistakable. Yet it must be borne in mind that many of these pieces may have been written dramatically; that friends and fellow-soldiers would importune the ready bard for "comp." and copies of verses; and that all he says must not be taken *au grand sérieux*. And let the reader note that his "Amores," so far from being erotic or declining into turpiloquium, are characterised by a delicacy and a refinement almost unknown to the XVIth Century, while there is nothing simulated or conventional in his passion which sounds homely and direct as Milton's. Here, also, I may remark that

forming an epitaph. There is a red-haired Louisa in Sonn. cccxvii.; but the piece may have been written for a friend.

¹ Jur., IV. 13: "Life," l. 48. *Endechas* also means dirges, laments, written in popular style and metre.

² I have only two objections to the well-known "dramatic theory" so ingeniously thought out and so ably pleaded by Mr. Gerald Massey ("Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets," &c., of which a copy was kindly sent to me by the author). Firstly, it would seem to be almost too complete; secondly, had the Sonnets been written for others, would not the fact have been known to contemporaries?

the Camonian conception of womanhood is higher than the Petrarchian.

Happily for us, Camoens honours, by breaking, the commonplace commandment, "Man speaking of himself should be wise and brief." The autobiographical portion of his Lyrics (especially Canzons VI., X., and XI.), is by far the most admired; and, although he is chary of dates, as Petrarch's *Canzoniere* is profuse in them, it tells us almost all we know of him; forming, like Horace's writings, a true life-history, and speaking with the naturalism and the winning directness of the Shakespearean age. It is all the "fine handiwork of excellent nature and excellenter art combined." We begin at the storm and stress of youth, with its fret and fever, its freshness and fragrancy, its lofty ambition and unbounded hope; its high and honourable views, and its visions of glory and derring-do. We pass through all the phases of the Poet's chequered career, most of the pieces having been written before leaving home, and few after return; his "four banishments," his three campaigns, his many imprisonments, and his wanderings to the outer East. We assist at the exhibition of his loves and amours; his likes and dislikes, masculine and feminine; his friendships, jealousies, and rivalries: we witness even his present of poultry and his dinner-party with poetical "subtleties" by way of meats. And presently the picture darkens: he loses his friends, of course the dearest; his misfortunes and disappointments engender grievances, and he becomes like a sick girl the prey of nostalgia. In disgrace with Fortune, he feels a loathing of life which uses the language of despair (Sonnet cccxxxix.). He then adds piety to patriotism; he turns to the "Fathers of Saint Dominick"; he writes uninteresting religious poemets (Elegy XIII.); he paraphrases the Psalms badly, but better than

Byron does ; and he addresses the Virgin and the Saints in hymns which I prefer to Milton's. Lastly, he sings the Swan-song over the death of his King, and he dies in the youth of age, an old old man.

Camoens does not derogate in his Lyrics from the high and knightly tone of his *Lusiads*. He throws off the impedimenta of the Epic ;—while heroic poetry narrates, the lyrical deals in allusions ;—he descends from his Epos-stilts, and he “dandles the kid” with the charm of Ben Jonson ; his personality and simplicity are equally graceful and delightful. He is a stylist to the backbone, and his harmony waits upon his imagination, the two requisites for a Southern poet. He knows that lyrism should ever be “most musical, most melancholy” ; his ear for melody is of the finest, and the song he sings is soothing and satisfying : it is the triumph of phrasing without tenuity or affectation ; concise and graphic, pregnant yet not obscure. Withal he has “cet heureux pouvoir des mots qui sillonne profondément l'attention des hommes en ébranlant leur imagination.” His poetry, like all true poetry, is the expression and the offspring of his time, modified by an individuality of the highest cast. Dowered with immense facility and feracity, he does not feed us with a thin diet of dainty words ; nor has he any of the magnificent emptiness of Spanish poetry. His imitations and translations of Petrarch are always correct and flowing ; he has few platitudes, the curse of Sonnetteers ; fewer verbal puzzles and no “displacement of epithets.” Tender and true as a Northman, he feels, with Troubadour Peirol, “Little is worth the song which does not come from the heart.” He has rhythmic life as well as the emotional and the intellectual phases. He is a master of form, and he has yet higher gifts. His genuine elevation of soul expresses itself in noble and patriotic sentiments ; in

the worship of candour and Honour, loyalty and patriotism ; in the cultus of a peculiarly ideal womanhood, and in a refinement all his own, writing, as was said of Thomson,

No line which dying he could wish to blot.

He has, withal, a "damnable uncovered honesty" and a profound contempt for the Reptile. He is a passionate lover of Nature whom he found the Troubadours wooing in conventional style with unsympathetic compliments. His toposhesia and descriptions of scenery are perfect : nothing is more dangerous than to add a word to them or to take a word from them. This magistral art, which was doubtless completed by his long travel and by his perfect faculties of observation, absolutely distinguishes him from his brother bards : he paints the scene as a spectator ; they too often misdraw from "insight," that is from the depths of their self-consciousness.¹ Finally his bracing, healthy, masculine realism, contrasting strongly with the strained introversion and vivisection, the turbulent emotion, and the over-coloured brilliancy of our later day, encourages me to hope that some readers will relish a return to the wholesome ancient diet, to this "old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good," simple, sensuous and impassioned.

The lyrical diction of Camoens has carefully

¹ Take, by way of specimens, the "Nile-Sonnets" of Shelley, Leigh Hunt, and Keats, none of whom had ever seen the Nile. What has the Nile to do with Atlas or with the "Desart's ice-girt pinnacles"? What means "old hushed Egypt and its sands"? Can there be anything more incongruous than "Cairo and Decàn"? And why should a mental glance at the Nile beget a shallow moral reflection in a terminal couplet? Mr. Tennyson's Montenegro has managed two minor errors in one line, Is-lam for Islâm and Tsernôgora (masc.) for Tshernâgora (fem.). These are details, but many details make a whole.

adapted itself to the tone of thought. He does not affect the vast variety of rhetorical trope and figure which characterises The *Lusiads*. Not that he is at all deficient in these decorations; and, if comparatively chary of others, he is profuse in Shakespeare's favourite antithesis; in hyperbole, auxesis or exaggeration, the very language of love; and in the Provençal replicacio, the word-recurrence as, Petrarch's

Dolci ire, dolci sogni e dolci paci.

The Arch-commentator does not charge his Poet with writing "clausules made intricate by diabolical locution"; but he points out a variety of figures which are proper to lighter poetry.¹

The rhyme of the Rhythmas is that of the Italians. Camoens, who like Petrarch had carefully studied the "Donatz Proensals," avoids the *Rims sonan bord* (bastard or vowel rhyme), the peculiarly Spanish "assonance"² or correspondence of vowels and difference of consonants, as opposed to "consonance," or true rhyme, correspondence of vowels and final consonants. Like his model also, he has none of Coleridge's squeamishness about "assonance being peculiarly distressing to the ear":³ indeed, some

¹ For instance, archaisms and archaicisms; alliteration, the older annomination (Canz. III. 4, 10); anadiplosis or reduplication (Canz. v. 1, 15, *pintáva*); antiphrasis and irony (Sonn. xv. 5); antonomasia (Ode x. 35); aposiopesis (Sonn. III. last tercet); epanodos, anadiplosis or palilogy (Sonn. CLXII. ; Canz. x. 4, *soberba*); enumeration (Ecl. v. 31, 3 and passim); epiphonema and exclamation (Sonn. v. 13 and passim); metonymy and metalepsis (Sonn. XII. 13); periphrasis (Sonn. XLIV. 5); and synechdoche (Sonn. XIII. 12), to mention no others.

² E.g. *abárca*: *cása*; *amórs*: *vós* (terrible cockneyism in English!); *feroz*: *furor*; *grano*: *voliamo*; *mora*: *parola*; *contrária*: *infâmia*, &c. We call it the "Irish-rhyme" with scant reason.

³ I wrote about it in *The Academy*, May 7, '81. The neo-

sonnets (e.g. XLIII.) show that the recurring sound pleased him. He uses but rarely the *Bordos em-peutatiz* (middle or internal rhyme), as in

Mon port, conort e mon confort.¹

He also shuns the *Schlagreim* of the Meistersänger, in which two similar endings immediately follow each other (e.g. *ridiculus mus*). On the other hand, he affects what the Troubadours called *Rim dictional*,² the rhyme-word being modified at the end : for instance, in the song of Countess Beatrice de Die,

Ab joi et ab joven m' apais
E jois e jovens m' apaia.

(With Joy and Youth I fare content
May Joys and Youths keep me contented).

Like all neo-Latins he is fond of the *Rime riche*,³ as opposed to *Rime pauvre*, the former repeating the

Latin poets with most delicate ear (e.g. Petrarch) utterly ignore this refinement of rude Northern Doric.

¹ P. 331, Hueffer's "Troubadours."

² It is also termed *Rim derivatif*; I cannot understand why Hueffer (p. 285) calls it a "silly contrivance," as if anything in poetry can be silly which gives pleasure! And, strange to say, this author, throughout his excellent popular study, wholly neglects the Sonnet in Provençal.

³ Its *raison-d'être* is insufficiently accounted for by the rapid articulation of the neo-Latin vowels, and the necessity for the first consonant striking the ear. The cause is complex. One, and perhaps the chief, source of pleasure would be the subtle and unexpected varying of sense in the same sound as in Milton's *Ruth : ruth*. This is the principle of the Triolet. Again, there is such a thing as "rhyming to the eye"; and, like the "allowable" rhymes, now disallowed by dictionaries, it is justified by the prime requisite of Poetry—variety, change, even for the worse. Very noxious, as we have lately seen, is the monotony of sweetness and dead level of excellence. Again, it is evident that, the further the rhyme-word, the more conventional it may be without shocking the ear, as in the couplet. Finally, the ear has learned in youth to like *Rime riche*, so the use-sanctioned institution needs no excuse.

same word in a different sense. He is perforce compelled to affect the feminine rhyme (*Rim con "accen greu ; weiblicher or klingender Reim*): his masculines are comparatively rare ; for instance, Sonnet xcii., wholly composed of *versos agudos* (sharps), *querer*, *amor*, *assegurou*, and *perdi*.¹ The great Poet never feared sacrificing orthography to consonance, a licence comparatively rare in Petrarch :² for instance, one Sonnet (cxlII.) contains two forced endings ; *Lua* (for *Luna* or *Luma*) and *Venos*. We have similar licences in frente for fronte (Sonn. ccxxvII.), and in *devesma* ("you owe it me") for *deveisma* (Sonn. xxxII.).³ These would be the *Rims cars* (rare rhymes) of Arnaut Daniel and Company. Imperfect and barely allowable rhymes are few, but they exist ; for instance, *accesa* (accended) : *natureza*.

Camoens avoids the Troubadour art of writing so artfully

Qu' apenas nuls hom las enten
(Hardly a man can understand).

¹ Also Sonnets cxxII. and cxlIX. The learned and laborious Professor Storck (Sonnets, p. 365) lays down the number of such lines at 305. These *versos agudos*, which only great poets use for variety and startling effect, sound unpleasantly to Portuguese ears, and Costa e Silva (Ensaio II., 19) declares them to be "a barbarous dissonance fit only for burlesques." Germans enjoy the contrast of masculines and feminines : the latter in English must be employed very sparingly ; and Mr. Mark Pattison (Milton, Pref. p. xi.) prohibits double rhymes, because they overweight the ends of the lines. This is the *escrupulo impertinente* (i.e., not pertinent) of F. y S. (Rim. Var. 178).

² We find *nigre*, *percusse*, *senestra*, *simlle*, *umlle*, *vióle* and *vui* (a Tuscanism for *voi*) ; with a few others.

³ Add *Sexos* for *Seixos* (Ode II.) ; *quexo* for *queixo* (Ecl. II.) ; *cudo* for *cuido* (Elegy XIV.) ; *mouro* for *morro* (Sonn. cxxxi.) ; *amarello* for *amareylo* (Redon. VIII. 5) ; and *ouvireys* (Redon. XIII.). F. y S. (Vol. III. p. 230) declares that the Portuguese were ever barbarous in the orthography of their vernacular, writing *belleza* for *belliza*, *aceza* for *acesa*, and so forth.

Yet, like his model, he takes liberties with language,¹ and he uses "wee words and dainty diminutives," pet vocabularies,² and peculiar terms, for which the rigourists and disciplinarians (*Los Fiscales*) have blamed him severely enough. He is not above allowing himself an occasional jingle (Sonn. III. 7, 8), and some of his plays upon words and names, as Violante (Sonn. XIII.); Bishop Pinheiro (the Right Rev. Pine, Sonn. CXC.), and Captain Leoniz (Lion and Leonidas Sonn. CCXXVIII.), are mere puns. For these he has the authority of Petrarch's Laura and Colonna, and we must not forget Shakespeare's "Will."

¹ *E.g.* *Letreyro*, a vulgarism for epitaph (Sonn. XXIII.); and *mal o haja a Fortuna* (woe worth Fortune! Sonn. CXXXIV.); *Mas eu me vingarey* (Sonn. CXXIII.) is a child's phrase, "I'll pay you out." Other licences are *perla* for *perola* (LXXVIII.); *Sirena* for *Serea* (CXX. 5); and *Joanne* for *Joam*, the former popularly meaning a fool (*bobo*). Of Latinisms, we have *abisso* (Canz. II. 7); *gladio* (Ode III. 2); *modulo* (Sonn. LXX. 7); *nutante* (Ecl. II. 26); *natura* for *natureza* (Sonn. XIV. 5); *sento* for *sinto* (Sonn. XVII. and *Volta* XXXIX.), and *vulnerado* (Ode VIII. 4). There is a Latin construction in the first tercet of Sonnet LXXXIX. His *Titam* (*Tithonus*) is the *Titon* of Petrarch, Sonn. II. 23, and the *Tithon* of Drummond (Ellis, III. 72).

² *E.g.* *Afagar* (to quiet a child); *afinar* (to refine); *alimaria* (argument); *apurar* (to depure); *aspero* (rough); *assellar* (to seal, to confirm); *bravo* (great, much); *breve* (short); *desengano* (disillusion, *i.e.*, being dismissed by the beloved); *doce* (sweet); *debuxar* (to sketch); *enganar* (to deceive); *esmalto* (enamelled); *espalhar*, to scatter (prop. straw); *estranha* (rare, great); *geito* (mode, way); *gesto* (body and face, air, mien, beauty); *lascivo* (festive); *largo* and *longo*; *ledo* (*lætus*, glad); *mágoa* (*macula*, woe, a pet Lusitanism); *marçhetado* (worked in marquetry or tarsia); *parecer* (semblance or appearance); *pranto* (loud weeping); *querer* (to love, "force"); *revolver* (to revolve); *saudade* (*desiderium*); *triste*; *vontade* (will, love). His *Meninas* or "babes" is the Lat. *pupilla* (dim. of *pupa*); the Hebrew *babat* or *bit* (daughter); the Arab *Bubu el-Ayn* (*hadakat el-Ayn*); and the Persian *Mardumak-i-chashm* (*mannikin* of the eye), a favourite conceit in all tongues, and much used amongst us by Donne and his school.

Finally, his "conceits," like those of Petrarch, are mostly fitting ornaments for the artificial and conventional form which he adopts ; and to brush them away, with a rude hand, would be to take from the nosegay much of its colour and savour.

SECTION I.—OF THE CAMONIAN SONNET.

I HAVE nothing to say concerning the Sonnet in general, but much about the Camonian Sonnet in particular, and something about its Petrarchisms of form and spirit. The "lover of Madame de Sade" could not, it is true, claim the honour of invention. He found the "tetradecastich,"¹ or 14-lined stanza, in its most finished modulus, worked up by Lodovico della Vernaccia (A.D. 1200); by Pier delle Vigne (Petrus de Vineâ), the "godfather of modern Italian" (A.D. 1230); by his contemporary, Polo de Lombardia (Paulo del Castello);² and by Fra Guittone d' Arezzo (A.D. 1250).³ But Petrarch's

¹ See note on Sonn. XXIX.; "interpretatio tetradecastichi."

² This Sonnetteer wrote,

Ma qui manca scientia, ingegno e arte:

Petrarch (Sonn. I. 258),

Ivi manca l'ardir, l' ingegno e l' arte:

Camoens (Sonn. II.),

Aque falta saber, engenho, e arte.

³ The perfection of form in these writers shows, not "a birth of Pallas," but a long line of predecessors. P. de Lombardia translated from Perdigon an ancient Sonnet with imperfect rhymes beginning:—

Be no fatz Amors l'usatge del aire

(Love gives me not the use of air).

Dante da Majano, an Italian of the XIIIth century, has left two in the Langue d'Oc, one remarkable for the rhymes being monosyllabic, that is, masculine. The reader will find versal versions of L. della Vernaccia, P. de Vineâ, and Messer Polo in "A Collection of Lyrics, edited and translated by Dante G. Rossetti (lost too early to Poetry and Art); Revised and rearranged, Edit., Part I., Dante's Vita Nuova, &c. Poets of Dante's Circle. Part II., Poets chiefly before Dante." London, Ellis and White, 1874. I translated the three oldest Italian Sonnets for the *Academy*, August 25, '83; and I republish them at the end of this Appendix as specimens of literalism.

marvellous series on the Life and Death of Madonna Laura was a light that extinguished his predecessors, and became a beacon which will burn for all time. It gave a tone to the poem which cannot be separated from it.¹ We may be justified in saying that the Sonnet-scheme adopted by Petrarch was arbitrary, but it is "excellently ordered in a small room"; it is full-grown, and all-sufficient, and every deviation from it is only to "gain a loss." The Petrarchian Sonnet, to use the language of Dante, consists of two *pedes*, a *repetitio unius odæ* in an octave or huitaine of two quatrains (rhymed abba + abba).² There is a minor pause, metrical and subjunctual, after the fourth line; and the volta, chief cæsura, or major pause denoting the shift of thought, precedes the cauda or sestette of two tercets (typically rhymed ced : ced).³ Each poem is thus distributed into two distinct parts.⁴ The octette is the strophe, the theme, the motive, the proposition, which strikes the ear with lively force by the contrast of rhymes, while these are inwrought and connected by a pervading unity. "The effect is that of twin quatrains bearing a close external resemblance, a sisterly likeness to one another, and they are intimately bound together by the fourth and fifth lines, the last of one quatrain

¹ Hence sciolists complain of the "exaggerated Sonnet-style of Shakespeare's day"; and even Mr. Pattison has a word to say against the "obscurity arising from over-ingenuity."

² Thus Ottava Rima would consist of three *pedes* forming the frons, or unbroken opening, and one *versus* which represents the cauda.

³ This volta is Dante's dieresis (diesis? Hueffer, p. 341). The typical punctuation would be a semicolon after the first quatrain, a colon or full stop after the huitaine, and the same with the sestette. The legitimate Shakespearian or English Sonnet has three *pedes*, each of four lines, a volta from the eighth to the twelfth line, and a cauda of a single final couplet.

⁴ When Wordsworth would affect a trinal division "like the three propositions of a syllogism," we detect a Lakism.

and the first of its successor forming a complete couplet." The sestette or anti-strophe is the per contra, the explanation, the deduction, the concentration, the completion. Thus the flow of the octave contrasts strongly with the answering ebb of the sestette: in the symphony the first half is "a grave and fancied descant"; the second a lofty, a gentle, or a tender fugue, either culminating to a climax or dying away in a minor key "like the sowne of swarming bees." And this contrast of rhymes has suggested that the *Sonetto* (sonitus) as opposed to the *Suono*¹ was begotten in the neo-Latin brain with the art and mystery of bell-ringing, whose terminal chimes differ from the sustained and uniform cadence of the peal. In Languedoc, "Sonet" means simply a song, like the "auld Scots Sonnet" crooned over by Tam O'Shanter:² thus Guiraut de Bornelh:—

*Un sonet fatz malvatz e bo
E re non say de qual razo :*

(I sing my Sonnet, bad or good,
Sans reason to be understood).

The Petrarchian Sonnet, by reason of its exact and delicate finish, at once overspread Europe. It was introduced into Spain by the great Marquis of Santillana (nat. 1398),³ and popularised by the conceit-loving "Italianist," Boscán (1500-1540), and by the knightly Garcilasso de la Vega (1503-1536), whose tender verse is still the delight of his fellow-countrymen. In Portugal, Sà de Miranda (1495-

¹ "Suono" is a form of the Balada (ballata); its dim. being Sonarello. It denotes words accompanied with dancing, as Sonetto = words with music, and Canzon = words for singing only.

² Izaak Walton (chap. XVIII.) quotes one of "Mr. Drayton's Sonnets," which consists of four elegiac quatrains, decasyllabics alternately rhymed.

³ Ticknor, I. chap. 19.

1558) was praised for simplicity and careful treatment of the matter, despite the harshness and ruggedness of his manner. Lucky Ronsard and Joachim du Bellay made the Sonnet rival and excel the popular Rondeau in France. The earliest German specimen is Christoff Wirsung's translation (A.D. 1556) of a Sonnet by Bernardino Ochino of Sienna. The first recognised Petrarchian Sonnets in English are by Sir Thomas Wyatt or Wyatt¹ (A.D. 1503-42), closely followed by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (1520-1547). Both gallant friends affect the terminal couplet rare among the neo-Latins, and the elegiac quatrain presently to be made popular by Spenser, Shakespeare, and William Drummond of Hawthornden (1585-1649), the "Scottish Petrarch."²

And now to consider the Camonian Sonnet in its two aspects of letter and spirit. It must be premised that the full series of 360 is in three languages. Of Portuguese, where the Poet is most at home, there

¹ Tardy justice is being done to this "eques incomparabilis," who, at the age of twenty-three, was styled "the most accomplished poet of his time" by Leland (*Nenia in mortem Thomæ Viati*).

² Ellis, *Specimens of the Early English Poets* (London, Longman, 1811), Vol. II. 43-67. A Treasury of English Sonnets, &c., by David M. Main (Manchester, Ireland, 1880), a valuable study which provokes a smile by its number of "the greatest of English Sonnet-writers." I need hardly quote Coleridge (Vol. II., Pickering, 1877); Wordsworth (Prose, III. 133); Dyce (1833); Leigh Hunt (1867); Dr. Trench (1870), and others, who have treated of the Sonnet. The last (1883), "The Sonnets of John Milton," edited by Mr. Mark Pattison, (Kegan Paul & Co., '83), is a trifle over-arbitrary in its ten formal and nine material rules and regulations; e.g. "in the Sonnet the emphasis is nearly, but not quite, equally distributed, there being a slight swell, or rise, about the middle." Why attribute to Surrey the honours of Wyatt (p. 36)? Very few students of Shakespeare's Sonnet will, I think, agree with this Editor (pp. 41, 43). In minor matters we find the falconer's term, "to imp," misexplained (p. 179).

re 323; of Spanish, 35; and of Gallician, 2 (ccxc., cxcl.).¹ The Spanish are in sets and scattered; here are none in the Editio Princeps (1595) of 65, nor in the second edition (1598) of 43. The Arch-commentator declares (note on clxi.) that, although this Poet was never in Spain, he writes Castilian, not as a Portuguese, but like a native of Toledo.² He also questions (Vol. II. 489) the authorship of the Gallegos, attributing them to some one of the Gallician Caamaños, while others suspect that the writer was Vasco Pires (Perez) de Camoens, the Poet's grandfather's grandfather, who entered Portugal in 1370.³

The structure is legitimate and orthodox after the technique of Petrarch. In the octave there are only three deviations from the established form: Nos. xxiv., cci., and cclxxx. have alternate rhymes in the huitaine.⁴ The first shows abab + abab, and the two latter connect the quatrains by rhyming the fourth and fifth lines (abab + baba): these are the *lims croisatz* (ab + ba) of the Provençaux opposed

¹ The Spanish Sonnets begin with Nos. clx.-clxvi. (6); the second set of seven is ccxiii.-ccxix. (total 13); and the third of five, ccxxii.-ccxxvi. (18). Five scattered, cclx., clxxii., cclxxxiii., ccxcix., and ccxii. (23) lead to the fourth set of five, cccxxvii.-cccxxxi. (28); there is a fifth of three, cccxli.-cccxlili.; and a sixth of three, ccclv.-clvii.; and one detached (ccclx.) completes the 35 and ends the whole. In Spanish also are one Elegy (No. xvii.), and sundry Glosas.

² And yet some curious Lusitanisms deform the style, e.g. *el* for *en el* (line 9, No. ccxxxiii.).

³ "Life," I. 4, The Cantigas of Alfonso X. ("the Wise"), written in Gallician, date before A.D. 1284 (Ticknor, Period I. chap. iii.).

⁴ The *Saturday Review* (July 9, '81), true to its usual practice of reviewing without reading, boldly tells its unhappy clientèle that the Octettes of Camoens are *without variation*! The intelligent critic has also succeeded in confounding Ferreira with Sà de Miranda.

to *Rims encadenatz* (ab + ab); and for both these dispositions there is authority in Petrarch and in the oldest Sonnettists.¹ On the other hand, the sextaine is immensely varied, and Camoens followed high example by interlacing the rhymes in every possible way but one: neither he nor his model ever "bars the door with a strong couplet."² The normal formula is cde + cde (No. I.) with its nearer modifications cde + dce (No. XIV.); cde + edc (XLV.)³ and cde + ced (No. XLVI.). Then we have alternate rhymes, the formula being cdc + dcd (No. III.) and, more rarely, cdc + cdc (No. VII.), a "volée de resonance" made easy by the copious rimarium. It defeats by its excess the proper purpose of rhyme, "to point and mark to the ear what is being conveyed to the mind;" and it belongs to the days when rhymes, like sugar, were a novelty and a delicacy.

These are the forms which occur in the oldest and most authentic section. In the higher numbers we have cde + dec (No. xcv.) and only four specimens of cde + edc (No. cccviii.):⁴ the first disappoints the ear by the distance of the terminal rhymes. And lastly we find cdc + ddc (No. cxcviii.); cdd + cdd (No. ccxxxi.) which Faria y Sousa terms extravagant;⁵ cdc + ccd (No. ccxxxvii.); cdd + ccd (No. ccxlvii.) and cdd + dcd (No. cccxxxiii.) make a total of

¹ E.g. Part I. xxxvi.; II. XIII., XLII., and L.; Pier delle Vigne and Messer Polo having set the example of *encadenatz*.

² Petrarch (I. x. and LXIII.) ends in a rhymed distich, but it is connected with the first verse of the sestette, and consequently it does not strike the ear like an epigram or a couplet. Camoens avoided it; Milton did not (Ital. Sonn. vi.).

³ In popular Edits. the 12th line ends with *serra dura* instead of *dura serra*; the changé would make the scheme cde + cde.

⁴ Petrarch, Part I. LXII. He has two of cdd + dcc (Part I. x., v. 63); generally he prefers cde + dce; cde + dec, or cde + ecd.

⁵ Rosetti used it in his vision of "Fiammetta."

hirteen.¹ In the sestina of No. CCXCVIII. the first line ending with *poder* is "orphan" (xdc + dcd): this was possibly a scherzo to emphasise the darkness, and is not repeated.²

It must not be supposed that either my master or his model, Petrarch, used these thirteen sestettes-variations arbitrarily or indiscriminately: on the contrary, they are most artistically chosen either for sound or sense, or both. In the archetypal form cde + cde), the rhyme "falls in a soft shower of brightness," floats off and dies away like music wooing in the distance: there is, moreover, added beauty of contrast between the crescendo of the thought and the diminuendo of the rhyme-emphasis. In the alternate structure (cdc + dcd),³ while the answering ebb of the sestette sets off the flow of the uitaïne, the effect is lesser pathos, with greater power and a fuller music, the ear being trained to its

¹ There are three other forms all incorrect: *E.g.* cde + cdf (No. xxv.) where *perseguido*: *passado*, evidently a clerical error for *perdido*; cde + cdc (No. CCCX.), *rispeito* being erroneous; and cde + ede (No. CCLXXXVII.), where *desejo* for *esejado* appears both in the common Edits. and in Jur. The latter also misprints *pintado* for *pintados* (No. CCCII.) and *vazerm* for *trazerm* (No. CCCIX.). In CCCX., verse 11, we should read *Não têm algum respeito a tanta flamma*. *Tormento* and *movimento* (No. CCCXII.) should be plural, and *deixastes* (No. CCCXXXVIII.) and *vistes* (No. CCCXLI.) should be singular. Finally, *llega* (repeated for *lleva*) does not rhyme with *entregava* (No. CCCXLII.).

² According to the learned Professor Storck (p. 364), of his 56 Sonnets cde + cde is found in 165; cdc + dcd in 114; de + dce in 38; cdc + cdc in 15; cde + ced in 7; cde + dc in 4; cde + dec in 3; cdc + ddc also in 3; and ccd + cdd, dd + cdd, cde + ecd, cdd + ccd, cdc + ede, and cdd + de in one each. He makes a total of 16 varieties by adding No. CLVII., which is "tailed," and No. CCXCVIII., where the rhyme is xdc + dcd. Petrarch uses five forms, the four first given above and cdd + dcc.

³ So in Shelley's "Ozymandias" Sonnet. But this poet

enjoyment. The same is true to an increased degree with *cdc + cdc*, where the interweaving and the somewhat overlaid assonance give the idea of mingled unity and separation. On the other hand, poetic vagueness is gained by the gradually increasing distance of the rhyme-words (*cde + edc*). The student will readily detect the reason which regulates the choice of all other modifications. Camoens, like Petrarch, avoided the terminal couplet, which he used in the *Lusiad*-stanzas, probably because his delicate artistic ear and his fine Latin taste revolted against arming the sonnet with an epigrammatic point, a final chord which, suggesting a thump, has been nationalised in England.¹ Here too a "Corn-Law Rhymers," not to speak of a host of earlier and later rhymers, super-added deformity by a terminal Alexandrine. The better taste of modern days has abated this vagary- nuisance, and England now affects the pure Petrarchian type.

As regards the disputed point of climax, "the kindling into a flame as the song expires," Camoens like Petrarch makes the march of the Sonnet

knew Italy and Italian; and his "haggard existence" soothed itself with southern melody.

¹ Mr. Mark Pattison (*Milton*, Pref. ii.) prohibits the couplet because it breaks the continuity of sound: I may add that it opens the door to that terrible intruder, a "moral lesson" or lecture. My friend and fellow translator, Mr. J. J. Aubertin, inserts into the Dedicatory Letter, with which he honoured me, an amusing account of his "intelligent copyist" (p. xv). "When asked his opinion, he told me that he thought them (the translations) very smooth and pretty, but that somehow they seemed to finish before one had got to the real end of them. I attributed this to the want of the final couplet. The musical public annoyed Rossini by their similarly defective ear, which required the hammer of his Coda." "Is not this comparison of the Coda a confusion with the Stretto?" asks the *Times* (Sept. 26, '82). I reply, no! *Coda* is derived, with a slight distinction of meaning, from the poetical *cauda* of Dante and others. (See p. 344, Hueffer's "Troubadours.")

crescendo, gaining strength and momentum as it proceeds. Such, indeed, is its nature. Every Sonneteer who knows his trade feels a necessity of an increasing purpose, without which the pathos would end in bathos and the point be lost in disappointment. The charm of a Sonnet, says Faria y Sousa,¹ consists in the *remate* or conclusion, and the Portuguese dictum declares that it "must be opened with a key of silver and be shut with a key of gold." Camoens nowhere neglects this growing dignity of thought and subject, if not of language. At times he varies the even march with a conceit, verbal or material; an antithesis, an epigram, a repetition of words or of sense which form the true terminus. Only his unfriends here find strange expression and far-fetched sentiment, jingle and fantastic phrase, "clap" and "repercussion." His ear and taste kept him from offending in a matter of degree and measure—*la mesure est le secret de tout*.

Camoens never attempted to change the structural forms of his master. In the lyric of Shakespeare, the "myriad-minded," we breathe a diviner air, we see a wider horizon, as it were, from a commanding height. But ear and sense tell us that his noble poems are not Sonnets, and have not the effect of Sonnets. The three elegiac quatrains ending in a rhymed distich form a tirade, stave, strophe, or stanza, which is well fitted for being part of an heroic poem. It is the same with Spenser's "Fairy Queen Sonnets," his best; like the bastards in blank verse and those in interlaced couplets, these Amoretti (love-knots or garlands?), with their novelties of assonance, reduce the composition to a poemlet of fourteen decasyllabics, *i.e.* iambic pentameters. The "solemn organ whereon Milton played" at times sounds a very false note:

¹ Comm. in Sonn. LXII.

the pause between octave and sestette is neglected ; we meet with short detached sentences which seem to have been written for the purpose of quotation, and we marvel to find, in the artistic Italian scholar, such hideous rhymes as—

Help us to save free Conscience from the *paw*
Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their *maw*.¹

Shelley's "Wild West Wind" is neither an Ode nor a Sonnet (the "condensation of an Ode"), and Wordsworth's have fitly been termed "Sermons from Mount Rydal."²

The formal varieties of Camoens' Sonnets are also those of Petrarch. He is justly fond of the Amœbæan or Dialogue, because it allows so much movement (Nos. LXXXIII. and CLIV. ; Petrarch, II., 99 and 167) : this is the Italian *a risposta* which followed the Tenso, or contention-song, of the Troubadour, and it resumes the "concerted Sonnets" of Lope de Vega and Calderon. He has also many which may be called half-Amœbæan (Nos. XXXVII., LIX., LXI., CXCVIII., and

¹ Mr. J. A. Noble (*Contemporary Review*, p. 459) finds a reason for such "harsh, unpoetic, bald, monosyllabic rhymes as clogs : dogs ; frogs : hogs" (Sonn. XII.). Perhaps he can excuse such cacophony as "my great taskmaster's eye (Sonn. II.) ; and so trite and vulgar a conceit as Sonn. XXIV.)—

I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

² Amongst older poets Thomas Watson (ob. 1592) wrote "Sonnets" of eighteen verses in three sixains with the scheme aba + bcc. Samuel Daniel (nat. 1562), Michael Drayton (1563), Robert Devereux (1567), William Fowler (1569), and William Smith (wrote in 1596) affected the English Sonnet, that is, no sonnet at all. On the other hand, Barnabe Barnes (nat. 1569) preserved the true Petrarchian type saving only the terminal couplet ; and Ellis remarks with early-XIXth-century naïveté, "They have at least the merit of combining in a remarkable manner an arbitrary recurrence of rhyme with the dignified freedom of blank verse." This of Petrarch !

cc.). There is only one, *colla coda* or *caudato*, cowee¹ or tailed (No. CLVII.), so termed because the lines exceed the quatorzaine. In this case the Sonnet, numbering 17 verses, ends with two lines (not a regular couplet) of new rhyme² (cde cde + dff). This form, highly proper for burlesque, was introduced into Italy during the XVth cent. Its construction is precise. The first must be a half-line, and must rhyme with one of the tercet-lines, not necessarily (as Mr. Mark Pattison says) with the fourteenth. The remaining two rhymes must be new, and in this way the Cauda may extend to several tercets.³ Camoens never reduces, like Quevedo, the Sonnet to eleven lines by suppressing the last tercet.

The Acrostic Sonnet which relies upon an artifice invented by the Erythrean Sibyl, practised in the Hebrew Psalms, and perhaps suggested by mnemonic caprice, as in the famous triplet beginning

Ut queant largis resonare chordis, &c.

occurs only once in Camoens (CLIX.). It is complicated by being divided into acrostical hemistichs, a trick which deprives it of other value. A single specimen in Spanish (CLXII.) is epanaleptic or

¹ From kowe, a tail, *e.g.*—

For Edward's good meed
The Baliol gave him as his meed } a wicked return.

This "rhyme cowee" is much patronised in Persian poetry: by Hafiz, for instance, and Mr. Bicknell (London, Trübner, 1875) prints it accordingly. "Rhyme cowee" differs from middle rhyme, and interwoven rhyme, which will be noticed in Section II. The Cauda in Port. is called *estribilho*, in Span. *cola* and *estrabote*.

² Shakespeare's No. XIX. with fifteen lines is not a Coda, but a caprice in the fifth verse. Milton's No. XIII. has a true double Cauda.

³ The Cauda of Sonn. CLVII. appears for the first time in F. y S. Probably Camoens never wrote it.

repetitory, the terminal word of one line becoming the initial of the next :—it is pretty dancing in *sabots*.¹ And, lastly, there is an Echo-Sonnet (No. LXX.) ending in a rewording of *Pouco te ama*: the echo is somewhat Hibernian.

To conclude the technique, my Poet has scant respect for the English canon which orders that the “complexity of the rhyme arrangement be balanced by the lucidity and simplicity of syntax.” In these matters he is, like all great Poets, a law unto himself; and he well knows that the best Sonnet is the one that gives the most pleasure.

Space compels me to treat the subject-stuff and spirit of the Camonian Sonnet more briefly than its mechanism: here, however, they who read will best judge for themselves. The circumstances under which the poemets were published explains the confusion of theme: Camoens can plead for excuse,

—defuit scriptis ultima linea meis.

Yet he evidently intended them for printing, possibly in his lost “Parnaso,” as is shown by six several Proems (Nos I., II., CL., CLXXXII., CCI., and CCC.). The great blot of the Edit. Princeps is that it published the Rhythmas without order, or regard to date, place, and occasion. The Arch-commentator left the first century in its old confusion, distributing the extra five amongst his second hundred; and his reason for not disturbing the original disorder was

¹ The trick was affected by Vasco M. de Quevedo, *e.g.*—

*Pastora mia gloria de la vida ;
Vida, que vida y muerte das por suerte ;
Suerte, &c.*

(Pastora grace and glory of my Life ;
Life that aye maketh life and death my lot ;
Lot, &c.)

I have noticed this “Lexapren” in note to Sonnet CLXII.

that many writers had quoted the numbers. But he printed the second century and part of the third (Sonn. L.-XLVI.)¹ after a fancy of his own; first the Amores, then the Tristia, and, lastly, the moral and religious, including the Babylonians.² Viscount Juromenha has not followed the good example with his *ineditas*, which begin after No. cccr. Very insufficient is Adamson's distribution into three orders, the Amorous, the Moral, and the "Tributary" (to friendship): it takes no note of the classical and of that time-honoured compound of metaphor and metaphysics which so often repeats itself. I am tempted to divide them roughly into the autobiographical and the general; the former including all those which relate to the Poet and his friends, and the latter admitting extensive subdivision.

The first Sonnet written, according to the Commentators, in the Poet's eleventh year (A.D. 1535), was a grandiloquent address to D. Theodosio de Braganza (No. xxi.). There are many of these "tributaries" ("vehicles of personal compliment, panegyric or congratulation"), and they touch every tone from the bantering to the quasi-epic style of ceremonious enthusiasm. The characteristic of the Amores is their directness, which seems to give fervour, reality, and life to trite and formal complaints of cruelty and hard-heartedness; and the feeling is increased by the contrast of familiar and trivial phrases with the "linked sweetness long drawn out" of the music. Many are *pièces d'occasion*; others are written "to request"; here and there we

¹ He preserves, however, no order in his *Adición* of 18 sonnets (XLVII.-LXIV.).

² See Petrarch, Part IV., Sonn. v., vi. ("the horns of Babilonia," *i.e.* Moslems); Sonn. xv., where *Baldacco* is mentioned; and Sonn. xvi., where "falso Babilonia" is opposed to (ancient) Rome.

find a little picture, classical or modern: some are rather Idylls than Sonnets; others have the tone of Madrigals; and others are Elegies in quatorzaines.

The English reader has not wholly lacked the whereby to taste of Camoens' Sonnets. "Lord Viscount Strangford," of whom mention has been made,¹ printed, in 1804, a volume containing twenty Sonnets, numbered after his own fashion; he tells us that "literal versions are justly deemed absurd," and he splurges in true Donnybrook style. He defaces and degrades the mécanique by neglecting pauses and by taking all manner of liberties; in fact, he has vulgarised Camoens into English poetry of the Georgium Sidus age. Enough to quote his first line:—

Sweetly was heard the Anthem's choral strain,

which is fondly fancied to translate Camoens' "divine worship was celebrating" (No. LXVII.). But poetasters will affect *paja para llenar el verso* (straw to stuff the verse).

Mrs. Felicia Hemans printed (1818) sixteen specimens² in "Translations from Camoens and other Poets" (4to. Oxford), a work alluded to as anonymous by Commentator Adamson (I. 93). Her Sonnets are not Camoens, nor are they Sonnets beyond being tetradcastichs. Instead of the Portuguese bouquet, we have the commonplace flowers of English verse-making, such as "my plaintive lyre"; the "lode-stars" (Shakespeare); "thy native globe"; "breathe a warning lay"; "inmate of my soul"; and "Love's Elysian bower."

¹ "Life," I. 180, &c.

² Viz., Nos. 70, 282, 271, 186, 108, 23, 19, 58 (with a queer Cauda?), 178, 80, 289, 228, 205, 133, 181 and 278. Marvellous to relate, her invariable Scheme is abab, cdcd × eef, ggf; and she sometimes ends with an Alexandrine.

Adamson also printed (1820) twenty-one Sonnets, with translations,¹ by various hands. These are "Anonymous," Mr. Hayley, and (Mrs.) C (ockle) : eleven are by Adamson, and they are some of the best. The worst, perhaps, are those of Poet-Laureate Southey, who takes from Camoens his morion, ruff and breastplate, to turn him out in curly-brimmed beaver, tall cravat, and roll-collar'd frock coat.

In the same year which saw my *Life of Camoens*, Mr. J. J. Aubertin, translator of *The Lusiads*, printed his dainty volume of Sonnets.² He is the first who has fairly introduced the great Portuguese to English readers ; and his uncompromising fidelity and loyalty to his author's style and sense have transferred many a charm from the original to the portrait. It is a triumph of literalism, and it throws all predecessors in the shade.

The version here offered was begun many years ago on the same lines as *The Lusiads*. Only one liberty has been taken, and that rarely, with my master's work. When preserving the consonance would injure the sense, assonance or "allowable rhyme" has been substituted in the second quartette.³ Contrary to Portuguese custom, I have distributed

¹ "Life," I. 184. The Sonnets are scattered about his first volume, and, as usual in 1820, the work is index-less. Singles are found in Vol. I. p. 67 (No. xxxv.), p. 93 (No. xix.); p. 104 (No. cviii.) and p. 173 (No. clxxxi.), with a batch of 18 in pp. 250-267. In p. 172 Sonnet XLVIII. is untranslated.

² "Seventy Sonnets of Camoens. Portuguese text and translation, with original Poems," London, C. Kegan Paul, 1881. I have noticed ("Life," Vol. I. pp. 167-174) Mr. Aubertin's "*Lusiads*," which has won the honour of a Second Edition ; and the Sonnets will presently appear with additions.

³ *e.g.* feel : weal + kill : rill (No. xxii.) and show'r : pow'r + store : more (xxxviii.) &c. &c.

the Sonnets into three Parts. The first (I.-CCLXIV.) contains the total printed by the Arch-commentator. The second carries the number up to that published in the popular Editions (CCLXV.-CCCL.) ; and Part. III. (CCCL.-CCCLX.) shows the *ineditas* edited by Viscount Juromenha and by Theophilo Braga. The total consists of 5,043 lines.

SECTION II.—OF THE CAMONIAN CANZÒN.¹

I HAVE termed the following songs "Canzons," a word not unknown to Barnabe Barnes ; although our dictionaries patronise only its cadet—Canzonet. The Cançam of Camoens is the low Lat. Cantio, the Italian Canzone,² and the Spanish Cancion.³ As the name denotes it was originally a song proper written for singing : hence the word Cancioneiro (canzoner, etc.) in the Lusian and neo-Latin tongues means a song-book pure and simple. But when it overcame its rivals the Chanson de Geste (Cantar de Gesta), the Chansoneta or Meja Chanso and the

¹ The Edit. Princeps contained x. : the Second Part (1616) added one. F. y S. (Tome V. p. 184, note Ed. I.) prints as a note the No. VIII. of all popular editions, which he omitted because it is a variant of No. VII. In 1689 he added four, making a total of xv. (or xvi. preserving No. VIII.). Jur. with four ineditas brings up the total to twenty-one. Professor Wilhelm Storck's translation (Sämmtliche Canzonen, &c. Schöningh, Paderborn) contains xviii., by adding Ode II. which is evidently a Canzon ; yet he retains No. xvi., which is a manner of Ode.

F. y S. (Vol. IV. p. 50) proposes to, but does not, change the order. His first would be No. VII., followed in due succession by Nos. IV., V., VIII., III., I., II., XI., XII., XIII., XIV., XV., IX., VI., and X. He gives his reasons *e.g.* No. I. (VII.) describes a first love : No. II. (IV.) localises it ; No. IX. (XIII.) appears to be the first written in India : and so forth.

² The Troubadours also use Canzone in the sense of chant, a Canto.

³ The old-Spanish Cancion had usually twelve lines divided like the Sonnet into two parts ; the first four expressed the idea, and the rest developed it.

Vers,¹ it substituted dactylic decasyllabics and hendecasyllabics (technically "Arte major")² for the simple septenary (trochaic), octonary and nonary singing-lines; it made masculine rhymes alternate with the original feminine, and it cultivated congruity of sound and sense. It ended with being the "climax and innermost essence" of El Gay Saber; even as it appears in Spenser's Epithalamium, where L'Envoi says:—

Song, made in lieu of many ornaments, &c.

The first epoch of the Canzone (IXth to XIth centuries) was that of the Crusades: its spirit was the growth of its surroundings, chivalry, and patriotism, tempered by Christianity and the polish of Southern Europe; and it presented a warm and vivacious reaction to the frigid and lifeless pseudo-classicism which preceded it. The Arch-commentator notes that the earliest Spanish date from A.D. 1100, whereas

¹ Vers is almost synonymous with Chanso as,

Que non fesetz vers ni Chanso

(For verse you make not, ne Canzòn).

Probably the former was more primitive and treated the theme at greater length. The Chansoneta, again, was shorter, rarely exceeding three Strophes. The Chanso de Geste represented the genuine popular Epic: the Chanso Sirventes or Sirvente (from Lat. *servire*) and the Mieg (half) Sirventes, originally moral and religious, presently mixed (Chans mesclatz) politics, such as the Crociata, or Crusade-preaching, with love of God and woman. Lastly, as the tenderer subjects were excluded, and as there can be no good poetry without strong passion, the Sirvente became fiercely satirical as the Sonnets of Argensola, often degenerating into a mere lampoon highly adapted as a tool for the poetical and political Prince. Let me note that Wordsworth's definition, "The spontaneous (?) overflow of powerful feeling," applies mainly to his own. The poetry of feeling is as far inferior to the poetry of action as it is superior to the poetry of ingenuity.

² These dactyls (*sdruciolli*, *esdruxolos*) were generally set in 8-line stanzas.

the first Italians appear during the reigns of Frederick II and his Son (A.D. 1200). Its full bloom amongst the Troubadours,¹ in the two following centuries, was intensely personal and amatory; the exceptions being religious, encomiastic, "tributary" and mourning, the latter technically called *Planch* or *Complancha* (complaint). Through Dante and Petrarch the Canzone influenced all mediæval Europe; and we can hardly wonder that the Roman curia, with Moslem aridity, interdicted Provençal poetry when we read

Li douz cossire
Quem don Amors souven,
 (That dulcest care
 Love grants me times enow),

the love-song of Guillem de Cabestanh² which cost two noble lives.

¹ Trobador is the accusative of Trobair, from trobar, to find: in our literature (Percy's Essay, &c.) we apply *Troubadour* to the Occitanian or Lingua d'Oc (*hoc*, this, yes) and *Trouvère* to the Langue d'Oïl (*hoc-illud*, oui, yes) while Minne- (love)-singer is the German, and Scald is the Scandinavian equivalent. The "Romans" School numbers some 400 men (and 14 women) of whom 104 are known by name and 57, mostly titled, are famous. There were 23 royalties, including Alfonso II. of Aragon (reg. 1162-1196) and Richard, Lion-heart, whose *Chanso O e no*, composed in an Austrian prison, has been preserved in both dialects. Of ghostly men there were 13, and 22 belonged to the middle and lower orders. Hueffer and others explain the difference between the Troubadour and the Joglar (joculator, jongleur, "juggler"); the Rymour and the minstrel (menêtrier, minilstraulx, &c.), who sang as well as played, and lastly the English Glewe-man (Gleeman) the degenerate descendant of the Bards.

² Petrarch (Triumph of Love, Cap. IV.) calls him

quel Guglielmo
Che per cantare ha 'l fior dei suoi dì scemo;
 (— that Guillèm
 Who by his singing shore his thread of days).

The same gallant fate befell the Spaniard Macias el Enamorado.

With this Cabestanh came the period of decay (XIVth and XVth centuries). Form was at once the pride and the bane of "Provincialismus" and all began to cultivate it almost equally well. There was exaggeration of its principal defect, want of unity, of organic growth : while each stanza was elaborated to a perfect unit, whole stanzas might be added or subtracted without injury. At the same time the symmetry and complexity of the strophes ran into wild extremes. Fancy and gallantry took the place of Love : even when the Trobair sang a true passion, the stream flowed down an artificial channel, compelled by the rigid rules and the narrow conventional dialect, which formed the characteristic note of his poetry. The sameness of the subject equalled only the monotony of its treatment ; the beauties of landscape became a mere frame-work of that pastoral scenery so seductive to city-poets ; the style waxed even more studied and elaborate ; the great triumph, like that of the Scandinavian and especially the Icelandic bards, was to write what the reader could not understand ; and, if the writer could not understand himself, so much the better. Art, in fact, turned Nature out of doors and man resented the unfilial act. The date of death was during the XVth century.

Camoens has here again adhered to the technique of his predecessors. His Cançam is a rhythmical composition of various rhymed measures and cadences welded into an organic whole, showing skill, refinement, and the highest principle of art, unity in variety. Yet it has the simplicity of a song both in theme and treatment, a lyric whose subject is love, a lay which charms by the music of the words and which revels in the graceful intertwining of rhymes. The stanza (stantia, cobla, Span. copla) which succeeded the classical strophe, is the highest

development of the Troubadours, and here their formal studies were not drawbacks. They determined that the sections should not be less than five nor more than sixteen,¹ as "the latter would weary Job himself." The verses, which in each strophe must be at least seven and must not exceed twenty, should consist of "longs" (hendecasyllabics) cunningly intermixed with "shorts" (half-lines, heptasyllabics). The rhyme has an intricate distribution: it is forbidden to use four consonants like the Sonnet; and the song itself as well as the Remate, Tornada,² or Geleite (Envoi) should end in a distich which concludes the sense.³ Formalists contend that these distichs should be long verses; but neither Petrarch nor Camoens supports them. It is rare that the Canzone-strophe passes into the next.

Another disputed rule is the tripartite division of the Canzone-stanza. According to some, the two first phrases, metrical and melodic, correspond in number and measure of verses: they would be the two *pedes* of early Italian writers, and Storck compares them with the "Stollen," or props, which formed the "Aufgesang" (up-song) of the Meistersänger. They are railed off by the Volta (turn), chief cæsura of the stanza, generally in the material form of a full stop. The third part is the Syrima, Syrma, or Cauda,⁴

¹ So the Ghazal, Eastern Canzone or Ode, does not exceed 18 couplets or it becomes a Kasidah.

² The *tornada* (refrain), so called because in it part of the Stanza returns (*torna*). As Hueffer has shown, the Triolet, the Rondeau, the Rondel (Redondilhas, Ringel-verse) and even the Chant Royal, are varieties of the same metrical theme, the Tornada-system.

³ Exceptions are Petrarch, Part IV. Canz. III. and Camoens, No. III. (the latter, however, ultra-exceptional) and XIV.

⁴ For the minutiae of distribution as the *frons* (unbroken opening); the *versus* (when the pedes follow the Volta) and the *clavis*, or *rims espars*, forming the cæsura, students will

the German "Abgesang" (off-song). It must connect with the former part by a rhyme generally ending the first line: such bridging over is termed *concatenatio* by Dante. Its assonance should differ from that of the *pedes*, and its length must equal at least one of the "Stollen," and may equal the two. Each Canzon should conclude with an Envoi, mostly an address or a charge: the measure, not the rhyme, must be that of the Cauda; and the length should not exceed half that of the Stanza. As a rule the Envoi addresses the Canzon by name; and Camoens prefers doing this in the first line.¹

Meanwhile, not a few consider this threefold division of the Canzon-stanza purely arbitrary, and contend that the rhyme divides it into two main sections like the Sonnet.

As in the Sonnet, so in the Canzone Camoens has not always bound himself to the rules of the disciplinarians. His No. iv. contains only four stanzas, one less than is permitted: moreover, his Envoi is of eight lines when it should not exceed half the length of the strophe, here thirteen lines. So Petrarch (i. 4) has one of eight lines to a stave of fourteen, and Bembo one of fourteen lines. From No. xvi. my Poet omits the Envoi; but that poem, as has been said, is evidently a kind of Ode.

Petrarch used with great propriety and effect the middle-rhyme (*Binnenreim*)² between the end of one

consult some technical work, Bartsch, Diez, or Dr. F. Hueffer. The latter has lately published in his collection of magazine-essays in "Italian and other Studies," London, Stock, 1884.

¹ Petrarch, Part II. Canz. 1. introduces the word in the third line. The Provençal *Tornada* also contained "Madonna's" Senhal or pseudonym. The Shah-bayt or terminal couplet of the Eastern Ghazal prefers the author's nom-de-plume.

² These are the "crypto-rhymes" of Southey's *Kehama*; and he considers that the system "unites the advantage of rhyme with the strength and freedom of blank verse in a manner

line and the middle of the next. It must not be confounded with the interwoven rhyme.¹ The Italian reserved it for the end of a Canzon (Part I. 15) following two rhymed couplets; and he was successfully imitated by Garcilasso and by Camoens, as in the Envoi of Canzon XIV.,

peculiar to itself." He can hardly have thought middle-rhyme his own invention. A learned German, August Fuchs, attempted to trace such rhymes in Homer and to prove that they were appreciated by the Greeks. In Ovid (A. A. I. 59) we have

Quot cœlum stellas, tot habet tua Roma puellas.

See a learned note in Ticknor, Period II. chap. 2.

¹ The older "ryme interlacée," which began with the Leonines and which overran Europe in the Xth—XIth centuries. Thus Pope Damasus (IVth century) wrote :—

Cartula nostra *tibi* portat, Rainolde, salutes,
Pauca videbis *ibi*, sed non mea dona refutes, &c.

So the Welsh epitaph,

Constans et certus, jacet hic Ryewallis opertus
Abbas Robertus, cujus Deus esto misertus ;

with the Latin Confession,

Hoc scio pro certo, quod si cum stercore certo
Vincō vel vincor semper ego maculor ;

and the celebrated line,

Si datus fueris, quandocunque veneris, genitivus eris.

This trick became complicated in the extreme, *e.g.*

Cumque laborum cumque dolorum sit sitabundus,
Nos irritans, nos invitans ad mala mundus.

The subject is copiously treated in Dr. Guest's "History of English Rhythms"; edited by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, London, Bell, 1882. Dr. Guest was profound in metrical scholarship, in verse opposed to poetry, but his taste seems to have been on a par with that of Dr. Johnson (see his pp. 147, 162, 182, 284, &c.). He was a master of form while feeble in the sense of colour—the clean contrary, by the bye, of "Futurity Wagner."

Da natural *firmeza*
 Ou tenho *natureza* em mi mudada ;
 (In Nature's firmest *Law*
 Or that my Nature *saw* her shape all changed).¹

Cervantes did not disdain it, *e.g.* the Canzon of Grisóstomo (D. Quix., I. cap. xiv.), and in modern days it was revived by Alfieri (Sonn. III. 4).

I have been careful to preserve the peculiarity, but not, like Professor Storck, to leave a gap by way of appealing to the eye. The great difficulty is the poverty of feminines in the English rimarium: the cæsura falling upon the second or third foot (iamb or trochee) gives a jerking and staccato effect, which contrasts unpleasantly with the flowing melody of the neo-Latin. Hence, "wherever the rhyme is quite obvious the effect is not good, and where it is little noticed the lines take rather the effect of blank verse."²

Professor Storck prudently refuses to express an opinion on the Camonian Canzon: a translator's praise always sounds interested and exaggerated. As he remarks, we had better note popular estimate in the Portuguese home. Surrupita has been quoted. Faria y Sousa declares that he finds in the Canções *ninguna palavra viciosa y pocas sin mysterio*; but his criticism is often in its dotage, confined to exclamations of Magistral! Divine! J. S. Garrett³ distinctly prefers the Canzons as "the most significant and the most complete." F. M. de Souza Botelho⁴

¹ As will appear in a future volume, Camoens uses this contrivance by way of variety for his Eclogues, *e.g.* Ecl. II.

² Ticknor (*loc. cit.*) applies this to Spanish "middle-rhyme," and we may à majori extend it to English.

³ "Historia da Lingua e Poesia Portuguesa," with an abstract in the Parnaso Lusitano: Paris, Aillaud, 1826-34.

⁴ The Morgado de Matheus of the grand Edition: "Life," I. 110.

ranks them with those of Petrarch and Bembo as regards beauty of diction, music of verse and portraiture of Nature,¹ while he places even higher than the *Tre Sorelle*² of Laura's lover, the vith, the xth, and the xith of Camoens. With this especial assertion I quite agree: the two autobiographicals, notably No. xi., are unsurpassed: they have the naïveté of Horace and the tenderness of Catullus.

But the highest merit of the Canzons is the wealth of meaning which underlies an apparently shallow soil; the truly lyric style of allusion, and the remarkable suggestiveness, an art of hinting in poetry that preserves all the charm of the Unexplored. Professor Storck,³ not to name others, has noticed the *reizende Halbdunkel* of these poemets, which invites the fancy to seek fresh significance, and which adds a spiritual power to the material beauties of the song.

Hence, probably, I have found amongst my Master's works these Canzons the most difficult portion to translate. In some, indeed, I have not attempted the difference of rhyme which should distinguish the latter from the former part of the Stanza; and I can only plead Chaucer's plea—necessity—

Sith ryme in Englissh hath such scarcity.

But I cannot accuse myself of haste or carelessness. The work, such as it is, has occupied me for years, and has demanded an amount of labour wholly disproportioned to its physical bulk.

¹ Humboldt (Kosmos, II. p. 425, Bohn) terms Camoens a "great sea-painter in the truest sense of the term," a judgment endorsed by Bouterwek. (Geschichte, &c., Göttingen, 1805; translated, with notes, by Miss Thomasina Ross in 1823: I quote from her volume, London, Bogue, 1847.)

² Part I. Canzons VIII., IX., and X.

³ Preface to the *Sämmtliche Canzonen*, p. 12. It is remarkably well written, and makes students regret that my learned correspondent has been so chary of his prefaces.

SECTION III.—OF THE CAMONIAN ODE.

"ODE," to the English ear, suggests Pindar and Horace rather than the simple *Carmen*, the *Canticum*, the *Chaunt*, which it literally and originally means. Thus in the LXX we have Ὠδή = *Canticum ad Assyrios*, "a song to the Assyrians" (Ps. lxxvi.); and the Hebrew *Mazmúr*¹ here denotes "a regular composition as to words and music."

Camoens, however, did not affect the classic regularity of the Greek nor the immense metrical variety of the Roman, with "their strait-waistcoat of strophe, antistrophe, and epode." He found an Ode, mediæval and neo-Latin, ready to his hand; and made "modish" in Italy by Bernardo Tasso, who had evolved it out of Petrarch; and in Spain by Herrera³ and Garcilasso: Ronsard (1550) was introducing it with a monotonous classicism into France, and Ben Jonson was about to become its putative father in England. It soon formed a code for itself. Choral divisions were rejected because it was not, like its classical ancestor, made to be sung with the accompaniment of a "virile Doric harmony"; but it preserved that "inevitableness of cadence" which forms the physical charm of the lyric. The subjects prescribed were mostly classical and the tone was ordered to be higher and deeper than the *Canzon's*: hence, "the vehemence and the elevation of the

¹ The root is the Arab-Heb. *Zamar*, prune, sing.

² Camoens may have read the great Theban as "Pindarus. Olympia, Pythia, Nemea, &c. Græcè et Latine excudebat Henr. Stephanus, 1560," appeared a decade before his death.

³ Like Chiabrera in Italy, he mixed the Pindaric Ode with the indigenous *Canzon*.

grander Ode." The metre must consist of "longs" and of "shorts," to be combined in four several modes.¹ The strophes number a minimum of nine in order to give the poem a certain body and consistency: they must not be less than twelve if each consist of only five, six, or seven verses; and they should contain even more if the lines be reduced to three and four, as in the Sapphic Ode. But, when the strophes exceed these lengths, the Ode touches upon the Canzon.

These Stanza-groups, which were also applied to the Threne or threnody, the Epicedium and the Elegy or Funeral Ode, overspread Europe in the Renaissance period, and became subject to the fantastics of modern taste. The normal type split into two species, the Pindaric with its "wave, answering wave and echo gathering the tones of both"; and the Canzon-ode, a regular succession of similar Stanzas. Then came the pseudo-Pindaric or dithyrambic period, an unartistic imitation of a most artistic model: with us the coryphæus was Cowley; it was a favourite with Wordsworth and Coleridge, and it ended with Keats, who popularised the modern form. This "group of Stanzas, each exactly following the preceding, and each more or less like one movement of an Ode of Pindar," forms, in fact, the Camonian type. We find few deviations from it except when the subject demands irregularity like Swinburne's "By the North Sea," as contrasted with "To Victor Hugo in Exile"; both being the perfection of metrical music. A small collection

¹ *E.g.* (a) 3 shorts + 1 long; (b) lines 1 and 3 short and 2 and 4 long; (c) lines 1 and 4 long and 2 and 3 short; (d) lines 1, 2 and 4 long and 3 short (*F. y S.*, Vol. IV. 118). Camoens uses his "shorts" to produce the effect of a fall after his "longs"; and he has none of that jerky metre which offends the ear in Milton's Nativity-ode.

lately published makes it clear that there are, perhaps, twenty satisfactory English Odes of which three-fourths were written during this century; and that the last is the best.¹

Camoens displays in his Odes the same ability as in his Canzons to develop the spiritual part, the emotional law showing the sentiment which produced the music: hence his Arch-encomiast cries (Vol. IV. 163), "Such be the secrets of the Poet who seems so simple and so shallow." He never mars the apparent spontaneity of his impulse by the evident artifice of his form; while his genuine fervour of feeling and poetic enthusiasm raise him high above that frigid rhetoric, the bane of English, one may almost say of modern, Odes. His strophes have the sweet directness of Spenser, in which the metrical waves rise and fall fluid as the sea—a characteristic excellence.

The Arch-commentator, unlike the first collector, declares, "I hold the Odes to be the finest of his lyrics," and specifies four which will "never," he thinks, be "equalled."² But, being a conservative in poetry, he cannot approve of No. II., whose Stanzas are so constructed that the same rhyme runs through them, while they are themselves rhymeless.³ This,

¹ "English Odes selected by Edmund W. Gosse," London, C. Kegan Paul, 1881. The model specimens in English are one each by Spenser and Milton, Collins and Coleridge; two by Wordsworth; four by Shelley; five by Keats and many by Swinburne. Of the laureated productions Mr. Gosse justly says (Introd. XVI.): "Meanwhile (before Southey in 1816) about one hundred and twenty royal Odes had been written, of which not one is a readable or even a tolerable production."

² The four mentioned in the Prologo are Numbers I., IV., VI., and X.

³ Thus the first line of Stanza 1 ends in *formosa*; of Stanza 2 in *rosa* and so on, *irosa*, *rigorosa*, *prosa*, *dileitosa* and *perigosa*.

like the Sextine, was an invention of Arnaut Daniel, in whom the artificial school culminated: he affected it in many of his Canzons and he was imitated by Petrarch (Part I. Canz. II.). To our ears the consonance, suspended for an interval of six lines, is hardly perceptible; yet the effect is novel and striking. As a rule the rhyme of the Odes is easy and natural, seldom broken by the *Rims cars*. Camoens dispenses with the rhyme-emphasis of Dryden (St. Cecilia's Day) and the anti-rhyme reaction of Keats' Endymion; while he gives his song a certain quaintness by "approximating more nearly to the ancient style of Portuguese verse."¹

¹ Foster, "Spanish Literature," p. 330; Bouterwek. (p. 194) quoted by Prof. Storck, "Buch der Elegien, Sestinen, Oden und Octaven," pp. 328, 329.

SECTION IV.—OF THE CAMONIAN SEXTINE.

CONCERNING the Sextine in general I have little to say that has not been said before. It is simply a 6-verse stave without rhymes; but with the same words so used in the successive Stanzas that each, in due and orderly turn, closes the Stanza, while all are combined, after an artificial scheme, in the epilogue or terminal triplet. Hence the Sextine cannot exceed 39 lines, whilst the madrigal must not outnumber 20. Modern students know that the invention was attributed by Dante to Arnaut Daniel; that the Father of Italian Poetry adopted it from the "Great Master of Love" (*et nos eum secuti sumus*);¹ that Petrarch affected it with enthusiasm, and that Spenser attempted to naturalise it amongst us in his Shepherd's Calendar (August). Of late it has been the fashion to level the delicate device with the childish *bout-rimés*, and Dr. Guest (p. 651) ends his short account of the Sextine with, "Celebrity was cheaply purchased when an invention such as this could ensure it."

But the Rhythmist would not understand that Variety is one of the lives of poetry which, like the proverbial felines, has nine. Even Dr. Johnson's ear found a work of length in rhymed heroic couplets "insufferably monotonous and dozing";² and the delicate ear of the South was hard pushed to

¹ Treating of the "Lingua di Si" in De Vulg. Elog. Cap. X. Rossetti (pp. 127-29) gives one of Dante's, and two others are attributed to him (Canzoniere: edit. Giuliani, p. 227). Yet the Florentine places the "best smith of his mother tongue" in Purgatory (XXVI. 117-119).

² The rhymed couplet, the hexameter and the tercet, or triple rhyme in English, show how much custom and familiarity can effect for the education of the ear and the satisfaction of

escape this evil : it was dissatisfied with *Verso sciolto* (rhymeless verse) and it was not satisfied with the *Discort* (discord), a song all irregularity. Remained therefore a something combining two extremes, a structure built upon the base of blank verse and yet various in its unity. This explanation appears more natural than Hueffer's idea that the pseudo-scientific regularity of the scheme fascinated the mediæval mind.

It is hardly to be expected that the economy of the Sextine should continue unaltered : men do not dance in hob-nails without seeking the relief of change. Dante, who loved to associate with musicians like Casella, and to collect melodies for his Canzons and other lyrics, at once deviated from his model. While adhering to essentials he makes the opening lines of each Stantia equal, whereas in Provençal they are shorter by a foot ; and he rearranges the words of the Tornada. Thus his Sextine becomes *sub Odâ continuâ*, wherein the flow of versical musick proceeds with equal strain and without pause to the end.¹ Petrarch, following Dante, was careful to choose *rims escars*, the *claves* of his predecessor, that is, unmatched by consonances in their own stanzas.

the sense. Almost all enjoy (must I say enjoyed ?) Dryden and Pope ; few take any pleasure in vernacular dactyls and spondees, and even fewer in the *terza rima*. As regards the latter our reviewers are only beginning to realise an elementary truth, namely that the tercet is a true and complete Stanza (probably derived from the three-lined Ritornello or Stornello). Yet they were clearly told so a decade ago by Dr. Hugo Schuchardt (*Ritornell und Terzina*, p. 127, Halle, 1875). Even the Sonnet still labours under the ill-fame of being a foreigner ; and not a few Englishmen, like Dr. Whewell, frankly own they "don't like Sonnets at all." Hence Wordsworth excused it, and Byron abused it, though his own are far above the average. Of the Tercet I shall have more to say in my next volume.

¹ This absence of the Volta has been perpetuated (Hueffer, p. 342) ; and Sextines with marked rests or pauses are not true Sextines.

Further north the fate of the Sextine was the same. Sir Philip Sidney (Queen Elizabeth's "foolish fellow"), apparently not finding the economy difficult enough, added four verses and made it a dixaine. Spenser ends many lines with monosyllables (woe, part) when the dissyllable was the general rule of the neo-Latins.¹ Drummond of Hawthornden further complicates it with an end-rhyme. In England it owns the modern recovery of its ancient honours to my friend Swinburne, whose revivals are almost as numerous as his inventions.

Here end my notices of my Master's first Lyrics in their four several forms. It is evident that to do the subject full justice a volume would be required; but it is equally evident that it is not yet required by a Publikum which has hardly noticed that the name of "Virgilius Lusitanus" has been omitted from the "Lives and Portraits of the Hundred Greatest Men in History," not to speak of a certain marvellous "Memorial" in Hyde-Park.²

¹ In Petrarch's nine we find only one exception to the rule of dissyllables—*arriva* (Part II. 3). He wrote a single Double Sextine (Part II. 1) and here he has not been imitated by Camoens. He sought for *rimes riches* as l'aura and Laura (Part I. 8) and he does not always avoid assonance in his terminations; for example *stile* and *rime* are found in successive lines. Swinburne ends his Sextine-lines with monosyllables as well as dissyllables.

² London, Low, 4 vols. MM. Arnold, Froude, and Max Müller know Cervantes but ignore Camoens. As regards that marvellous "Memorial," see Mr. Aubertin's note to "The Times" (Nov. 12, 1883). The omission is an old grievance with the Portuguese; but we Englishmen remember the post-mortem dishonours offered to Byron by the London Philistine and Pharisee. This, too, when grateful Greece was inscribing a monument τῇ ἱερᾷ ψυχῇ τοῦ Λόρδου Βύρωνος—to the holy Soul of Lord Byron.

The following are the three oldest Italian Sonnets alluded to in Appendix I. p. 451.

I.

LODOVICO DELLA VERNACCIA.

Se 'l subbietto preclaro, O cittadini.

If you, O Citizens ! theme so high, so digne
 As our ambitious deeds aimed honestly,
 Glossing the text would test by phantasy
 Seemeth it not some pastime infantine?
 If on our accidents and intestine
 Troubles you ponder with due modesty,
 You will incline your stubborn souls and see
 Deep rooted in your hearts the horny spine.

When lief would Reason punish all offences
 Of divers foemen and debel the proud,
 Ne'er must the triumph of the Sword be shent :
 But, an by violence spoiled and high pretences
 It must be used on the losel crowd,
 Sole shall the Sword be held magnificent.

II.

MESSER POLO.

Si como il balenato foco acciso.

E'en as the Leven-fire with lamping light
 Starkens in obscure air, and then resplends
 Wi' glare far broadening and blazing bright,
 While crash of thundering storm on Earth descends ;
 That Men advised be by fear and fright
 Things may be true to him that Truth intends ;
 So when I view her in my captive plight
 Returning splendour to these eyne she lends :

And since she came in sight with splendour fraught
 All tongues, so cruel-fond of evil tale
 Thunder their parles, and hurt for me have wrought.
 I answer those at thee would see me rail
 Full oft shall trouble turn a man to naught
 But life of finer Love shall never fail.

III.

PIER DELLE VIGNE.

Però ch' Amore non si può vedere.

Now for-that eyne view not the form of Love,
 Nor may his shape be weighed in corporal way,
 Amid the many-headed some would prove
 Love to be nothing and his life denay :
 But, sithence Love our every sense can move
 With lordly power and gar all hearts obey,
 More price he fairly claims to his behoove,
 Than were Love visible to our visual ray.

Yet as the virtue unto Magnet dight
 Attracteth iron while none the draughtage see'th
 Yet to himself he draw'th with dominant hest ;
 Thus me this matter shall to trust invite
 That Love *hath* being ; and dealeth firmest Faith
 To see firm Faith in Love by folk confest.

(

APPENDIX II.

INDICES AND NOTES.



Section I.—OF THE SONNETS.

Section II.—OF THE CANZONS.

Section III.—OF THE ODES.

Section IV.—OF THE SEXTINES.

APPENDIX II.

SECTION I.—OF THE SONNETS: INDEX OF INITIAL LINES AND NOTES.

SONNET	A	PAGE
123. <i>A chaga que, Senhora, me fizestes</i>		106
(The wound, Senhora! you have doomed me dree).		
263. <i>Achome da Fortuna salteado</i>		200
(I find me waylaid by that bandit Fate).		
271. <i>A formosura desta fresca serra</i>		205
(These Mountain-beauties of the freshest green).		
192. <i>Agora toma a espada, agora a pena</i>		152
(Now hends in hand the Brand, now hends the Pen).		
Two <i>double entendres</i> : Ribeyra (Riverside, line 4) refers to Estacio's beloved Francisca R.; and Faro (Pharos, line 14) to Faria. The two stars (line 11) are the Sun and Moon in his horo- scope. The first line is from Garcilasso's third Eclogue,		
Tomando ora la espada, ora la pluma, which was also borrowed by Ercilla (Araucana).		
174. <i>Ah, Fortuna cruel! Ah, duros Fados!</i>		140
(Ah cruel Fortune! Ah Fate loath to spare!).		
170. <i>Ah, minha Dinamene! Assi deixaste</i>		138
(Then couldst thou leave, ah Dinamène mine!).		

Prof. Storck understands in line 3 "pode," pre-
sent tense for "pôde," the past.

SONNET		PAGE
168.	<i>Ay Amiga cruel! que apartamento</i> (Ay, fair and cruel friend! What sad amiss).	136
290.	<i>A lá en Monte Rei, en Bal de Laça</i> (There on the Monte Rey, in Val de Lace).	218
161.	<i>A la margen del Tajo, en claro dia</i> (By Tagus' margin on a bloom of day). The average number of hairs on a man's head is between 127,000 and 128,000.	132
40.	<i>Alegres campos, verdes arvoredos</i> (Glad smiling Pastures, gay and greeny Glade).	51
207.	<i>Alegres campos, verdes, deleitosos</i> (Glad meadows! gaily deckt with greeny dyes). Compare Margaret and her Sternblume (Garden Scene, Faust). The Bemmequer is a Marigold; the Malmequer a Chrysanthemum (leucanthem- um): in Canz. xvi. they are distinguished. Jur. misexplains the last tercet.	162
229.	<i>Alma gentil, que à firme Eternidade</i> (Gent Soul! that unto firm Eternity).	177
19.	<i>Alma minha gentil, que te partiste</i> (My gentle Spirit! thou who didst depart). One of the most affecting. Camoens uses <i>gentil</i> in our sense of "gentle" (gentleman, &c.) so frequently, that D. Juliana de Lara used to say he was <i>todo gentil</i> . We may compare William Drummond's— "Sweet Soul, which in the April of thy years," &c.	37
331.	<i>Al pie de una verde e alta enzina</i> (At foot of lofty holm, in verdant shade).	245
332.	<i>Amor, Amor, que fieres al coitado</i> (Love! Love! who joyest aye the wretch to smite). The rhyme-words <i>Enganos</i> and <i>Creo</i> occur twice.	246

SONNET	PAGE
50. <i>Amor, com a esperança já perdida</i>	58
(Amor! with Esperance now for aye forlore).	
81. <i>Amor he hum fogo que arde sem se ver</i>	78
(Love is a living Lowe that lurking burneth).	
209. <i>Amor, que em sonhos vãos do pensamento</i> ...	164
(Love who in vainest dreams of phantasy).	
8. <i>Amor, que o gesto humano na Alma escreve</i> ...	30
(Amor, who human geste on Soul doth write).	
135. <i>A Morte, que da vida o nó desata</i>	114
(Death, who our life-knot loveth to unknot).	
355. <i>Angelica la bella despreciando</i>	261
(Angelica, the bellabone, misdeeming).	
244. <i>Aos homens hum so Homem pos espanto</i>	187
(One Man man's nature with high marvel pranked).	
Prof. Storck reads <i>ser</i> (to be) for <i>ver</i> (to see) in line 7. He has misunderstood the mystery.	
53. <i>Apartavase Nise de Montano</i>	60
(Departed Nisé parted from Montane).	
262. <i>A Peregrinação de hum pensamento</i>	199
(The Pilgrimaging of a Thought intent).	
90. <i>A perfeição, a graça, o doce geito</i>	84
(That Grace most perfect shown by soft sweet Geste).	
51. <i>Apolo, e as nove Musas, discantando</i>	58
('Mid the nine Muses' choir, Apollo singing).	
240. <i>Aponta e bella Aurora, Luz primeira</i>	184
(Breatheth the fair Aurora, primal Sheen).	
94. <i>Aquella que de pura castidade</i>	88
(She, who by purest Chastity's decree).	

SONNET	PAGE
74. <i>Aquella fera humana, que enriquece</i>	74
(That feral Human who her wealth doth owe).	
24. <i>Aquella triste, e lèda madrugada</i>	40
(That dawn of dewy Day, so black, so bright).	
317. <i>Aquelles claros olhos que chorando</i>	236
(Those brightly beaming Eyne with tearful stain).	
182. <i>Aqui de longos danos breve historia</i>	146
(Here of my long-lost Weal short history).	
344. <i>A Roma população proguntava</i>	254
(Happed of the Roman populace to speer).	
114. <i>Ar, que de meus suspiros vego cheyo</i>	100
(Air! I see chargèd with my heavy sighs).	
136. <i>Arvore, cujo pomo bello, e brando</i>	115
(Tree! on whose gracious Pome we see the trace).	
All the Commentators puzzle over "tree," and F. y S. gives a list of what it may be. I hold it to be the Indian rose-apple (<i>Eugenia jambos</i>).	
349. <i>A ti, Senhor, a quem as Sacras Musas</i>	257
(To thee, Senhor! whose Soul the sacred Muses).	
318. <i>Ausente dessa vista, pura e bella</i>	236
(While from that pure belle Vision driven afar).	
119. <i>A Violeta maes bella que amanhece</i>	104
(The daintiest Violet which a-morning blown).	
222. <i>Ay! quien dará a mis ojos una fuente</i>	172
(Ah! Who shall give a fountain to these eyne).	

SONNET

PAGE

215. *Ayudame, Señora, a ser vengança* 172
 (Aid me, my Ladye! some revenge to
 wreak).

B

79. *Bem sey, Amor, que he certo o que receo*..... 77
 (Well weet I, Love! the truth I dread and
 grieve).
 108. *Brandas aguas do Tejo, que passando* 96
 (Soft Tejo waters! passing through this
 Plain).
 15. *Busque Amor novas artes, novo engenho* 34
 (Devise Love novel arts, a new design).

C

169. *Campo nas Syrtes deste mar da vida* 137
 (Country in shoaling Syrt of Being-sea).
 343. *Cançada e rouca boz por que bolando*..... 253
 (Weary harsh-sounding Voice! why take not
 flight).
 194. *Cá nesta Babilonia a donde mana*..... 154
 (Here in this Babylon-realm, where rails
 amain).
 172. *Cantando estava hum dia bem seguro* 139
 (One day befell me I sang my song secure).
 23. *Chara minha Enemiga, em cuja mão* 40
 (My fondest - hateful Foe! within whose
 hand).
 284. *Chorai, Nymphas, os fados poderosos* 214
 (Bewail, ye Nymphs! the fiat of fatal
 might).
 150. *Coytado! que em hum tempo choro, e rio* ... 124
 Poor I! who laugh and cry at single tide).

SONNET	PAGE
346. <i>Com o generoso rostro alanceado</i>	255
(With sign of lance-thrust on his generous face).	
3. <i>Com grandes esperanças já cantey</i>	26
(Whilere I sang my song with hope so high).	
316. <i>Com o tempo o prado seco reverdece</i>	235
(Wi' Time the wilted meadow waxeth green).	
The style is that of Camoens (Cf. Sonn. 296), but the authorship is disputed. Jur. (II. 495) gives the Spanish, which may be the original.	
61. <i>Como fizeste, ó Porcia, tal ferida ?</i>	65
(How couldst, O Portia ! deal thee wound so dread ?)	
246. <i>Como louvarey eu, Serafim Santo</i>	188
(How shall I, holy Seraph ! hymn the praise ?).	
235. <i>Como podes (ó cego Peccador !)</i>	181
(How canst (O Sinner blindly gone astray !).	
80. <i>Como quando do Mar tempestuoso</i>	78
(As when a savèd Waif fro' stormy Main).	
223. <i>Con razon os vays, aguas, fatigando</i>	173
(With reason, Waters ! do ye toil and tire).	
305. <i>Contas, que traz Amor com meus cuidados</i> ...	228
(Accounts that Cupid keeps with my un-hele).	
248. <i>Contente vivi já, vendome isento</i>	190
(Content I livèd erst, when seeing me free).	
87. <i>Conversação domestica afeyçoa</i>	82
(Domestick Converse oft shall Love effect).	
195. <i>Correm turbas as agoas deste rio</i>	154
(Turbid the waters of our River glide).	

SONNET	PAGE
129. <i>Crecey, desejo meu, poys que a Ventura</i> (Grow ye my Longings! sithence Aven- tûre).	110
153. <i>Criou a Natureza Damas bellas</i> (Nature bare lovely Dames, and Poet's lay).	126

D

68. <i>Dai-me huma ley, Senhora, de querervos</i> (Deal me a law to love you, Dame! I pray you).	70
308. <i>D'amores de huma inclita donzella</i> (Smitten with love of inclyt Damosel).	230
92. <i>De Amor escrevo, de Amor trato, e vivo</i> (Of Love I write, of Love I treat and live).	92
237. <i>De Babel sobre os rios nos sentamos</i> (On Babylon-waters sunk in woe sat we).	182
63. <i>Debaxo desta pedra está metido</i> (Lieth ensepulchrèd beneath this stone).	66

The Commentators term the last tercet a "true enigma"; the learned Professor Storck cannot explain it (p. 380); and F. y S. (p. 129) makes poor work of it in two ways. Evidently it means: "Take example from Dardania (Rome), for even Hannibal, who humiliated her, could not make her rival (Carthage) content." So the death of D. Fernando was no real gain to the Indian enemy. The idea is bodily taken from Sophonisba's words (Petrarch's Triumph of Love), Chap. II.,

S'Africa pianse, Italia non ne rise.

230. <i>Debaxo desta pedra, sepultada</i> (She lies ensepulchred below this stone).	178
198. <i>Dece do Ceo immenso Deos benino</i> (Descends from Heaven's immense the God benign).	156

SONNET	PAGE
116. <i>De cá, donde somente o imaginarvos</i>	102
(Hence (where to image you and only you).	
249. <i>Deixa Apolo o correr tão apressado</i>	190
(Forego, Apollo, thy so hasty course).	
203. <i>De frescas belvederes rodeadas</i>	160
(By bents encircled, blooming green and gay).	
There is a contrast between Cupid (Desire) and Amor (Love).	
280. <i>De hum tão felice engenho, produzido</i>	211
(That happy genius thine, begot and grown).	
This Sonnet can hardly be of Camoens if he speaks of Torquato Tasso; but it may allude to Bernardo Tasso, whom our Poet admired. Still he would hardly have styled Boscan "ours" when he was a Basque. Both B. Tasso and Boscan wrote upon "Hero and Leander," the tale begun by Musæus.	
121. <i>De mil sospeitas vans se me levantaõ</i>	105
(Fro' vain suspicions in a thousand ways).	
201. <i>Depoys de aver chorado os meus tormentos</i> ...	158
(When I had wept, bewailing my despair).	
4. <i>Depoys que quis Amor que eu só passasse</i> ...	27
(When Love so willed on me alone be vented).	
55. <i>Depoys de tantos dias mal gastados</i>	61
(After so many days spent evilly).	
109. <i>Depoys que vio Cibele o corpo humano</i>	151
(When viewed Cybelè what erst had been).	

The last tercet may allude to The Lusiads begun in Portugal. Bishop G. Pinheiro had procured the Poet's release from prison in Lisbon (June 16, 1852 to March 7, 1853).

SONNET	PAGE
330. <i>De pedra, de metal, de cousa dura</i>	244
(With stone, with metal, substance cold and dure).	
131. <i>De quantas graças tinha a Natureza</i>	112
(Nature of all her graces infinite).	
62. <i>De tão divino acento em voz humana</i>	66
(Of accents human yet in heavenly strains).	
This Sonnet is in reply to the following sent to Camoens by a poetical admirer, whose name is now unknown.	
<i>Quem he este, que na arpa Lusitana.</i>	
Who be this bard wi' harp of Lusian strain Graian and Latin Muses gars decline ; And bids us unremember the Plautine Graces, for gladding grace and harp hautain ? Luis de Camoens 'tis, whom sovereign Powers empowered with such Parts divine, With bloom and blossoms breathing from the line Of the Homerick Muse and Mantuan.	
Hadst thou (triumphant Rome !) this Scion bred To deck thy theatre, thy drama luminous, Ne'er at great Terence haddest marvelled ; Nay ! rather, sans debate, a curious Statue of gold for him thou haddest made, Happy wi' Fortune's gift, so grand, so glorious.	
307. <i>De tantas perfeiçoens a natureza</i>	229
(With such perfections Nature gave her care).	
22. <i>De vós me aparto (ó vida !) e em tal mudança</i>	39
(I leave you (dear my life !) and as I leave).	
369. <i>Dexadme, cantinelas dulces mias</i>	264
(Leave me, ye douce melodious Lays o' mine).	
289. <i>Diana prateada esclarecida</i>	217
(Dian enlightened with silvern light).	

SONNET

PAGE

287. *Diversos casos, varios pensamentos* 216
(Differing cases, Thought of varied sent's).

In line 9 the Editions (Jur. included) have *desejo* for *desejado*; and *mudam* occurs twice as a rhyme-word. Prof. Storck (p. 424) has ably restored the text by changing five words, and I have translated accordingly.

142. *Diversos dões reparte o Ceo benino* 119
(Distribute sundry boons the Heavens benign).

160. *Divina Companhia, que nos prados* 131
(Ye god-like Bevy who upon the plain).

The "fane of Bellerophon" on Mount Parnassus is "the Basilica of poetic Fame."

281. *Dizei, Senhora, da belleza idéa* 212
(Beauty's ideal, Ladye! deign me say).

187. *Ditosa pena, como a mão que a guia* 149
(Pen! ever happy as its guiding hand).

Of this Sonnet there are two variants, one printed in Garcia d' Orta's book (*see post*, p. 533). Manoel Barata's *Tratado* appeared in 1590, when Spain was famous for calligraphy as Persia. The last tercet may allude to a vignette of Apollo crowning the calligrapher.

247. *Ditosas Almas, que ambas juntamente* 189
(Ye happy Spirits! who at once in twain).

75. *Ditoso seja aquelle que sómente* 74
(Happy be mortal man if he lament).

265. *Doce contentamento já passado* 201
(Sweetest Content that was with joys that were).

288. *Doce sonho, suave, e soberano* 216
(Sweet Dream of joyaunce suavest, sovereign).

SONNET	PAGE
133. <i>Doces, e claras aguas do Mondego</i>	113
(Sweet lucent waters of Mondego-stream).	
18. <i>Doces lembranças da passada glória</i>	36
(Delicious Memories of a Past so glorious).	
338. <i>Do corpo estava já quasi forçada</i>	250
(Enforced by greater force well-nigh had fled).	
328. <i>Do estan los claros ojos que colgada</i>	243
(Where be those clearest orbs that wont to bear).	
86. <i>Dos antigos Ilustres, que deixaraõ</i>	82
(Of olden Worthies who, by deeds of daring).	
119. <i>Dos Ceos á terra dece a mór Belleza</i>	157
(Fro' Heaven the highest Beauty earthward flies).	
The rhyme-word <i>contenta</i> recurs in lines 10 and 14.	
225. <i>Dulces engaños de mis ojos tristes</i>	174
(Ye douce Delusions of my doleful eyes).	

E

283. <i>El vaso relusiente, y cristalino</i>	213
(That Vial lucident and chrystalline).	
Jur. (II. 448) and others find this Sonnet enigmatical by referring it to the B. Sacrament. Prof. Storck (p. 423) cleverly solves the puzzle by showing that it speaks of the Agua de Angeles (angel-water), a then well-known perfume.	
239. <i>Em Babilonia sobre os rios, quando</i>	184
(When by the Rivers Babylon doth rail).	
12. <i>Em flor vos arrancou, de entaõ crecida</i>	32
(In flower uprooted you, Bloom yet unblown).	

SONNET	PAGE
26. <i>Em formosa Letêa se confia</i> (So did Lethæa for that fair confide).	42
5. <i>Em prisoens baxas, fuy hum tempo atado;</i> (I lay in Durance vile long while detainèd). Some refer this Sonnet to the Ancilla; others make the "durance vile" allude to worldly miseries in general.	28
292. <i>Em quanto Phebo os montes accendia</i> (While Phœbus flamed the fells with rosy ray).	219
1. <i>Em quanto quis Fortuna que tivesse</i> (While Fortune willèd that for me be dight).	25
309. <i>Em hum batel que com doce meneio</i> (In a slight Barque that softly, gently swaying). The German girl's version is, The ghost is willing, but the meat is weak.	230
254. <i>Em huma lapa, toda tenebrosa</i> (Deep in a cavern gloomed with gathered night).	194
165. <i>En una selva al dispuntar del dia</i> (Hid in a forest, at the flush of day). Prof. Storck (p. 398) by Sol (line 3) understands Selene, apparently without reason: Endymion complains of the Sun for obscuring his goddess.	134
193. <i>Erros meus, má Fortuna, Amor ardente</i> (Mine Errors, evil Fortune, Amor's lowe).	153
88. <i>Esforço grande igual ao pensamento</i> (Strong Force embodying Thought's ideal strain).	83
188. <i>Espanta crescer tanto o Crocodilo</i> (We note with marvel growth of Crocodile).	150

SONNET

PAGE

104. *Esses cabelos louros, e escolhidos* 94
(These fair-faxt Tresses of the choicest shade).
28. *Estãse a Primavera trasladando* 43
(Prime all her beauties loveth to transmew).
Olhos (line 11) means buds as well as eyes. The exhortation reminds us of Shakespeare's first Sonnets preaching matrimony.
30. *Esta o lascivo, e doce passarinho* 44
(Sits the sweet Birdie, ever gladsome-gay).
269. *Este amor que vos tenho limpo, e puro* 204
(This Love for you I keep so chaste and pure).
127. *Esse terrestre Caos com seus vapores* 109
(This earthly Chaos, with its vaporous layer).
Prof. Storck would change the places of *rigores* (line 5) and *favores* (line 8); I think with judgment, but I dare not alter a text so generally adopted.
2. *En cantarey de Amor taõ docemente* 26
(My song of Love I will so sweetly sing).
167. *En cantey já, e agora vou chorando* 136
(I sang in Bygones; now I weep to see).
158. *Eu me aparto de vós, Ninfas do Tejo* 130
(Nymphs of the Tagus! I fro' you take flight).
278. *Eu vivia de lagrimas isento* 210
(Exempt fro' tears I wended life-tide's way).

F

69. *Ferido sem ter cura perecia*..... 70
(A desperate wound was dealt sans hope of heal).

SONNET	PAGE
211. <i>Fiouse o coração, de muyto isento</i>	165
(The heart entrusted self erst Fancy-free).	
Prof. Storck (p. 411) explains this Sonnet by the dropped letter of Antiochus in <i>El-Rei Seleuco</i> ; it is usually held to be personal.	
306. <i>Fermosa mão que o coração me aperta</i>	228
(That fair-formed Hand my heart in holding takes).	
333. <i>Fermoso Tejo meu quam diferente</i>	246
(My lovely Tagus ! with what different Sent).	
206. <i>Fermosa Beatriz, tendes taes geitos</i>	162
(Beautiful Beatrice ! such 'luring geste).	
259. <i>Fermosos olhos, que cuidado days</i>	197
(Beautiful eyes which deal an envious care).	
308. <i>Fermosos olhos, que na idade nossa</i>	50
(Beautiful Eyën, to our days displaying).	
66. <i>Fermosura do Ceo a nós decida</i>	68
(Beauty from heavenly heights to Earth descended).	
267. <i>Fortuna em mim guardando seu direito</i> ...	202
(Fortune o'er me reserving rightful Hest).	
Jur. in last triplet prints <i>sentimento</i> for <i>soffrimento</i> .	
85. <i>Foy já num tempo doce cousa amar</i>	81
(To love in passèd Time was passing sweet).	

G

143. <i>Gentil Senhora, se a Fortuna imiga</i>	120
(If, Ladye fair ! my Fortune, ferest foe).	
315. <i>Gostos falsos de Amor, gostos fingidos</i>	234
(False Gusts of Love, feigned Gusts for ever feigning).	

SONNET

PAGE

46. *Graõ tempo ha já que soube da Ventura* 55
(Long Syne now 'tis sin' taught me Aventure).
171. *Guardando em mi a sorte o seu direyto* 138
(Fortune, preserving rights of sovranty).
In line 13, Prof. Storck reads *Ella* (i.e. Fortune) for *Elle* (Thought): the cause being a lover's death.

H

130. *He o gozado bem em agua escrito* 111
(Weal, once enjoyèd, is on water writ).
180. *Horas breves de meu contentamento* 144
(Short hours! whose glad Content my fortune gracèd).
113. *Hum firme coração posto em ventura* 100
(A constant heart by hazard made unsure).
35. *Hum mover de olhos, brando, e piadoso* 48
(A soft and pity-full glancing of those eyes).
A specimen of the "continued Sonnet" (without full stop): cf. No. 138.
128. *Huma admiravel erva se conhece* 110
(In Hind an admirable herb is known).
F. y S. declares the Indian herb not to be a silly sunflower; he had seen a specimen of it in Italy.

I

6. *Ilustre, e digno Ramo dos Meneses* 28
(Illustrious Scion of the tree Meneses!).
256. *Ilustre Gracia, nombre de una moça* 195
(Illustrious Gràcia! name of Spinster known).
In line 6 *devasso* (that does not close) is a Lusitanism. The "magick mitre" is the Inquisition-cap worn at the stake.

SONNET	PAG
231. <i>Imagens vãs me imprime a Fantasia</i>	17
(In me vain fancies Fancy would inlay).	
The "extravagant" assonance of the tercets is due to the rhyme-words.	
279. <i>Indo o triste Pastor todo embebido</i>	21
(The tristful Shepherd dolour-drowned would hie).	

J

71. <i>Já e roxa, e branca Aurora destoucava</i>	7
(Now red and white Aurore had loosed the snood).	
178. <i>Já cantei, já chorei a dura guerra</i>	14
(Erst, sang I, erst I wept Love's tyranny).	
115. <i>Já claro vejo bem, já bem conheço</i>	10
(Now ken I clearly, clearly I believe).	
111. <i>Já do Mondego as águas aparecem</i>	9
(Now, of Mondego-stream the waters show).	
49. <i>Já he tempo, já, que minha confiança</i>	5
('Tis time, time 'tis that this my confidence).	
253. <i>Já me fundei em vãos contentamentos</i>	19
(Erst upon vain Contents I based my mind).	
298. <i>Já não fere o Amor com arco forte</i>	22
(No more with force-full bow fares Love to smite).	
274. <i>Já não sinto, Senhora, os desenganos</i>	20
(No more, Madam! feel I false hopes and fears).	
325. <i>Já tempo foi, que meus olhos traziam</i>	24
(Time was mine Eyes delighted to unfold).	
Here <i>faziam</i> as a rhyme-word occurs in both quartettes. Prof. Storck (p. 430) alters the first to <i>traziam</i> , and attempts other changes to make sense.	

ONNET

PAGE

151. *Julgame a gente toda por perdido* 125
(The world misjudgeth I have lost my lot).

L

356. *La letra que s'el nombre en que me fundo* ... 262
(The leading letter on my building-ground).
164. *Las peñas retumbavan al gemido* 134
(The clifty mountains echoèd the moan).
78. *Leda serenidade deleytosa* 76
(A glad delicious air serene that shows).
258. *Lembranças de meu bem, doces lembranças* ... 196
(Memories of happiness mine! douce Memories).
176. *Lembranças que lembrays o bem passado* 142
(Memories remembering Good of by-gone date).
52. *Lembranças saudosas, se cuidays* 59
(Sad yearning Memories! an ye still be straining).

In line 9 *paciencia* means the thole-pin to which the oar is strapped: hence there is an inversion for *atado o remo tenho à paciência*. In the last line *aparar* is to place a mat or cushion so as to break a fall.

335. *Lembranças tristes, para que gastais tento* ... 248
(Ye tristeful Souvenirs! why this vain intent).
In line 1 *tempo* has no rhyme, and Prof. Storck (p. 432) suggests *tento* (intent).
227. *Levantay, minhas Tagides, a frente* 176
(High raise your glorious brows, my Tagidès!).

In line 13 *Palas* (Pallas) is apparently a clerical error for *Marte*, but I have not ventured to change words.

SONNET

PAGE

42. *Lindo, e sutil trançado, que ficaste* 52
(Fair-woven Fillet! in whose pledge I find).
213. *Los ojos que con blando movimiento* 166
(Those eyne whose gentle glances sweetly bent).
302. *Los que biviis subjectos a la estrela* 226
(Ye who live subject to the Venus star).
357. *Luiza, son tan rubios tus cabellos* 262
(Louise! thy tresses wear so ruddy hues).

M

233. *Mal, que de tempo em tempo vós crescendo* 180
(Ills! that fro' time to time so crescive grow).
27. *Males, que contra mim vos conjurastes* 42
(Ills! that against my faring well conspire).
337. *Memoria de meu bem cortado em flores*..... 249
(Memories of Joyaunce! nipt in budding flow'r).
334. *Memorias offendidas que hum só dia* 247
(Offended Memories! that no single day).
218. *Mi Gusto e tu Beldad se desposaron* 170
(My Gust thy Beauty made a covert-feme).
- In line 9 *duelo* (dolor) appears better than *suelo* (soil), and in line 11 *nido* (nest) is an error for *niño* (child). As Jealousy would have two mothers, Prof. Storck alters one (lines 9, 11, and 12) to father. I understand the Grandsire (line 13) to be Love, and the Sire to be Gust or Fancy, but the whole is enigmatical.
122. *Mil vezes determino não vos ver* 106
(I swear a thousand times to unsee your sight).

SONNET

PAGE

217. *Mil vezes entre sueños tu figura* 169
(Amid a thousand dreams thy portraiture).

352. *Mil vezes se move meu pensamento* 259
(For times a thousand mine Intent was bent).

I have supplied line 9 in crochets. Prof. Storck proposes

As rosas qu' entre neve semeaes :
(Der Stirne Schnee, die Rosenglut der Wangen).

This would make the formula ccd + cdd.

107. *Moradoras gentis, e delicadas* 96
(Delicate gentle Mays! who wone where flows).

57. *Mudaõse os tempos, mudaõse as pontades* 62
(Times change, change morta. loves and volunties).

N

141. *Na desesperaçãõ ja repousava* 118
(In desperation 'gan repose espy).

56. *Nayades, vós que os rios habitays* 62
(Naiads! ye ladyes who in rivers wone).

147. *Na margem de hum ribeyro, que fendia* 122
(On bank of brooklet, cleaving with its tide).

70. *Ne metade do Ceo subido ardia* 71
(Flamed on the midway firmamental hill).

The Commentators quote these onomatopoeitics :

Et cuculi cuculant, et rauca cicada fritinnit,
Bombilat ore ferens munera mellis apis.

117. *Naõ ha louvor que arribe á menor parte* 102
(There be no praises reach the minim part).

SONNET

PAGE

37. *Naõ passes, Caminhante. Quem me chama ?* 49
(Pass me not, Passer-by !—"Who names my name ?").

This Sonnet may be addressed to Camoens' fellow-student, D. Gonçalo da Silveira, the Jesuit who was martyred by D. Sebastiam, Emperor of Monomotapa, on the fourth Sunday in Lent, A.D. 1561.

118. *Naõ vás ao Monte, Nisè, com teu gado* 103
(Lead not thy lambkins, Nisè, to yon crest).

282. *Na ribeira do Euphrates assentado* 212
(I sat me lonesome on Euphrates-shore).

Jur. without any reason holds this piece to be autobiographic, written at Basrah (1560?).

250. *Nas Cidades, nos bosques, nas florestas* 191
(In bosque and forest, in the mart and meet).

210. *Nem o tremendo estrepito da guerra* 164
(Not the tremendous clash and clang of fight).

214. *No bastava que Amor puro, y ardiente* 167
(Was't not enough that Love, who purely brent).

100. *No Mundo poucos annos, e cansados* 91
(Few weary Winters in this worldly Pale).

Many Commentators have referred this Sonnet to Camoens himself, as if moderns, like Moses, could describe their own death and burial. As absurdly others, reproved by F. y S., make it allude to Ruy Dias, who was hanged at Goa. Others again refer it to J. Lopes Leitam, who was drowned. Braga, however (Hist. II. 569), found it inscribed to "Pero Moniz, who was drowned in the Sea of Monte Felix, for epitaph" (Storck, p. 387). The realism is from Ovid (Trist. I. 2),

Et non æquoreis piscibus esse cibum.

"Food for fishes" may not be poetical, but it is true.

SONNET

PAGE

89. *No Mundo quis o tempo que se achasse* 84
(Time hath so willèd in the World we find).
126. *No regaço da Mãe Amor estava* 108
(Lapt by his Mother little Love was lying).
204. *Nos braços de hum Silvano adormecendo* 160
(Bound to a Sylvan's breast a-slumbering lay).
7. *No tempo que de Amor viver soia* 29
(When love, love only, was my daily diet).
109. *Novos casos de Amor, novos enganos* 97
(New change and chance of Love, new snare and sleight).
- The last line is proverbial, *nam ha melhor cirurgiam que o bem acutilado*: so our "he laughs at wounds," &c., and "the burnt child," &c.
132. *Nunca em Amor damnou o atrevimento* 112
(Love ne'er condemnèd hearts that boldly dare).
294. *N'hum taõ alto lugar, de tanto preço* 220
(Upon so noble height, man's highest prize).
- The last line is from Petrarch, I. Canz. XVI. ; *Ch' un* being changed to *Un*. It was a favourite with ill-starred Dom Sebastian.
20. *Num bosque, que das Ninfas se habitava* ... 38
(Deep in a woody, Nymph-inhabited dell).
- Alludes to the classical belief that the gods walked the earth at noon, and were crabbed with mortals who crossed their path (1 Kings xvii. 27); Theoc. I. 15; Virgil, Georg. IV. 401; Lucan, Phars. III. 417.
13. *Num jardim adornado de verdura* 33
(Into a garden verdure-deckt and dight).

O

SONNET	PAGE
344. <i>O capitão Romano esclarecido</i>	254
(The Roman Capitayne so famed of yore).	
172. <i>O Ceo, a terra, o vento sossegado</i>	140
(The Heavens and Earth all husht; no gusts to moan).	
224. <i>O cesse ya, Señor, tu dura mano!</i>	174
(Lighten at length, Lord Love, that heavy hand!).	
216. <i>O claras aguas deste blando rio</i>	168
(Clear-welling waters of this stilly rill).	
77. <i>O culto divinal se celebrava</i>	76
(With holy Worship came they to adore).	
See note on Canzon VII.	
43. <i>O Cisne quando sente ser chegada</i>	53
(The Swan, who feeleth that enfated hour).	
The last line is quoted from Boscarn, who took it from Petrarch.	
339. <i>O dia, hora em que naci moura e pereça</i>	250
(Die an eternal Death my natal Day).	
320. <i>O dia, hora ou o ultimo momento</i>	238
(The day, the hour, the moment of that hour).	
Prof. Storck (p. 336) has not improved the second quartette by his transpositions.	
137. <i>O filho de Latona esclarecido</i>	116
(Latona's son, by clearest light belit).	
In this ode occurs the <i>Rime riche</i> "rispeito"; the first meaning respect and the second regard (reference to). F. y S. considers its use a "venial defect," which injures a fine Sonnet. He is probably right in judging that the object of writing it was the <i>remate</i> or <i>conchetto</i> at the conclusion.	

SONNET

PAGE

39. *O fogo que na branda cera ardia* 50
(The Fire, who burning made soft wax a prey).
351. *O gloriosa Cruz, O victorioso*..... 258
(O glorious Cross! O Cross for aye victorious!).
- The second quartette is quite exceptional. I have followed my leader, though possibly the text is corrupted. Some attribute the Sonnet to Francisco Galvam.
243. *Oh! Arma, unicamente só triunfante* 186
(Oh one and only Arm, victorious Vaunt).
48. *Oh! como se me alonga de anno em anno* ... 56
(Ah me! how longsome lengthens year by year).
322. *Oh fortuna cruel! oh dura sorte!* 239
(Ay, cruel Fortune! Ay, dure lot of woe!).
234. *Oh quanto melhor he o supremo dia* 180
(O how far better man's supremest Day).
97. *Oh quam caro me custa o intenderte* 89
(Ah me! how dearly costeth it to trow thee).
221. *Oh rigurosa ausencia desejada* 172
(O rigorous Absence I so longed to see).
- Prof. Storck changes *temida* (feared, line 3) to *querida* (loved), and *esperança* (line 6) to *aspezeza*: I have followed these, but not the other emendations. The "both" (line 7) refers to Absence and Regrets.
152. *Olhos, aonde o Ceo com luz maes pura* 126
(Eyes! wherein heavenly radiance purest pure).
300. *Olhos formosos em quem quiz natura*..... 224
(Beautiful Eyes! which potent Nature bade).

SONNET	PAGE
208. <i>Ondados fios de ouro, onde enlazado</i>	163
(Ye rippling golden Threads! whose tangled skein).	
84. <i>Ondados fios de ouro reluzente</i>	80
(Ye wavy wirelets shining golden sheen).	
341. <i>Ondas que por el mundo caminando</i>	252
(Waves that encircle all the globe, with flow).	
181. <i>Onde acharey lugar taõ apartado</i>	145
(Where shall I ever find so far a spot).	
202. <i>Onde mereci eu tal pensamento</i>	159
(Whence did I merit by such Thought be shent).	
110. <i>Onde porey meus olhos que naõ veja</i>	98
(Where shall I bend these eyne that be unseen).	
99. <i>O rayo cristalino se estendia</i>	90
(Dispread its sheeny rays in chrystalline weft).	
166. <i>Orfeo enamorado que tañia</i>	135
(The lover Orpheus struck so sweet a quill).	
Prof. Storck, by changing <i>la</i> into <i>le</i> internecia (line 4), makes Orpheus soften Orcus, not Eurydice. This appears somewhat over-keck.	
189. <i>Ornou sublime esforço ao grande Atlante</i> ...	150
(Bedeckt great Atlas meed of Might sublime).	
179. <i>Os meus alegres, venturosos dias</i>	144
(My tale of happy, fortune-favoured Days).	
F. y S. notes that the fourth line contains only four words to express the ephemeral course of life. Line 3 has five pauses in eleven syllables to denote the slow lapse of time, and the whole quartette is highly pathetic.	

SONNET

PAGE

186. *Os olhos onde o Casto Amor ardia*..... 148

(Those eyne where showed chaste Love his ardent glow).

The rhyme-word *ardia* is repeated (lines 1 and 4): the second being probably for *abria*. Prof. Storck brings a charge of robbery against F. y S.; and shows a general dislike to the pragmatic old egotist.

21. *Os Reinos, e os Imperios poderosos*..... 38

(Royaumes and Empires highest in might and main).

The Laras are the Seven Lords (Infantes de Lara) of Spanish ballads and of the historic Septem Infantium de Lara).

96. *Os vestidos Elisa rebolvia* 88

(Of-times Elisa the dear weed survey'd).

I have noticed "Elisa" (El-Issa) and "Dido" (David) in my Book of the Sword (p. 181). F. y S. rates his Poet for maligning Dido after Virgil, who is also soundly shrewed at by Saint Augustine. See Justin (Un. Hist. XVIII. cap. 4-6) for the view of the famous widow generally taken by the Spaniards.

296. *O tempo acaba, o anno, o mez, e a hora* 222

(Time endeth every time, year, month, and hour).

312. *O tempo está vingado à custa mia*..... 232

(Time is avenged (costing me so dear).

P

197. *Para se namorar do que criou* 156

(To love the Made, with loving infinite).

A variant of this Sonnet was published by Manoel de Campos, Lisbon, 1538. It begins:—

Oh quanto aprouve, Oh quanto contento
Maria, unica Phenix, Virgem pura, etc.

... It was printed in Didot's Paris Edit. of 1815,
Vol. V. p. 258.

SONNET

PAGE

11. *Passo por meus trabalhos tam isento* 32
(I through my travails pass so fancy-free).
31. *Pede o desejo, Dama, que vos veja* 45
(Desire, my Ladye ! all to see requireth).
93. *Pensamentos, que agora novamente* 86
(Fanciful Thoughts ! that now with new intent).
323. *Perder-me assi em vosso esquecimento* 240
(Thus from your Thought to lose me nills consent).
I have translated the last tercet after Prof. Storck's emendations (p. 429).
67. *Poys meus olhos não cansaõ de chorar* 69
(Since never tire mine eyes to weep alway).
191. *Poys torna por seu Rey, e juntamente* 152
(Then for his Roy to rule, and service do).
139. *Por cima destas aguas forte, e firme* 117
(Wi' firm and forceful heart ferforth I'll hie).
162. *Por gloria tuve un tiempo el ser perdido* 132
(Whilome I gloried to be ruinèd).
The "lexapren" Sonnet, which makes the end-word of one verse begin the next, derives from Span. *lexar* (to leave) and *prender* (to take). See p. 566, "Obras de Iñigo L. de Mendoza," &c. Madrid, 1852.
44. *Por os raros extremos que mostrou* 54
(For rare extremes displayed in days of yore).
200. *Porque a tamanhas penas se offrece* 158
(Why Self thus offereth to such penalty).
The tercet rhymes are bad ; pequena, ordena, pena ; Aspereza, Fortaleza, fraqueza.
241. *Porque a Terra no Ceo agasalhasse* 185
(That Earth in Heaven mote Asylum find).

SONNET	PAGE
291. <i>Porque me faz, amor, inda acá torto</i>	218
(Why, Love! here, even here, so work my bane?).	
32. <i>Porque quereys, Senhora, que offereça</i>	46
(Why, Ladye! would you see my life resign'd).	
183. <i>Por sua Ninfa Céfaló deixava</i>	146
(Cephalus, love-smit by his Nymph withdrew).	
297. <i>Posto me tem Fortuna em tal estado</i>	222
(Fortune hath placed me in so parlous state).	
138. <i>Presença bella, Angelica figura</i>	116
(Beautiful presence, form of Angel-grace). Here Camoens shows his admiration for eyes with green irides, which are, however, envious of the black. For the form see Sonnet 35.	
299. <i>Pues, lagrimas, tratais mis ojos tristes</i>	224
(Since, Tears! my tristful eyes ye treat so bold).	
260. <i>Pues siempre sin cessar, mis ojos tristes</i>	198
(My lamentable Eyne! when aye ye wone). Philosophic Smithson analysed a tear and detected "microcosmic salt," muriate of soda, and other saline matters in solution. The "Story of a Tear" was told in 1830 to the Royal Society by Sir Davies Gilbert.	

Q

257. <i>Qual tem a borboleta por costume</i>	196
(Even as Nature's ure the Night-moth dooms). "Aonia" is a bad anagram of Joanna.	
146. <i>Quando a suprema dor muito me aperta</i>	122
(When I (by supreme miseries oppress).	

SONNET	PAGE
276. <i>Quando cuido no tempo, que contente.</i> (As I o'ermuse times passèd, when content).	208
17. <i>Quando da bella vista, e doce riso</i> (While of your laughter sweet and lovely eyes).	36
72. <i>Quando de minhas magoas a comprida</i> (When of my yearning grief the long offend- ing).	72
336. <i>Quando descançareis, olhos cansados</i> (When shall ye rest you, Eyne that look for rest !).	248
347. <i>Quando do raro esforço que mostravas</i> (When thy rare Valiancy in battle shown). Prof. Storck (p. 434) refers this Sonnet to King Sebastiam, who, however, was <i>not</i> killed by a bullet (line 10).	256
34. <i>Quando o Sol encuberto vay mostrando.....</i> (As Sol with veiled brow his beams abasing).	47
178. <i>Quando os olhos emprêgo no passado</i> (When I employ mine eyes on times gone by).	142
277. <i>Quando, Senhora, quiz amor qu' amasse</i> (When Love, my Ladye ! willed that I love).	209
145. <i>Quando se vir com agoa o fogo arder</i> (When man sees water burn with blazing lowe).	121
54. <i>Quando vejo que meu destino ordena</i> (Whenas I see my Destiny ordain).	60
232. <i>Quanta incerta esperança, quanto engano !... </i> (How much of doubtful Hope, how sly a snare !).	179

SONNET

PAGE

326. *Quão bem aventurado me achára* 242
(With what high blessing me had Fortune blest).
348. *Quam cedo te roubou a morte dura* 256
(How soon hath stole thy life Death sore and dure).
295. *Quantas penas, amor, quantos cuidados* 221
(How many miseries, Love! what banes inbred).
41. *Quantas vezes do fuso se esquecia* 52
(Oft as forgot her spindle woe-forlore).
175. *Quanto tempo, olhos meus, com tal lamento*... 141
(How long, mine Eyes! how long with such lament).
- F. y S. (III. 285) says: "I readily confess to not understanding what the Poet means in the *remate* (conclusion) which appears so plain." The sense evidently is, "Do not redden her eyes by the sight of your tears; or you will make her doubt your grief, and charge you with hard-heartedness."
226. *Quanto tiempo ha que lloro un dia triste* 175
(How long one tristful day shall I bewail).
In line 11 F. y S., followed by all popular Edits., has *olvidar-te*, a mistake for *olvidar-me*.
112. *Que doudo pensamento he o que sigo?* 99
(What be this madding Thought I nill forego?).
154. *Que esperays, Esperança? Deséspero* 127
(Hope! what of hoping own you?"—"I despair."
242. *Que estila a Arvore sacra? Hum licor santo* 186
(What drips the Holy Tree?"—"A Saintly tear."

SONNET

PAGE

310. *Que fiz Amor, que tu tão mal me tratas.....* 231
 (What did I, Love, thou shouldst me so maltreat?).

353. *Queimado sejas tu e teus enganos* 260
 (Burn thou and burn wi' thee thy snaring Bane).

83. *Que levas, cruel Morte? Hum claro dia.....* 80
 (What takest thou, cruel Death?—"A day all splendid."

This Dona Maria may have been the learned daughter of Dom Manoel (ob. æt. 57, A.D. 1577-78?); or the wife of Philip of Spain (ob. æt. 18, 1545); or the daughter of Luiz Alvares de Tavora, maid of honour to Queen Catherine. If D. Maria be the Infanta, this is one of the last Sonnets.

220. *Que me quereys perpétuas saudades?* 171
 (Of me what seek you, Thoughts that alway yearn?).

144. *Que modo tão sutil da Natureza* 120
 (What novel show of Nature's subtleties).

The Nun's Profession is historical. Bishop D. Antonio Pinheiro (Sonn. 120) preached, and the Court was present, probably including Camoens. In the last line *juro* means literally a fief sold by the Crown.

275. *Que pôde já fazer minha Ventura.....* 208
 (What now can Fortune to my lot secure).

92. *Que poderey do Mundo já querer* 86
 (What expectations from the World have I?).

64. *Que vençays no Oriente tantos Reis.....* 67
 (Than having conquered many an Eastern Roy).

The Viceroy's reply, in a Sonnet beginning
 A qual perigo o rosto sem escudo,
 is quoted by Jur., I. 205.

SONNET

PAGE.

313. *Quem busca no amor contentamento* 233
(Whoso Contentment seeks in Love to find).
205. *Quem diz que amor he falso, ou enganoso* ... 161
(Who calls Love felon, lief of tricks and lies).
76. *Quem fosse acompanhando juntamente* 75
(Ah ! could I only fare accompanied).
59. *Quem jaz no graõ Sepulchro, que descreve*.... 64
(Who lies i' the lordly Tomb that doth indite).
- This Sonnet was recited over the King's tomb when his remains were transferred to Belem (A.D. 1572). In the Edit. Princ. and in MS. of Luis Franco it was addressed to D. Joam II. Verse 8 is the formula S. T. T. L. I have translated the last line after Shakespeare's,
Second to none, unseconded by you
(Henry IV., II. 3).
60. *Quem pôde livre ser, gentil Senhora* 64
(Who mote enjoy his freedom, Ladye fair !).
301. *Quem presumir, Senhora, de louvar-vos*..... 225
(Whoso presumeth, Ladye mine ! to praise you).
105. *Quem pudêra julgar de vós, Senhora* 94
(Whose judgment, Ladye ! could of you discoure).
212. *Quem quiser ver de Amor huma excellencia* 166
(Whoso would see of Love an excellence).
Unfinished ; two lines end in *ventura*, and lines 11 and 14 rhyme with 2, 3, 6, and 7 : I have not imitated the Chinese cobbler. In v. 41 the "place" alluded to is "her eyes."
106. *Quem, Senhora, presume de louvarvos* 95
(Whoso, my Ladye ! shall presume to praise you).

SONNET

PAGE

87. *Quem ve, Senhora, claro, e manifesto* 35
 (Who seeth, Ladye ! clear and manifest).
 In line 8 *resto* is a term at cards when the whole hand is thrown out.
286. *Quem vos levou de mim, saudoso estado* 215
 (Who fro' me robbèd you, O wistful State !).
 The rhyme-word *negastes* is unduly repeated ; the first (line 3) should be *deixastes*. I have translated according to the old Editions.

R

163. *Rebuelvo en la incessable fantasia* 133
 (I turn and turn in ceaseless Phantasy).

S

319. *Saudades me atormentão tão cruelmente* 237
 (Repining pains me with so fierce intent).
268. *Se a Fortuna inquieta, e mal olhada* 203
 (If aye-unquiet Fortune evil-eyed).
156. *Se algum' hora essa vista maes suave* 128
 (If your douce Vision at some hour you deign).
324. *Se alguma hora em vós a piedade* 240
 (If haply rue you, in some happy hour).
314. *Se a ninguém tratais com desamor* 234
 (An with Unlove you deign no man to treat).
311. *Se ao que te quero desses tanta fê* 232
 (If in "I love thee" thou as much confide).
58. *Se as penas com que Amor tão mal me trata* 63
 (If pains whereby Love wreaks me such despight).

SONNET	PAGE
124. <i>Se com desprezos, Ninfã, te parece</i>	107
(An thy despisal, Nymph ! thou haply trow).	
155. <i>Se como em tudo o maes fostes perfeyta</i>	128
(If, as in all things else you be perfected).	
103. <i>Se da célebre Laura a fermosura</i>	93
(An far-famed Laura, beauty's cynosure).	
98. <i>Se despoys de esperança taõ perdida</i>	90
(An after losing Hope so long-lamented).	
293. <i>Se de vosso formoso, e lindo gesto</i>	220
(If from your fairy form and graceful geste).	
So Wordsworth :—	
The trembling eye-bright showed her sapphire blue.	
I have thus translated <i>bonina</i> , a daisy or (often) a flower in general.	
255. <i>Se em mim (ó Alma !) vive maes lembrança</i>	194
(If in me other memory live, O Sprite !).	
185. <i>Seguia aquelle fogo que o guiava</i>	148
(Followed the beckoning of the beacon-fire).	
270. <i>Se grande gloria me vem só de olhar-te</i>	204
(If be my greatest glory but to view thee).	
252. <i>Se lagrimas choradas de verdade</i>	192
(If tears in torrents and in truth beshed).	
148. <i>Se me vem tanta gloria só de olharte</i>	123
(If I so triumph but because I view thee).	
149. <i>Sempre a Razaõ vencida foy de Amor</i>	124
(By Amor routed Reason aye hath been).	
266. <i>Sempre, cruel Senhora, receei</i>	202
(Ever, my cruel Faire ! with fear I strave).	
285. <i>Senhora já desta alma, perdoai</i>	214
(Ladye, my Spirit's now liege lord ! con-	
done).	

SONNET	PAGE
134. <i>Senhor Joaõ Lopez, o meu baxo estado</i>	114
(Sir John Lopez ! yestreen my low estate).	
358. <i>Se, Senhora Lurina, algum começo</i>	263
(If any fain begin, my Dame Lurine).	
304. <i>Senhora minha, se de pura inveja</i>	227
(My Dame ! if Love of purest jealousy).	
125. <i>Senhora minha, se eu de vós ausente</i>	108
(Senhora mine ! driven self fro' you to absent).	
354. <i>Senhora, quem a tanto se atreve</i>	260
(Dame, whoso dareth hie to such a height).	
264. <i>Se no que tenho dito vos offendo</i>	200
(If aught I haply said your heart offend).	
321. <i>Se para mim tivera, que algum dia</i>	238
(Could I for self expect that some one day).	
82. <i>Se pena por amarvos se merece</i>	79
(If Pain the loving-price of you must pay).	
25. <i>Se quando vos perdi, minha esperança</i>	41
(If, when I lost you, you mine Esperance).	
In omni adversitate fortunæ infelicissimum genus infortunii est fuisse felicem (Boethius, a favourite with Camoens).	
184. <i>Sentindose alcançada a bella Esposa</i>	147
(Feeling herself entrapt the lovely Spouse).	
47. <i>Se sómente hora alguma em vós piedade</i>	56
(If I some hour some ruth in you could see).	
33. <i>Se tanta pena tenho merecida</i>	46
(If I have merited such pain-full plight).	
29. <i>Sete annos de pastor Jacob servia</i>	44
(Seven years a Shepherd, Jacob did obey).	
There are two Latin versions of this Sonn. (inter- pretationes Tetradecastichi) in the Horæ Sub-	

SONNET

PAGE

scessivæ of the well-known Latinist, Alexo
Collotes de Jantillet (Joam da Costa, Lisbon,
1679). One in iambics and Sonnet-form begins,

Deserviebat annos per septem Jacob.

The other is in hexameters and pentameters (also
a "tetradecastich"),

Septem annos Pastor curabat ovile Labani,
Cujus erat Rachel filia pulchra, Jacob, &c.

Yet F. y S. does not admire the original.

94. *Se tomo a minha pena em penitencia* 87
(If by my paining I do penitence).
327. *Si el triste coração que siempre llora* 242
(If the triste heart that Weeping e'er must
dree).
219. *Si el fuego que me incende, consumido* 170
(An the fierce flames that fire me could be
laid).
238. *Sobre os rios do Reyno escuro, quando* 183
(When, on the Rivers where the black Reign
lies).
342. *Sobre un olmo que al cielo parecia* 252
(Percht on sky-climbing Elm, that showed
nude).
272. *Sospechas, que en mi triste phantasia* 206
(Doubts that my dolorous phantasies
affright !).
73. *Sospiros inflamados que cantays* 73
(Hot Sighs and Singulfs ! that have voice
to sing).
273. *Sustenta meu viver huma esperança* 206
(Only one single Hope my life sustaineth).
In the original lines 2, 3, 6, 7, 9, 11, and 13 all
end in *ado*, against every rule. The piece is,
doubtless, unfinished.

T

SONNET	PAGE
140. <i>Tal mostra de si dá vossa figura</i> 118 (So doth your semblance show to 'raptured viewer).	118
9. <i>Tanto de meu estado me acho incerto</i> 30 (I find so many doubts my State enfold). This heap of antitheses is the Provençal <i>Devinalh</i> .	30
157. <i>Tanto se foraõ, Ninfa, costumando</i> 129 (So farèd, Nymph! self-customing these Eyne). This is the only Sonnet with a Cauda, and this <i>estribilho</i> may be a modern addition, as it does not appear in the issue of 1668, which first printed the poem. Query—Should it not be omitted?	129
261. <i>Tem feito os olhos neste apartamento</i> 198 (Have shed these eyelids, in this banishment).	198
303. <i>Todas as almas tristes se mostravão</i> 226 (Showed all men's spirits, by their woe downweigh'd).	226
14. <i>Todo animal da calma repousava</i> 34 (All animals rested in the Noontide still). One MS. entitles this Sonn. "de Ilario e Camila." The former occurs in the "Rejected Stanzas" (my Trans., II. 430), and Camoens may have assumed the name, as he afterwards called himself Leonardo (The Lus. IX. 75); herein imitating Homer's Demodocus and Virgil's Iopas.	34
45. <i>Tomava Daliana por vingança</i> 54 (Willèd Daliana wed, to avenge the slight).	54
36. <i>Tomou me vossa vista soberana</i> 48 (Conquered and captured me your sovran Sight).	48

SONNET

PAGE

120. *Tornay essa brancura á alva açucena* 104
 (Give back this blanchness to the Lily's skin).
 The Spanish origin is suggested by *açucena* for *cecem* (a lily, in Heb.; and Arab. Susan); and by *Sirena* for *Sereia* or *Serêa*, Siren.
10. *Transforma se o amador na cousa amada* ... 31
 (Becomes the Lover to the Loved transmewèd).
340. *Transumpto sou, Senhora, neste engano*..... 251
 (I am translated, Ladye! by your snare).
359. *Tristezas! Com passar tristes gemidos* 264
 (Tristesse! wi' tristest moans and groans I wone).
350. *Tu, que descanso buscas com cuidado* 258
 (Thou who with restless Hope to rest thee tried).

V

329. *Ventana venturosa, do amanece* 244
 (Thou winsome Window! whence the Morns dispread).
 Prof. Storck changes *rama* (bough) in line 7 to *cama*, bed or flower-bed.
159. *Vencido esta de Amor* *Meu pensamento* 130
 (Yielding to Love I see High Thoughts
 low li'en).
 The Portuguese acrostic is *Voso como cativo, Mui alta Senhora!*
236. *Verdade, Amor, Razão, Merecimento*..... 182
 (Verity, Amor, Reason, Meritment).
 Compare Sir Philip Sidney's
 Virtue, beauty and speech: did strike, wound, charm.

SONNET	PAGE
251. <i>Vi queixosos de Amor mil namorados</i> (I saw a thousand lovers Love betwyte).	192
228. <i>Vós, Ninfas da Gangetica espessura</i> (You Nymphs who grace Gangetic cover- ture !).	176
196. <i>Vós outros, que buscays repouso certo</i> (Ye other Wanderers seeking certain rest).	155
91. <i>Vós, que de olhos suaves e serenos</i> (You that with suavest orbs of ray serene).	85
101. <i>Vos, que escuitays em Rimas derramado</i> (All ye who listen, while my Rhymes proclaim).	92

Camoens supplies the verb in the first huitaine,
which Petrarch unaccountably omitted. The
second tercet is, perhaps, better in the Portu-
guese. The "by-word" (fabula of Horace) is
also found in Hafiz,

Nihán kay mánad án rázi ky'azo sázand mahfilbá?

65. <i>Vossos olhos, Senhora, que competem</i> (Your eyes, my Ladye ! that with Sol compete).	68
245. <i>Vós só podeys, Sagrado Evangelista</i> (You only, consecrate Evangelist !).	188

The last line alludes to the "pious tradition" of
the Evangelist's Assumption.

SECTION II.—CANZONS: INITIAL LINES
AND NOTES.

CANZON	PAGE
2. <i>A instabilidade da Fortuna</i>	273

(Of Fortune's stable Instability).

Possibly written in 1548 before leaving Lisbon.

The Poet, comparing himself (after Sannazaro) with noted classical sinners, like Tantalus, &c., seems to confess some "villeiny": whose *corpus delicti* may be found in Sonn. xxxi. and in Ecl. III., Belisa's speech. The Stanza-scheme is that of Petrarch and Bembo, and it resembles Canz. xi., having, however, only one line (*quebrado*) to vary the tone. The rhyme is rich, abc + bac + cddeeff. In St. I. line 14, Jur. and the popular Edits. have *desengano* for *desconcerto*.

17. <i>A vida ja passei assaz contente</i>	340
--	-----

(Hereto I lived my life enow contented).

This must have been written after April 18, 1553, the date of D. Antonio's fall at Ceuta. Comp. Ecl. I. The style is changed; here Dona Margarida de Silva, the cause of the youth's banishment, speaks as a shepherdess. The antistrophe is formed c (xx)ddeeff, and the rhymed couplets (longs and shorts) are made to suit the sadness of the subject. But this would hardly strike an English ear.

20. <i>Bem aventurado aquelle, que ausente</i>	354
--	-----

(Happy the mortal who retirèd lives).

Evidently founded upon Horace's Epode II., "Beatus ille," &c., like parts of the Comedieta de Ponza by the famous Iñigo Lopez de Mendoza, Marquis of Santillana "Benditos aquelles," &c. In Canzon xvi. the Poet dwelt upon country quiet, and here he opposes to it the trouble and turmoil of wayfare and warfare: thus enlarging upon Lucretius's *Suave mari magno*, II. line I, &c.

CANZON

PAGE

He also notices the falsehood of friends who bred bad blood (*o mexericaram*) between him and Governor F. Barreto. The Canzon has been imitated by Fernam Alvares do Oriente (Ode in p. 241 of Edit. of 1607). For the Stanza-form of these ten "Rimas Provençales" see note on No. xvi. After many trials I find that a mixture of iambs with trochees sounds better in English; the contrast of trochaic "shorts" and iambic "longs" being somewhat too emphatic.

6. *Com força desusada* 288
(With furious force seld-shown).

Comp. Sonn. 210 and Lus. VIII. 66. The contents suggest that it was written from Goa (Envoi), and during the tropical winter (St. 1, lines 5 sq.) after years of exile. This would fix it in 1558-59, and consequently it should follow No. x. and precede No. xi. Prof. Storck (p. 100 loc. cit.) would place the scene at Ternate (Lus. x. 132), where the Portuguese in 1522 had built the Fort Sam Joam: he explains the "Maritime River" by the Banda Strait, and the several fruits on one stem by the nutmeg-tree. It appears to me that Goa Island satisfies every requirement. In St. 3, line 10, *onzena* means usury, *i.e.*, lending ten and taking eleven.

19. *Crescendo vai meu mal d'ora em ora* 348
(Increase mine evils, cresceve hour by hour).

The normal exhortation to the pretty young not to waste precious time; and this is done at a considerable length. In Jur., St. 2, line 5, *dileitando* (for *contento*) is an error, not rhyming with *tormento*.

1. *Fermosa, e gentil Dama, quando vejo* 269
(Beauteous and gentle Dame! whenso I see).

This, like No. iv., probably refers to the Poet's early days at Coimbra (A.D. 1545?) when his first love was prospering, and when he revels in

CANZON

PAGE

descriptions of his lover's loveliness. The Stanza-scheme is Petrarch's, I. Canz. xx., with minor differences. In St. 3 we have Shakespeare's couplet:—

All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood; none of the mind, &c.
But Camoens is more pathetic. In line 53 the conjunction is abnormally placed.

3. *Já a roxa manham clara* 278
(Now Morn the rosiest-bright).

Aurora is his beloved (which of the many we cannot determine), and her disappearance robs him of strength (Ovid. Met. vii. 47 sq.). F. y S. should have written Manham (with a capital because personified). The stanza is Petrarch's, I. Canz. xviii., but somewhat simplified (Storck, p. 90).

10. *Junto de hum seco, duro, esteril monte* 304
(Hard by a sunparcht, dure, esterile Mount).

The most important and most admired of the autobiographicals, written probably in Nov.-Dec., 1555, after the futile expedition to the Red Sea ("Life" I. p. 18). The first three Stanzas give an excellent description of Cape Guardafui ("I was the Guard," a corruption of Jard Hafun), and Commentators have done their worst for it. F. and M. (Hamburg Edit. II. 45) place Mount Felix in Arabia Felix. Prof. Storck (p. 109) has "Ras Asser = Monte Felix = begluckter Berg"; but 'Asr would be "hardship" opposed to Yusr: moreover he writes a page to prove that the Portuguese name is translated from the Arabic, and he would change a line (St. 1, 7) to suit his purpose. In my "Lake Regions of Central Africa" (Vol. II. 384) readers will find a vignette of Strabo's Akroterion Elephas, now Ras el-Fil, the Elephant's Head, which became Mount Felix. We must not explain Jard Hafun by "Steppe der Mundung" (al-fum), nor believe of Somali-land that all the birds are migratory. The strophe-form is that of the "twin-sonnets," Nos. VII. and VIII., changing,

however, cddeffegg of the Abgesang into cdeffedgg. In the Envoi, *Mouro: Mouro* ("I die because I die") is an emphatic reiteration.

7. *Mandame Amor que cante docemente* 293
(Love bids I sing in song of sweetest strain).

Imitated from Bembo's *Perche 'l piacer aragionar m' invoglia* (printed in his *Rime*, Venice, 1567): F. y S. finds the Portuguese superior. Here the Coimbra love is forgotten in the new transports for Natercia (Sonn. LVII.). The date of the first meeting was (Sol entering Taurus) April 20-22 (O.S. = 10-12 N.S., the Gregorian reform dating from 5/15 Oct., 1582); yet the Good Friday of 1547 fell on April 8 (N.S.). The place was the Church Das Chagas. Good Friday and the Church seem to have been a favourite time and place, witness the noble Troubadour Ausias (Augustine) March, unless we suppose both he and Camoens borrowed the idea from Petrarch and his Monday of Passion Week, April 6, 1327. Camoens has treated the subject in two other Canzons.

18. *Mandame Amor que cante docemente* 344
(Love sends me order sweetest song to chaunt).

Jur. (II. 526) found this Variant of No. VII. in his MS.

8. *Mandame Amor que cante o que a Alma sente* 297
(Love bids I sing my Spirit's sense and sent).

A twin sister of No. VII. F. y S. considers this the first sketch, and opinions differ as to the relative excellence of the compositions.

12. *Nem roxa flor de Abril* 319
(Red Rose in April-reign).

Apparently written in hottest youth before 1548. The usual exaggerated praise of the beloved, but not directly addressed to her: Prof. Storck

CANZON

PAGE

(p. 139) would therefore change *vossos olhos* (line 33) into *verdes olhos* ("green eyes") to agree with the following Stanza. Green eyes are praised in Sonnet CXXXVIII. (see note); in Elegy VI. 16; in Eclog. VI. 29; and in Voltas XXXIII., L., LV., LXX., LXXV., and LXXX. Jupiter is "irate" (line 28) because he holds the thunderbolt. The Stanza-form is not in Petrarch nor in Bembo; the scheme of the pedes and syrma being abac + cbbdd. The Envoi which gives the names of the planets in due order is irregular, unconnected by rhyme with the terminal lines of the preceding strophe.

13. *O pomar venturoso!* 322
(Fair Vergier apple'd bright).

Camoens is supposed to have lived during his first exile to Santarem or Punhete ("Life," I. 14) in a friend's country-house, which he here celebrates: the date of writing would then be between 1548 and 1550. Prof. Storck (in loco) refers it to 1572, after return from India, and sees a Benedictine house, whose Abbot was D. Henrique, afterwards the "Cardinal - King." Jur. supposes a visit to the Dominican Convent of Pedrogam. Meanwhile the topology appears to be *in nubibus*. In St. 2 the "enigmas with animate myrtles" are labyrinths and trees trimmed into human forms. Most Editions print St. 5 as imperfect: Prof. Storck (pp. 143-44) works it into shape, chiefly by correcting "mysteries" (line 62) and by referring it in the singular to the B. Sacrament and Transubstantiation. The Stanza-form is that of No. IV. and the Envoi excellent though out of all rule.

16. *Por meyo de humas serras muy fragosas* 334
(Mid serried Mounts, a broken, cliff-lipped height).

According to F. y S. (No. xv.) this is an imitation of Polo's¹ *Rimas Provençales*, to which he ac-

¹ Polo (Gaspar Gil), a Professor of Greek at Valencia, wrote, circ. 1564, a continuation to the celebrated "Diana"

CANZON

PAGE

cords high praise. Apparently written in youth (1548?) to accompany a wreath of flowers. Commentators ignore Buyna stream, but Jur. (II. 526) finds a farm of that name near Villa Nova de Portimam in Algarve. Line 53 refers to the *Mel aerium* of Virgil (*Georg.* IV. 1), and the old fancy that honey falls from the sky and is only collected by bees. Of "Calidonio" (St. 7) F. y S. informs us that there is "a wood of that name in Britain haunted by lions."

21. *Porque vossa beleza a si se vença* 358
(For-that your loveliness self-conquest see).

A mere fragment of a very pretty song, first printed by Jur. and lacking Envoi. The subject is repeated in the Redondilhas, and the treatment is peculiar: three heroic (rhyming) couplets in succession are rare with Camoens.

15. *Que he isto? Sonho? Ou vejo a Ninfa pura* 331
(What? Do I dream? Or see that Nymph all-pure).

Prof. Storck compares Petrarch, *Sonn.* i. 12. This Canzon is apparently written about 1548, after the great separation, to judge from the Poet's envy, of Endymion and eternal sleep. The stanza-form, improved in Petrarch and Bembo, (abb + aac + dceedff) hardly suits the distribution of the subject 3: 3: 7; and the Envoi, like the last lines of the preceding strophes, ends in a couplet.

14. *Quem com solido intento* 362
(Whoso with stable mind).

According to F. y S. (sub loc.) an unfinished imitation of Luigi Groto (Lyras),¹ nor does he

of Montemayor, and married off the shepherdess to her old love, Sireno (Bouterwek., Eng. Tr., book II. p. 182). The scheme of the "Provençal Rhymes," stanzas of five longs, five trochaic shorts, and a terminal couplet, became a favourite in Spain.

¹ Groto (Luigi) popularly known as the Cieco (blind)

CANZON

PAGE

greatly admire it. Prof. Storck (p. 147) finds the idea in Petrarch (I. Sonn. 11) on the privilege of lovers, and he successfully alters *mais ausente* (St. 6, line 4) to *se sustente*. But I cannot accept his change of *cego* into *cego he* (line 70): "Blind," for "he is blind," belongs essentially to Camoens' style. Chimæra and Sphinx (line 80) have taken the well-known place of Scylla and Charybdis.

5. *Se este meu pensamento* 284
(Could this my fond Intent).

Imitated from Pedro Bembo (Gli Asol. II.) "Se 'l pensier," &c.; the subject, as usual, being the beauty and hardness of his beloved. The bird turned to swan is David's *Passer solitarius* in tecto; and the torments are those alluded to in Canz. x. 7; Ecl. I. 22, Ecl. III. 2 and 14, and Ecl. VI. 7. In St. 3 11, *Senaõ* (a "Would-twere-not"), lit. "if not," means a defect, a fault. According to Storck (p. 96), the Strophe-scheme is that of Bembo, developed from Pétrarch (I. 10) with enrichments, and he gives the formula of the Abgesang,

Petrarch, c d e e d f f;

Bembo, c d c e (x x) d f f; and

Camoens, c d e e d (d c) f f.

Jur. contributes three full pages of *variæ lectiones* (II. 509-513).

9. *Tomey a triste pena* 301
(I took sad pains).

A Canzon in Epistolary form. He confesses "villeiny" (St. 1), which gave rise to troubles and *desengano* (St. 4), disillusion, *i.e.* rupture,

d'Adria, the leader of Italian dramatists (A.D. 1541-85), was President of the Academy "Gli Illustrati" of Venice, and his name is not forgotten. He wrote, amongst other things, Petrarchian Sonnets and parodies of the Psalms in various dialects, even in that of Schiavonia, the language of the Istrian, Croatian, and Dalmatian Coasts south of the Arsa (Grässe, Vol. III. pp. 413, 416, 419, 693, and 707).

refusal. The "two doughty kempès" (soldiers, St. 6) are the beloved's eyes. The Envoi is irregular; according to rule, its first line should be long.

4. *Vaõ as serenias agoas* 281
(The gentle waters flow).

An imitation of Boscan and Garcilasso (Canz. III.). F. y S. blames this Canzon for having too few stanzas and too long an Envoi. Internal evidence shows that it was written in Coimbra (1538-42?), and the Remate alludes to the Fonte-dos-Amores, the metamorphosis celebrated in The Lusiads (III. 135). This Canzon has been inadequately translated by C. (Cockle, Mrs.) in Adam. I. 59-63. The Stanza-scheme is that of Petrarch, I. Canz. x. (26), already noticed.

- II. *Vinde cá meu taõ certo Secretario*..... 309
(Come here! my confidential Secretary).

"The greatest of its kind in the archives of Parnassus," says F. y S.: the "Sudarium of the Poet's sorrows," adds Jur. Opinions differ upon the date of composition; apparently it comes after The Lusiads in 1573-74. Comp. Elegies II. and III. Prof. Storck (pp. 113, 136) unhappily determines from St. III., line 1, which he understands in his own way, that Camoens' mother died when giving him birth. The sentiment is evidently a generalism, the "maternal sepulture" being man's first tomb, and the idea is highly poetical. St. 9 opens with an allusion to Ulysses, and the Envoi refers to St. Augustine and the little-boy Angel met by him upon the sea-shore. The Stanza-scheme is borrowed from Petrarch, I. Canz. i.: there are two *pedes* (stollen) to the Aufgesang, abc + bac, and 14 to the *cauda* (Abgesang) cdecdfghhgffii. Prof. Storck justly remarks (p. 136, "Sämmtliche Canzonen des Camoens," Paderborn. Schöningh, 1874) that the rhymes f + ff would not strike every ear.

SECTION III.—ODES: INITIAL LINES AND NOTES.

- | ODE | PAGE |
|--|------|
| 10. <i>Aquella Moço fere</i>
(That Youth so fierce and fere). | 396 |
| <p>Imitating Horace, <i>Nesit ancillæ</i>, &c. (Odes, II. iv.), and possibly in reply to friends who taunted him with his <i>negregados amores</i> (negroised loves: "Life," I. p. 49). The argument is, if Achilles (who, however, loved a white slave), Solomon, and Aristotle could so act, I may be pardoned. F. y S. quotes the inevitable <i>nigra sum</i>, &c., and a verse of B. Tasso: <i>Che bruna è sì, ma il bruno il bel non toglie</i>. Prof. Storck (p. 355) (<i>Buch der Elegieen, Sestinen, Oden und Octaven: Paderborn. Schöningh, 1881</i>) refers to the Barbara of the Redondilhas. The Strophe-scheme is that of Bernardo Tasso (<i>Salmi, Hinni et Ode</i>), who seems to have invented what became a favourite form.</p> | |
| 8. <i>Aquella unico Exemplo</i>
(That sole and single sample). | 389 |
| <p>Dr. d'Orta is interesting to Anglo-Indians: he was owner of the ground where Bombay now stands, and he printed the first book, "Dialogues on Simples and Drugs," &c., issued from the press in India (<i>Impresso em Gôa per Johanes de Endem, a x de Abril de 1563 annos</i>). An Italian translation appeared Venice 1597. In St. 7 Orta is used = <i>horta</i>, a garden. In St. 10 the "great volume" must be mentally meant: it was a small 4° of 230 leaves.</p> | |
| 7. <i>A quem darão de Pindo as Moradoras</i>
(For whom shall weave the Mays on Pindus woving). | 386 |
| <p>The Ode is imitated from Horace (I. xii.); Dom Manoel had protected the Poet, and F. de Sá de</p> | |

Miranda had inscribed to him an Eclogue (No. IV.). He had been appointed by D. Sebastiam Ambassador to Spain, and he was absent from Lisbon when Camoens died. His brother, D. Afonso, opposed the Spanish annexation with all his might. F. y S. and Adam. (II. 107) leave it doubtful if the Ode was written in 1552 or in 1573: Prof. Storck (p. 346) justly determines the date to have been after the publication of The Lusiads (early July, 1572), and thinks with Jur. (I. 501) that these proud verses may have accompanied a presentation copy (St. 5 line 1). St. 6 alludes to the connection of the Portugal House with that of Braganza, which descends from the Kings of Leon. St. 7, according to F. y S. (Odes, p. 166), refers to an "Emblema," No. 19, of Alciatus:—

Dextra tenet lapidem, manus altera sustinet alas, &c.

Gratianus Augustus (St. 8) was the patron of Ausonius. The Stanza-scheme is not admired: even F. y S. blames the rhymeless line beginning each section, and the double couplets have an unpleasant effect.

1. *Detém hum pouco, Musa, o largo pranto ...* 363
(Awhile the large complaining, Muse!
withhold).

F. y S. says of this Ode: "Finally it is admirable for its lofty diction, but the subject is not easily understood." Jur. declares it shows great superiority over Ode III. of Bernardo Tasso (Vinegia, Ferrari, 1560), of which it is a translation. Prof. Storck (pp. 331-33) quotes the full Italian original, which most readers will prefer: Camoens utterly spoils St. 2. F. y S. believes it was written at Cintra, the "Mountain of the Sun and Moon," in praise of Natercia; but St. 9 strongly suggests Ceuta and a date between 1546 and 1556. I can see little to admire in this confusion of Caterina-Diana and Luis-Endymion, Cintra and Atlas; the Mediterranean, the Tagus-mouth; Ilion, Arabia Felix, &c., &c. The four first Stanzas are strings of exclamations. In St. 4 Uplio or

ODE

PAGE

Pylio (for Pilio) appears to be an audacious corruption of Pelion, and distorted to a rhyme. *Puridade* (St. 6) means an intimate secret.

4. *Fermosa fera humana* 376
(Fair Human unhumane).

Evidently a classical study. Comp. Horace, Odes, I. 25; II. 10, &c. F. y S. holds it addressed to a *moça de prazer*, who would not have understood a line; and Jur. naïvely remarks that it is *not* inscribed to the Maid of Honour. Flora pining for Pompey is from Plutarch (Pomp. II.): Venus, Phæon, and the lettuce-bed are from Ælian, Var. Hist., XII. 18, and Athen. II. 69. Love, the divine bird (St. 2) is Ovid's (Her. XV. 179),

Tu quoque, mollis Amor, pennas suppone cadenti, &c.

The Strophe-form is B. Tasso's Ode, A Madama Margherita (p. 90), with a shift of "longs" and "shorts."

9. *Fogem as neves frias* 392
(Frore snow-wreaths fade away).

A study from Horace (Odes, IV. vii.): any classical dictionary will explain all the allusions; and the moral seems to be that we must all die. Connu!

13. *Fôra conveniente* 409
(It would convene I were).

This Ode is hardly intelligible, especially Stanzas 4 and 5. Jur. and Braga (whom I have followed) divide it into five Stanzas of ten lines and a half-stanza, giving an unfinished appearance. The learned Prof. Storck (pp. 207-9) distributes it into eleven strophes of five, like Ode III., &c.; and he would make sense of No. 4 (his 8) by a few slight changes, for instance, *a vós* (line 1) for *aquella* and *que* (line 4) for *ou*. He understands by "first Aurore" the Viceroy of India (to whom he supposes this Ode is addressed), and by "Sol" the King of Portugal. I confess that both Portuguese and German sounded to me equally unsatisfactory: Prof. Storck, however,

kindly explained to me his interpretation as follows:—"Vor Euch (scil. wollt' ich mich kühn erdreisten und dies Geschenk von meiner Muse zeigen: vgl. v. 16), der ersten Aurora (= Vicekönig), welche kam (oder, kommt) hinter dem Sol (= König) nur einen Augenblick (d. h. als Vicekönig an Rang und Würde dem Könige zunächst steht) und welche (scil. Aurora) auf eine Stunde vergisst, dass das (= dies) Vergessen ihr benehmen (oder, schmälern) könne ihr beständiges Wachsthum."

12. *Já a calma nos deyxou* 405
(Now Summer-suns have left us).

This Ode is the last of the popular Editions, and as far as St. 8 corresponds with No. 9 Apparently written before the Indian voyage. In St. 3 "Titanica" (Diana-Hecate, Ovid, Met. III. 173) is more usually "Titania." St. 5 means when Clytie's lover (the Sun) enters Aquarius (Ganymede), *i.e.* Jan. 10-11.

11. *Naquelle tempo brando* 401
(In the soft Prime that shows).

Another classical study: Ovid, Met. XII. 217 sq.

5. *Nunca manhãa suave* 380
(No Morn so clear, so bright).

Written, according to Jur. (II. 538), either in the Ribatejo or at Ceuta. The Strophe-form is that of No. 1v., with the addition of a fifth line of "longs."

6. *Póde hum desejo immenso* 382
(A Love-desire immense).

In an old MS. this Ode is addressed to D. Francisca de Aragam (the beloved of D. Manoel de Portugal), who in 1556 was married to D. Joam de Borja. F. y S. says: "It is the most beautiful poem of the kind I have yet found; I hold it will never be excelled, and I doubt that it will ever be equalled." Commentators chiefly busy themselves with the date, which has difficulties.

St. 12 seems to show that The Lusiads are still to be written; yet that Spain (Bætis) and Italy (Tiber) have heard of the Poet. Consequently, F. y S. holds that the Ode was produced during Camoens' last years; Jur. (II. 540) before 1556 in India; and Prof. Storck (p. 344) between the return from Ceuta (1549-50) and imprisonment in Lisbon (1552). The latter complains that the three divisions of the Strophe are not observed, and that masculine, feminine, and *esdrucchiolo*-rhymes are arbitrarily mixed. I have already noted (Appendix I. § 2) the inner or "Crypto-rhyme."

3. *Se de meu pensamento* 371
(If an my Thought could show).

This Ode was written when love-affairs were going on badly. Prof. Storck (p. 338) understands by "My Hierarchy" (St. 3) all the Palace dames and damsels; others refer it to the Seraphs; and F. y S. to Natercia. In St. 12 the allusion to Proserpine seems to be a side-hit at Queen Catherine, wife of D. Joam III. No one has succeeded in explaining the personality of Callirrhoe (St. 13), although there are several mythicals of that name. The Strophe-form in five lines must not be confounded with the old Iberian *Quintillas*.

14. *Tão crua Ninfa, nem tão fugitiva* 412
(Fair Nymph so cruel and so fain to flee).

The last of Jur.'s additions. It is written with the same rhyme-trick as Ode II. Yet Braga (Vol. II. 87) makes it a Sextine, "according to the poetic art of the xvith century," reckoning the two hemistichs as one full line. But surely he is not justified by the Cauda or Geleite, for which see the next note.

2. *Tão suave, tão fresca, e tão fermosa* 368
(So suave, so fresh, so fair ne'er yet uprose).

Prof. Storck takes this piece from the Odes, and makes it his xviiiith Canzon (Canzons, p. 82), thereby deranging the subsequent order. His

reason apparently is (Pref. p. XI.) that it has a *Geleite* (Envoi). But in the Edit. Princeps the two last lines do not appear; and as St. 7 is hardly connected with that preceding (?), F. y S. concludes that the Ode is unfinished. I shall not attempt "tantas componere lites," contenting myself with observing that the two last verses are not a true "Envoi," but a Cauda after the fashion of Sonnet CLVII. Jur. holds that the first Stanza was imitated from Bembo (Gli A. lit. II. 1); and, by analogy with Elegy II., that the subject is an adieu when sailing for Africa. The Stanza - rhymes are a tour-de-force, and therefore a failure.

SECTION IV.—SEXTINES: INITIAL LINES
AND NOTES.

- | SEXTINE | PAGE |
|---|------|
| 2. <i>A culpa de meu mal só tem meus olhos</i>
(The blame of all mine ills should bear
mine eyes). | 419 |
| Apparently written in Lisbon whilst the Poet's
loves were prospering. | |
| 1. <i>Fogeme pouco a pouco a curta vida</i>
(Little by little flies my short of Life). | 417 |
| F. y S. especially admires the distribution of
words in the <i>Remate</i> (Envoi), the part of the
Sextine in which most poets fail. He holds that
No. I. may have been written at the end of the
Indian service; but, as Natercia was apparently
alive, Jur. places it before 1556, and Prof. Storck
(p. 327) after 1553. The latter ends four of his
lines in en, viz. <i>Leben, Herzen, Augen, and</i>
<i>Seiden</i> , which afflicts the ear. He converts the
<i>Varia Lectio</i> of 1616, given by Braga (Vol. II.
80) and Jur. (I. 530), into his No. II., and a
second Variant (Braga, II. 82) and Jur. (I. 255)
into his No. III., thus making a total of six.
The double entendre of <i>Penna</i> (pen or pain) is
awkward to manage in English. | |
| 3. <i>O triste, O tenebroso, O cruel dia!</i>
(O triste, O tenebrous, O terrible Day!) | 421 |
| On the death of Natercia: comp. Elegy v. | |
| 6. <i>Quanto tempo ter posso amor de vida</i>
(How long shall I be lief to live my Life). | 425 |

A variant of No. I. An "inedita" of Jur.
Lyricks 2 N

SEXTINE

PAGE

4. *Sempre me queixarei desta crueza* 423
 (Aye will I plain me of this cruelty).

Upon the same subject, the death of Natércia :
 here F. y S. ends with

Finis laus Deo.

THE END.

